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THE  
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C O N T A I N I N G.

- I. An ESSAY; in which are given Rules for expressing properly the principal Passions and Humours, which occur in Reading, or public Speaking; and
- II. LESSONS taken from the Antients and Moderns (with Additions and Alterations, where thought useful) exhibiting a Variety of Matter for Practice; the emphatical Words printed in Italics; with Notes of Direction referring to the ESSAY.

To which are added,

A TABLE of the LESSONS; and an INDEX of the various PASSIONS and HUMOURS in the ESSAY and LESSONS.

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Neque vero mihi quidquam præstabilius videtur, quam posse dicendo tenere hominum cœtus, mentes allicere, voluntates impellere quo velit, unde autem velit deducere. CIC.

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ЭНДИЯНАЗ  
СИЛАТУРЫ

Homoeostatic feedback in the regulation of body temperature

Introduction to the Essays  
by George Eliot; and Notes to Dickens  
and Mrs. Hargrave; also a Sketch of  
the Author's Life and Work.

*Wells et al., 1977*

загубиши хідні ініції; але вона Ісуса Господа зупиняє.

## KOITIKA SAINT 847

## Индукция

TERMINAL



# ESSAYS

## ESSAYS

ON THE

## ART of SPEAKING.

THESE ESSAYS, HAVING OF LATE BEEN written, and now offered to the publick, it will hardly be questioned in our times, unless it be by those (if any are so ignorant) who do not know, that it has been taught, and studied, in all countries, where learning has gained any ground, ever since the days of Aristotle. That the manner, or address, of a speaker, is of the utmost importance, and that a just and pleasing manner in delivering either one's own compositions, or those of others, is difficult of acquisition, and but too much neglected amongst us, seems unquestionable from the deficiencies we so commonly observe in the address of our public speakers, much more than in the matter uttered by them, and from the little effect produced by their labours.

Of the learning necessary for furnishing matter, and of the art of arranging it properly; of invention, composition, and style, various writers among the Greeks, Romans, French, Italians, and English, have treated very copiously. It is not my design to trouble the world with any thing on these branches of oratory. I shall confine myself merely to what the prince of orators pronounced to be the first, second, and

B third.

third part, or all that is *most important* in the art, viz. *diction*, comprehending what every gentleman ought to be master of respecting *gesture, looks* and command of *voice*.

What is true of most of the improvements, which are made by study, or culture, is peculiarly so of the art of speaking. If there is not a foundation laid for it in the *earlier* part of life, there is no reasonable ground of expectation, that any great degree of skill in it should ever be attained. As it depends upon, and consists in *practice*, more than theory, it requires the earlier initiation: that practice may have its full scope, before the time of life arrives, in which there may be occasion for public exhibition. Mankind must *speak* from the beginning, therefore ought, from the beginning, to be taught to speak *rightly*; else they may acquire a habit of speaking *wrong*. And whoever knows the *difficulty* of breaking through bad *habits*, will avoid that labour by *prevention*. There is a great difference between *speaking* and *writing*. Some, nay most of mankind, are never to be *writers*. All are *speakers*. Young persons ought not to be put upon writing (from their *own funds*, I mean) till they have furnished their minds with *thoughts*, that is, till they have got funds: but they cannot be kept from speaking.

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the *bar*, of appearing upon the *stage*, or in the *pulpit*; does it follow, that he need bestow *no pains* in learning to speak properly his *native language*? Will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of *verses*, a *passage* of a *book*, or *newspaper*? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants? Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is *highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life*\*. The *limbs* are parts of the body much less noble than the *tongue*: Yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expence of time and money to have his son taught to use them properly. Which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the *tongue*, the *glory* of man?

Supposing a person to be ever so sincere and zealous a lover of *virtue*, and of his *country*; without a competent skill and address in *speaking*, he can only sit still, and see them *wronged*, without having it in his power to prevent, or redress, the evil. Let an artful and eloquent statesman ha-

*rangue*

\* CIC. DE ORAT. L. i. p. 83.

Mangue the house of commons upon a point of the utmost consequence to the public good. He has it greatly in his power to *mislead the judgment* of the house. And he, who sees through the delusion, if he be awkward in delivering himself, can do nothing toward preventing the ruinous schemes, proposed by the other, from being carried into execution, but give his *single vote* against them, without so much as explaining to the house his *reasons* for doing so. The case is the same in other smaller assemblies and meetings, in which volatility of tongue, and stedfastness of countenance, often carry it against solid reasons, and important considerations.

To offer a help toward the improvement of youth in the useful and ornamental accomplishment of speaking properly their mother-tongue, is the design of this publication ; to set about which I have been the more excited by experiencing, in my own practice, a *want* of such a collection, as the following. What I proposed to myself at first, was only to put together a competent *variety* of *passages* out of some of the best writers in prose and verse, for exercising youth in adapting their general manner of delivery to the *spirit* or *humour* of the various matter they may have occasion to pronounce. Such a collection, I thought, might be acceptable to the public, in consideration of its furnishing at an *easy expense*, a general *variety* of examples for *practice*, chosen and pointed out, without trouble to masters. A design, which, as far as I know, has not before been executed\*. On farther consideration, it occurred to me, that it might render such a publication more useful, if I prefixed some general observations on the method of teaching pronunciation, and put the emphatical words in italics, and marginal notes shewing the various *humours*, or *passions*, in the several examples, as they change from one to another, in the course of the speeches. All masters of places of education are not, I fear, sufficiently aware of the extent of this part of their duty; nor of the number of particulars to be attended to, which render it so *difficult* to bring a young person to deliver, in a completely proper manner, a speech containing a considerable

\* The *PRECEPTOR*, a work in two volumes 8vo, has some lessons for practice; but not the *variety* of humours, or passions, which my design takes in; nor the notes of *direction* for expressing them properly. Besides that the *PRECEPTOR* is a book of price, and fitter for the master's use, than the pupil's; so that I do not think it answers the purpose I had in view in this publication. If it did, I should have used it. Otherwise I think it a useful book, and am glad to find, that it is well received.

*variety of different humours or passions.* So that *some masters*, as well as *all pupils*, may find their account in using this collection, till a better be published.

Whoever imagines the English tongue unfit for *oratory*, has not a just notion of it. That, by reason of the disproportion between its vowels and consonants, it is not quite so tractable as the Italian, and consequently, not so easily applied to *amphion*, or to *plaintive music*, is not denied. But it goes beyond the *Italian* music, than the Italian. And in *oratory*, and *poetry*, there is no tongue, ancient, or modern, capable of expressing a greater variety of humours, or passions, by its sounds (I am not speaking of its copiousness, as to *metre* & *syntax*) than the English. The Greek, among the ancient, and the Turkish and Spanish; among the modern languages, have a *loftier sound*, though the *gestures* in them, of which the English is free (for it is probable, that the ancient Greeks pronounced the letter  $\chi$  gutturally) are, to most ears, disagreeable. But there is not in those languages, the variety of sound which the English affords. They never quit their stiff *pomp*, which, on some occasions, is *unnatural*. Nor is there, as far as I know, any language more *copious*, than the English; an eminent advantage for *oratory*. And if we must fall out with our mother-tongue, on account of some hard and *unliquid* syllables in it, how shall we bear the celebrated *Roman* language itself, in every sentence of which we find such sounds as tot, quot, sub, ad, sed, est, ut, et, nec, id, at, it, fit, sunt, dat, dant, det, dent, dabat, dabant, daret, darent, hic, haec, hoc, fit, fuit, erat, erunt, fert, duc, fac, dic, and so on.

It is greatly to our shame, that, while we do so little for the improvement of our language, and of our manner of speaking it in public, the French should take so much pains in both these respects, though their language is very much inferior to ours, both as to emphasis and copiousness.

It is true, there is not now the same *secular* demand for eloquence, as under the popular governments of ancient times, when twenty talents (several thousands of pounds) was the fee for one speech §; when the tongue of an orator could do more than the *sceptre* of a monarch, or the *sword* of a warrior; and when superior skill in the art of haranguing was the certain means for elevating him, who possessed it, to the highest honours in the state. Even in our own country, this is partly the case; for the instances of bad speakers

§ Pliny says, Isocrates was paid that sum for one oration.

*Speakers rising to eminent stations in the government, are rare.* But it must be owned, our politics now turn upon other wings, than in the times when Greek and Roman eloquence flourished. Nor are we, accordingly, like to baffle the pains, which they did, for consummating ourselves in the art of Speaking. We shall hardly, in our ages, hear of a person's shutting himself up for many months in a cell under ground, to study and practise elocution uninterrupted : or declaiming on the sea-shore, to accustom himself to harangue an enraged multitude without fear ; or under the points of drawn swords fixed over his shoulders, to cure himself of a bad habit of shrugging them up ; which, with other particulars, are the labours recorded to have been undertaken by Demosthenes, in order to perfect himself, in spite of his natural disadvantages, of which he had many, in the art of elocution. What is to be gained by skill in the art of speaking may not now be sufficient to reward the indefatigable diligence used by a Demosthenes, a Pericles, and Aeschines, a Demetrius Phalereus, an Isocrates, a Carbo, a Cicero, a M. Antony, an Hortensius, a Julius, an Augustus, and the rest. Yet it is still of important advantage for all that part of youth, whose station places them within the reach of a polite education, to be qualified for acquitting themselves with reputation, when called to speak in public. In parliament, at the bar, in the pulpit, at meetings of merchants, in committees for managing public affairs, in large societies, and on such like occasions, a competent address and readiness, not only in finding matter, but in expressing and urging it effectually, is what, I doubt not, many a gentleman would willingly acquire at the expence of half his other improvements.

The reader will naturally reflect here upon one important use for good speaking, which, was unknown to the ancients, viz. for the ministerial function. I therefore have said above, pag. 4, that we have not the same secular demand for elocution, as the ancients ; meaning, by reservation, that we have a moral, or spiritual use for it, which they had not.

And no small matter of grief it is to think, that, of the three learned professions, real merit is there the most ineffectual toward raising its possessor, where it ought to be most ; which must greatly damp emulation and diligence. An able physician, or lawyer, hardly fails of success in life. But a clergyman may unite the learning of a Cudworth with the eloquence of a Tillotson, and the delivery of an Atterbury ; but, if he cannot make out a connection with some great man, and it is too well known by what means they are most com-

monly gained ; he must content himself to be buried in a country curacy, or vicarage at most, for life.

If nature unassisted could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of *arts* or *culture* ; which yet no one pretends to question ? Art is but *nature improved upon and refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre, and without value, because *un-known* and *untought of*. The antients used to procure for their youth, masters of pronunciation from the theatres †, and had them taught gesture and attitude by the palæstrita. These last taught what is, among us, done by the dancing-master. And, as to the former, no man ought to presume to set himself at the head of a place of education, who is not in some degree capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wish, that gentlemen, who have made themselves perfect masters of pronunciation and delivery, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the same manner as masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are used to do.

It is well when a youth has no natural *defect*, or *impediment*, in his speech. And, I should, by no means, advise, that he, who has, be brought up to a profession requiring elocution. But there are instances enough of natural defects surmounted, and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable diligence, in spite of them. Demosthenes could not, when he began to study rhetoric, pronounce the first letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long-necked, and narrow-chested. But diligent and faithful labour, in what one is in earnest about, surmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough disgusted by public speakers lisping, and stammering, and speaking through the nose, and pronouncing the letter R with the throat, instead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice ; some mumbling, as if they were conjuring up spirits ; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of provisions in London streets ; some tumbling out the words so precipitately, that no ear can catch them ; others dragging them out so slowly, that it is as tedious to listen to them, as to count a great clock ; some have got a habit of shrugging up their shoulders ; others of see-sawing with their bodies, some backward and forward, others from side to side ; some raise their eyebrows at every third word ; some open their mouths frightfully ; others keep their teeth so close together, that one would think their jaws were set ; some shrivel all their features together into the

<sup>2</sup> *Want* *in* *the* *middle*

† *Ruit.* C. x.

middle of their faces ; some push out their lips, as if they were mocking the audience ; others hem at every pause ; and others smack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirst. All which bad habits they ought to have been broke of in early youth, or put into ways of life, in which they would have, at least, offended fewer persons.

It is through neglect in the *early* part of life, and bad habits taking place, that there is not a public speaker among twenty, who knows what to do with his *eyes*. To see the venerable man, who is to be the mouth of a whole people confessing their offences to their Creator and Judge, bring out these awful words, “ Almighty, and most merciful Father, &c.” with his eyes over his shoulder, to see who is just gone into the pew at his elbow ; to observe this, one would imagine there was an absolute want of all feeling of devotion. But it may be, all the while, owing to nothing but awkwardness ; and the good man looks about him the whole time, he is going on with the service, merely to keep himself in countenance, not knowing, else, where to put his eyes.

Even the players, who excel, beyond comparison, all other speakers in this country, in what regards decorum, are, some of them, often guilty of monstrous improprieties as to the management of their eyes. To direct them full at the audience, when they are speaking a *soliloquy*, or an *aside-speech*, is unsufferable. For they ought not to seem so much as to think of an audience, or of any person’s looking upon them, at any time ; especially on those occasions ; those speeches being only thinking aloud, and expressing what the actor should be supposed to wish concealed. Nor do they always keep their *eyes fixed* upon those they speak to, even in *impassioned dialogue*. Whether it is from heedlessness, or that they are more *out of countenance* by looking one another steadfastly in the face, I know not : but they do often ramble about with their eyes in a very unmeaning, and unnatural manner.

A natural genius for delivery supposes an *ear* ; though it does not always suppose a *musical* \* *ear*. I have never heard poetry, particularly that of Milton, better spoken, than by a gentleman, who yet had so little discernment in music, that, he has often told me, the grinding of knives entertained him as much as Handel’s organ.

\* Yet Quintilian would have his orator by all means study music.  
C. viii.

As soon as a child can read, without spelling, the words in a common English book, as the *SPECTATOR*, he ought to be taught the use of the stops, and accustomed, from the beginning, to pay the same regard to them, as to the words. The common rule, for holding them out to their just length, is too exact for practice, viz. that a comma is to hold the length of a syllable, a semicolon of two, a colon of three, and a period of four. In some cases, there is no stop to be made at a comma, as they are often put merely to render the sense clear; as those, which, by Mr. Ward, and many other learned editors of books, are put before every *relative*. It likewise often happens, that the strain of the matter shews a propriety, or beauty, in holding the pause *beyond* the proper length of the stop; particularly when any thing remarkably striking has been uttered; by which means the hearers have time to ruminante upon it, before the matter, which follows, can put it out of their thoughts. Of this, instances will occur in the following lessons.

Young readers are apt to get into a *rehearsing* kind of monotony; of which it is very difficult to break them. Monotony is holding one uniform, humming sound through the whole discourse, without rising or falling. Cant, i.e. in speaking, as psalmody and ballad in music, a strain consisting of a few notes rising and falling without variation, like a peal of bells, let the matter change how it will. The chant, with which the psalms are half-sung, half-said, in cathedrals, is the same kind of absurdity. All these are unnatural, because the continually varying strain of the *written* necessarily requires a continually varying series of sounds to express it. Whereas chanting in cathedrals, psalmody in parish-churches, ballad music put to a number of verses, differing in thoughts and images, and cant, or monotony, in expressing the various matter of a discourse, do not in the least *hamper* the matter they are applied to; but, on the contrary, confound it.

Young people must be taught to let their voice fall at the ends of sentences; and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the natural inflections of voice, which they use in speaking. For reading is nothing but *speak-ing* what one sees in a book, as if he were expressing his own sentiments, as they rise in his mind. And no person reads well, till he comes to speak what he sees in the book before him in the same natural manner as he speaks the thoughts, which arise in his own mind. And hence it is, that

that no one can read properly what he does not understand. Which leads me to observe, that there are many books much fitter for improving children in reading, than most parts of scripture, especially of the Old Testament. Because the words of our English Bible are, many of them, obsolete; the phraseology, as of all bare translations, stiff; the subjects not familiar to young persons, and the characters grave and forbidding. Fables and tales, founded upon good morals, and select parts of history and biography, and familiar dialogues; are more pleasing and suitable to children under seven and eight years of age. And such familiar reading, as coming near to their own chat, is most likely to keep them from, or cure them of a canting, whining, drawling, or un-animated manner.

They must be taught, that, in questions, the voice is often to rise toward the end of the sentence, contrary to the manner of pronouncing most other sorts of matter; because the emphatical word, or that, upon which the *first* of the question lies, is often the *last* in the sentence. Examp. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Here the emphatical word is *Nazareth*; therefore the word *Nazareth* is to be pronounced in a higher note, than any other part of the sentence. But in pronouncing the following, "By what authority dost thou these things; and who gave thee this authority?" the emphatical words are *authority* and *who*: because what the Jews asked our Saviour was, by what power, or authority, he did his wonderful works; and how he came by that power. And in all questions, the emphasis must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word, which signifies the point, about which he enquires. Examp. "Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from the court to-day, who has told you bad news?" If the enquirer wants only to know, whether *myself*, or some other person, has seen the supposed great man; he will put the emphasis upon *you*. If he knows, that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know, whether I have seen a *great man*, who may be supposed to *know*, what *inferior* persons about the court do not, he will put the emphasis upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from court, so that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the emphasis upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him *to-day*, or *yesterday*, he will put the emphasis upon *to-day*. If he *knows*, that I have seen a great man from court, to day, and only *wants to know*, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the emphasis upon *news*. If he *knows* all the rest,

and wants only to know, whether the news, I heard, was bad; he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.

The matter contained in a *parenthesis*, or between *commas* instead of a parenthesis, which authors and editors often use, and between brackets, [ ] is to be pronounced with a *lower voice*, and *quicker* than the rest, and with a short *stop* at the beginning, and end; that the hearer may perceive where the strain of the discourse *breaks off*, and where it is *resumed*; as, " When, therefore, the Lord knew, that the Pharisees had heard, that Jesus made, and baptized *more* disciples than John (though Jesus *himself* did not baptize, but his *disciples*) he departed from Judea, and returned to Galilee \*."

A youth should not only be accustomed to read to the master, while the general business of the school is going on, so that none, but the master, and those of his own class, can hear him; but likewise to read, or speak, by *himself*, while all the *rest* hear. This will give him *courage*, and accustom him to pronounce *distinctly*, so that every syllable shall be heard (though not every syllable alike *loud*, and with the same *emphasis*) through the whole room. For it is one part of the judgment of a public speaker, to *accommodate* his *voice* to the *place*, he speaks in, in such a manner as to *fill* it, and, at the same time not *burn* the hearers. It is matter of no small difficulty to bring *young* readers to speak *slow* enough. There is little danger of their speaking *too slow*. Though *that* is a *fault*, as well as the contrary. For the hearers cannot but be disgusted and tired with listening much longer than is necessary, and losing precious time.

In every sentence, there is some *word*, perhaps several, which are to be pronounced with a *stronger accent*, or *emphasis*, than the others. Time was, when the emphatical word, or words, in every sentence, were printed in *Italics*. And a great advantage it was toward *understanding* the *sense* of the author, especially, where there was a thread of *reasoning* carried on. But we are now grown so nice, that we have found, the intermixture of two characters *deforms* the page, and gives it a speckled appearance. As if it were not of infinitely more consequence to make sure of *edifying* the reader, than of *pleasing his eye*. But to return to *emphasis*, there is nothing more pedantic than *too much* laid upon trifling matter. Men of learning, especially physicians, and divines, are apt to get into a fulsome, bombastic way of uttering

uttering themselves on all occasions, as if they were *dictating*, when perhaps the business is of no greater consequence, than

What's a clock ? Or how's the wind ?  
Whose coach is that we've left behind ?

SWIFT.

Nor can any error be more ridiculous, than some that have been occasioned by an emphasis placed *wrong*. Such was that of a clergyman's curate, who, having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's saying to the disciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "O fools, and *slow* of heart" [that is, *backward*] "to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me !" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe*; as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault; when he read it next, he placed the emphasis upon *all*; as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*. As if the *prophets* had been persons in *no respect* worthy of *belief*.

A total want of *energy* in expressing *pathetic* language is equally blameable. I have often been amazed how public speakers could bring out the *strong* and *pathetic* expressions, they have occasion to utter, in so *cold* and *un-animated* a manner. I happened lately to hear the tenth chapter of Joshua read in a church in the country. It contains the history of the miraculous conquest of the five kings, who arose against the people of Israel. The clergyman bears a very good character in the neighbourhood. I was therefore grieved to hear him read so *striking* a piece of scripture-history in a manner so *un-animated*, that it was fit to lull the whole parish to *sleep*. Particularly I shall never forget his manner of expressing the twenty-second verse, which is the Jewish general's order to bring out the captive kings to *slaughter*. "Open the mouth of the cave, and bring out those five kings to me out of the cave;" which he uttered in the very manner, he would have expressed himself, if he had said to his boy, "Open my chamber door, and bring me my slippers from under the bed."

CICERO \* very judiciously directs, that a public speaker remit, from time to time, somewhat of the *vehemence* of his action,

\* De ORAT. L. III, p. 144. Tom. I, "Habent tamen illa in dicendo,"  
etc.

Action, and not utter every passage with *all the force he can*; to set off, the more strongly, the *more emphatical parts*; as the painters, by means of shades properly placed, make the figures stand off bolder. For if the speaker has uttered a *weaker passage* with *all the energy he is master of*, what is he to do, when he comes to the *most pathetic parts*?

The *ease*, with which a speaker goes through a long discourse, and his *success* with his audience, depend much upon his *sitting out* in a proper *key*\*, and at a due pitch of *loudness*. If he begins in too *high* a tone, or sets out too *loud*, how is he afterwards to rise to a *bigger note*, or swell his voice *louder*, as the more *pathetic strains* may require? The *command* of the voice, therefore, in this respect, is to be studied very early.

The force or *pathos*, with which a speech is to be delivered, is to *increase*, as the speech goes on. The speaker is to grow warm by *degrees*, as the chariot-wheeled by its continued motion †; not to begin in a *pathetic strain*; because the audience are not prepared to go along with him.

*False* and *provincial accents* are to be guarded against, or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is *usual* among people of *education*, who are natives of the *metropolis*, is, in every country, the *standard*. For, what Horace ‡ says, of the *choice* of words, viz. that the *people*, by their *practice*, establish what is *right*, is equally true of the pronunciation of them.

Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its *proper* outward expression, in such manner, that what suits *one*, cannot, by any means, be accommodated to *another*. Children at three years of age express their *grief* in a tone of voice, and with an action totally *different*, from that, which they use to express their *anger*; and they utter their *joy* in a manner *different* from *both*. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply *one* in place of *another*. From hence, that is, from *nature*, is to be deduced the whole *art* of speaking properly. What we mean does not so much depend upon the *words* we speak, as on our *manner* of speaking them; and accordingly,

in

\* The word *key* (taken from music) means that note, in the scale, which is the lowest of those that are used in a particular piece, and to which the others refer; and has nothing to do with loudness, or softness. For a piece of music may be sung or played louder or softer, whatever its key is.

† " Quid insuavis, &c. What is more offensive to the ear, than for a pleader to open his cause in a boisterous manner." AVCT. AD HEZEN. L. III. N. XII.

‡ " Quem paces arbitrium est, et ius et norma loquendi." EPI. AET. PASS.

in life, the greatest attention is paid to this, as expressive of what our words often give no indication of. Thus nature fixes the outward expression of every intention or sentiment of the mind. Art only adds gracefulness to what nature leads to. As nature has determined, that man shall walk on his feet, not his hands; Art teaches him to walk gracefully.

Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the mind, and to shew, in general, its present state. The head is sometimes raised, sometimes hung down, sometimes drawn suddenly back with an air of disdain, sometimes shewn by a nod, a particular person, or object; gives assent, or denial, by different motions; threatens by one sort of movement, approves by another, and expresses suspicion by a third.

The arms are sometimes both thrown out, sometimes the right alone. Sometimes they are lifted up as high as the face, to express wonder, sometimes held out before the breast, to shew fear; spread forth with the hands open, to express desire, or affection; the hands clapped in surprise, and in sudden joy and grief; the right hand clenched, and the arms brandished, to threaten; the two arms set a-kimbo, to look big, and express contempt or courage. With the hands, as Quintilian<sup>\*</sup> says, we salute, we refuse, we promise, we threaten, we dismiss, we invite, we intreat, we express aversion, fear, doubt, denial, asking, affirmation, negation, joy, grief, confession, penitence. With the hands we describe, and point out all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate; we excite the passions of others, and sooth them, we approve and disapprove, permit, or prohibit, admire, or despise. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of words, and where the language of the tongue is unknown, that of the hands is understood, being universal, and common to all nations.

The legs advance, or retreat, to express desire, or aversion, love, or hatred, courage, or fear, and produce exultation, or leaping in sudden joy; and the stamping of the foot expresses earnestness, anger, and threatening.

Especially the face, being furnished with a variety of muscles, does more in expressing the passions of the mind, than the whole human frame besides. The change of colour (in white people) shews, by turns, anger by redness, and sometimes by paleness, fear likewise by paleness, and shame by blushing. Every feature contributes its part. The mouth, open, shews one state of the mind, shut, another; the gnashing of the teeth another. The forehead smooth, and eyebrows arched

and

\* INET. ORAT. p 455. "Annon his poselmes," &c.

and *easy*, shew tranquillity, or joy. *Mirth* opens the mouth toward the ears, crisps the nose, half-souts the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears. The front wrinkled into *frowns*, and the eyebrows over-haunting the eyes, like clouds, fraught with tempest, shew a mind agitated with *fury*. Above all, the eye shews the very spirit in a visible form. In every different state of the mind, it assumes a different appearance. *Joy* brightens and opens it. *Grief* half-closes, and *drowns* it in *tears*. *Hatred* and *anger*, flash from it like lightning. *Love*, darts from it in *glances*, like the orient beam. *Jealousy* and squinting *envy*, dart their contagious *blisters* from the eye. And *devotion* raises it to the skies, as if the *soul* of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

The *antients*\* used some gestures which are unknown to us, as, to express grief, and other violent emotions of the mind, they used to strike their *knees* with the *palms* of their hands.

The force of *attitude* and *looks* alone appears in a wonderfully striking manner, in the works of the painter and *sculptor*; who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every *passion* of the human mind, and touch the *soul* of the spectator, as if the picture, or statue, spoke the pathetic language of Shakespear. It is no wonder, then, that masterly *action* joined with powerful *eloquence* should be irresistible. And the *variety* of expression by *looks* and *gestures*, is so great, that, as is well known, a whole play can be represented without a word spoken.

The following are, I believe, the principal *passions*, *emotions*, *sentiments*, and *intentions*, which are to be expressed by *speech* and *action*. And I hope it will be allowed by the reader, that it is nearly in the following manner, that *nature* expresses them.

*Tranquillity*, or *apathy*, appears by the *composure* of the countenance, and general *repose* of the body and limbs, without the exertion of any one muscle. The countenance open; the forehead smooth; the eyebrows arched; the mouth just not soud; and the eyes passing with an *easy* motion from object to object, but not dwelling *long* upon any one.

*Chearfulness* adds a iiii.e., opening the mouth a little more. *Mirth*, or *laughter*, opens the mouth still more towards the ears; crisps the nose; lessens the aperture of the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears; shakes and convulses the whole frame; giving considerable pain, which occasions holding the sides.

Raillery.

\* AVCT. AD HEREN. L. III. N. XV. Quintil. Inst. Orat. p. 457.

Raillery, in sport, without real animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness. The tone of voice is sprightly. With contempt, or disgust, it casts a look aqvint, from time to time, at the object; and quits the cheerful aspect for one mixed between an affected grin and sorness. The upper lip is drawn up with an air of disdain. The arms are set a-kimbo on the hips; and the right hand now and then thrown out toward the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice rather loud, the tone arch and sneering; the sentences short; the expressions satirical, with mock-praise intermixed. There are instances of raillery in scripture itself, as 1 Kings xviii. and Isa. xliv. And the excellent Tillotson has not scrupled to indulge a strain of that sort now and then, especially in exposing the mock solemnities of that most ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, popery. Nor should I think raillery unworthy the attention of the lawyer; as it may occasionally come in, not unusefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other stroke of ornament, or entertainment \*.

Buffoonery assumes an arch, fly, leering gravity. Must not quit its serious aspect, though all should laugh to burst ribs of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult; though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

Joy, when sudden and violent, expresses itself by clapping of hands, and exultation, or leaping. The eyes are opened wide; perhaps filled with tears; often raised to heaven, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features aggravated. The voice rises, from time to time, to very high notes.

Delight, or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegancy, shews itself by the looks, gestures, and utterance of joy; but moderated.

Gravity, or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, draws down the eyebrows a little; casts down, or bows, or raises the eyes to heaven; bows the mouth, and pinches the lips close. The posture of the body and limbs is composed, and without much motion. The speech, if any, slow and solemn; the tone unvarying.

Enquiry, into an obscure subject, fixes the body in one posture, the head stooping, and the eye poring, the eyebrows drawn down.

#### Attention

\* ————— ridiculum acri  
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Hor.

*Attention* to an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect ; and requires silence ; the eyes often cast down upon the ground ; sometimes fixed on the face of the speaker ; but not too pertly.

*Moderity*, or submission, bends the body forward ; looks the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The voice low ; the tone submissive ; and words few.

*Perplexity*, or anxiety, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, draws all the parts of the body together ; gathers up the arms upon the breast, unless one hand covers the eyes, or rubs the forehead ; draws down the eyebrows ; hangs the head upon the breast ; casts down the eyes, shuts and pinches the eyelids close ; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close, or bites them. Suddenly the whole body is vehemently agitated. The person walks about busily : stops abruptly. Then he talks to himself, or makes grimaces. If he speaks to another, his pauses are very long ; the tone of his voice unvarying, and his sentences broken, expressing half, and keeping in half of what arises in his mind.

*Vexation*, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, agitates the whole frame, and, besides expressing itself with the looks, gestures, restlessness, and tone of perplexity, it adds complaint, fretting, and lamenting.

*Pity*, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with lifted hands ; eyebrows drawn down ; mouth open ; and features drawn together. Its expression, as to looks, and gesture, is the same with those of suffering. (see *Suffering*) but more moderate, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore one remove, as it were, more distant from the soul, than what one feels in his own person.

*Grief*, sudden, and violent, expresses itself by bearing the head ; groveling on the ground ; tearing of garments, hair, and flesh ; screaming aloud, weeping, stamping with the feet, lifting the eyes, from time to time, to heaven ; burrying to and fro, running distracted, or fainting away, sometimes without recovery. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid sullen silence, resembling total apathy.

*Melancholy*, or fixed grief, is gloomy, sedentary, motionless. The lower jaw falls ; the lips pale, the eyes are cast down, half-shut, eyelids swelled and red, or livid, tears trickling silent, and unwiped ; with a total inattention to every thing that passes. Words, if any, few, and those dragged out, rather than spoken ; the accents weak, and interrupted, sighs breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

*Despair*,

\* *Cura leves loquuntur ; ingentes flupent.* *Sant,* Hipp.

*Despair*, as in a condemned criminal, or one, who has lost all hope of salvation, bends the eyebrows downward ; clouds the forehead ; rolls the eyes around frightfully ; opens the mouth toward the ears ; bites the lips ; widens the nostrils ; gnashes with the teeth, like a fierce wild beast. The heart is too much hardened to suffer tears to flow ; yet the eyeballs will be red and inflamed like those of an animal in a rabid state. The head is hung down upon the breast. The arms are bended at the elbows : the fists clenched hard : the veins and muscles swelled ; the skin livid ; and the whole body strained and violently agitated ; groans, expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than words. If any words, they are few, and expressed with a full, eager bitterness ; the tone of voice often loud and furious. As it often drives people to distraction, and self-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one, who would represent it.

*Fear*, violent and sudden, opens very wide the eyes and mouth ; shortens the nose ; draws down the eyebrows ; gives the countenance an air of wildness ; covers it with deadly pallor ; draws back the elbows parallel with the sides ; lifts the open hands, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object, as if it were opposed against it. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently ; the breath is fetched quick and short ; the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling ; the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent. Imminent danger, real, or fancied, produces, in timorous persons, as women and children, violent shrieks, without any articulate sound of words ; and sometimes irrecoverably confounds the understanding ; produces fainting, which is sometimes followed by death.

*Shame*, or a sense of one's appearing to a disadvantage, before one's fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders ; covers it with blushes ; hangs the head ; casts down the eyes, draws down the eyebrows ; either strikes the person dumb, or, if he attempts to say any thing in his own defence, causes his tongue to falter, and confounds his utterance ; and puts him upon making a thousand gestures and grimaces, to keep himself in countenance ; all which only heighten the confusion of his appearance.

*Remorse*, or a painful sense of guilt, casts down the countenance, and clouds it with anxiety ; hangs down the head ; draws the eyebrows down upon the eyes. The right hand beats the breast. The teeth gnash with anguish. The whole

*body is strained and violently agitated.* If this strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of penitence, or contrition; then the eyes are raised (but with great appearance of doubting and fear) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately cast down again to the earth. Then floods of tears are seen to flow. The knees are bended; or the body prostrated on the ground. The arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs, groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling.

*Courage, steady, and cool, opens the countenance,* gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The accents are strong, full-mouthed and articulate, the voice firm and even.

*Boasting, or affected courage,* is loud, blustering, threatening. The eyes stare; the eyebrows drawn down; the face is red and bloated; the mouth pouts out; the voice hollow and thundering; the arms are set a-kimbo; the head often nodding in a menacing manner; and the right fist, clenched, is brandished, from time to time, at the person threatened. The right foot is often stamped upon the ground, and the legs take such large strides, and the steps are so heavy, that the earth seems to tremble under them.

*Pride assumes a lofty look,* bordering upon the aspect and attitude of anger. The eyes open, but with the eyebrows considerably drawn down; the mouth pouting out; mostly shut, and the lips pinched close. The words walk out a-strut, with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance. The arms generally a-kimbo, and the legs at a distance from one another, taking large tragedy-strides.

*Obstinacy adds to the aspect of pride, a dogged sullenness, like that of malice.* See Malice.

*Authority opens the countenance;* but draws down the eyebrows a little, so far as to give the look of gravity. See Gravity.

*Commanding requires an air a little more peremptory,* with a look a little severe or stern. The hand is held out, and moved toward the person, to whom the order is given, with the palm upwards, and the head nods toward him.

*Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the head backward,* and pushes the hand from one with the palm downward, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down immovable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

*Affirming,* especially with a judicial oath, is expressed by lifting the open right hand, and eyes, toward heaven; or, if conscience is appealed to, by laying the right hand upon the breast.

*Denying*

*Denying* is expressed by *pushing* the open right hand from one; and *turning* the face the contrary way. See *Aversion*.

*Differing* in sentiment may be expressed as *refusing*. See *Refusing*.

*Agreeing* in opinion, or conviction, as *granting*. See *Granting*.

*Exhorting*, as by a general at the head of his army, requires a kind, *complacent* look; unless matter of offence has passed, as neglect of duty, or the like.

*Judging* demands a *grave*, *steady* look, with deep attention; the countenance altogether clear from any appearance of either *disgust* or *favour*. The accents *slow*, *distinct*, *emphatical*, accompanied with little *action*, and that *very grave*.

*Reproving* puts on a *stern* aspect, *roughens* the voice, and is accompanied with *gestures* not much different from those of *threatening*, but not so *lively*.

*Acquitting* is performed with a *benevolent*, *tranquil* countenance, and tone of voice; the right hand, if not both, *open*, *waved* gently toward the person acquitted, expressing *Dismission*. See *Dismissing*.

*Condemning* assumes a *severe* look, but mixed with *pity*. The sentence is to be expressed as with *reluctance*.

*Teaching*, *explaining*, *inculcating*, or giving *orders* to an *inferior*, requires an air of *superiority* to be assumed. The features are to be composed to an authoritative *gravity*. The eye *steady*, and *open*, the *eyebrow* a little drawn down over it; but not so much as to look *surly* or *dogmatical*. The tone of voice varying according as the *emphasis* requires, of which a *good deal* is necessary in expressing matter of this sort. The pitch of the voice to be *strong* and *clear*; the *articulation distinct*; the *utterance slow*, and the manner *peremptory*. This is the proper manner of pronouncing the *commandments* in the communion office. But (I am sorry to say it) they are too commonly spoken in the same manner as the *prayers*, than which nothing can be more unnatural.

*Pardoning* differs from *acquitting*, in that the latter means *clearing* a person after trial, of *guilt*; whereas the former supposes *guilt*, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from *punishment*. *Pardoning* requires some degree of *severity* of aspect and tone of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of entire *unmixed approbation*; otherwise its expression is much the same as *granting*. See *Granting*.

*Arguing* requires a *cool*, *sedate*, *attentive* aspect, and a *clear*, *slow*, *emphatical* accent, with much *demonstration* by the hand. It differs from *teaching* (see *Teaching*) in that the look of *authority* is not wanting in *arguing*.

*Dismissing*, with *approbation*, is done with a *kind aspect* and *tone of voice*; the right *hand open*, gently *waved* toward the person. With *displeasure*, besides the look and tone of voice which suits displeasure, the *hand* is hastily *thrown out* toward the person dismissed, the *back part* toward him, the *countenance* at the same time turned *away* from him.

*Refusing*, when accompanied with *displeasure*, is expressed nearly in the *same way*. Without displeasure it is done with a visible *reluctance*, which occasions the bringing out the words *slowly*, with such a *shake* of the *head*, and *shrug* of the *shoulders*, as is natural upon hearing of somewhat, which gives us *concern*.

*Granting*, when done with *unreserved good-will*, is accompanied with a *benevolent aspect*, and *tone of voice*; the right *hand pressed to the left breast*, to signify, how *heartily* the *favour* is granted, and the *benefactor's joy* in conferring it.

*Dependence*. See *Modesty*.

*Veneration*, or worshipping, comprehends several articles, as *ascription*, *confession*, *remorse*, *intercession*, *thanksgiving*, *deprecation*, *petition*, &c. *Ascription* of honour and praise to the peerless and supreme Majesty of heaven, and *confession*, and *deprecation*, are to be uttered with all that *humility* of looks and gesture, which can exhibit the most profound *self-abasement* and *annihilation*, before One, whose *superiority* is infinite. The *head* is a little *raised*, but with the most apparent *timidity*, and *dread*; the *eye* is *lifted*; but immediately *cast down* again, or *closed* for a moment; the *eyebrows* are drawn *down* in the most *respectful* manner; the *features*, and the whole *body* and *limbs*, are all composed to the most profound *gravity*; one posture continuing, without considerable *change*, during the whole performance of the duty. The *knees bended*, or the *whole body prostrate*, or if the posture be standing, which scripture † does not disallow, bending *forward*, as ready to *prostrate* itself. The *arms spread out*, but *modestly*, as high as the *breast*; the *hands open*. The *tone of the voice* will be *submissive*, *timid*, *equal*, *trembling*, *weak*, *suppliant*. The *words* will be brought out with a visible *anxiety* and *diffidence* approaching to *hesitation*; *few*, and *slow*; nothing of *vain repetition* †, *haranguing*, *flowers of rhetoric*, or *affected figures of speech*; all *simplicity*, *humility*, and *lowness*, such as becomes a *reptile* of the dust, when presuming to address Him, whose *greatness* is tremendous beyond all *created conception*. In *intercession* for our fellow-creatures, which is prescribed in scripture ||, and in *thanksgiving*, the *countenance* will naturally

¶ Mark xi. 25.      † Mat. vi. 7.      || Mat. v. 44. Luke vi. 28.

rally assume a *small degree of cheerfulness* beyond what it was clothed with in *confession of sin*, and *deprecation of punishment*. But all affected ornament of speech, or gesture in devotion, deserves the severest censure, as being somewhat much worse than absurd.

*Respect* for a superior puts on the looks and gesture of *modesty*. See *Modesty*.

*Hope* brightens the countenance; arches the eyebrows; gives the eyes an *eager*, *wishful* look; opens the mouth to half a smile; bends the body a little forward, the feet equal; spreads the arms, with the hands open, as to receive the object of its longings. The tone of the voice is *eager*, and *unevenly*, inclining to that of *joy*; but curbed by a degree of *doubt* and *anxiety*. *Desire* differs from *hope*, as to expression, in this particular, that there is more appearance of *doubt* and *anxiety* in the former, than the latter. For it is one thing to *desire* what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually obtaining it.

*Desire* expresses itself by bending the body forward, and stretching the arms toward the object, as to grasp it. The countenance smiling, but *eager* and *wishful*; the eyes wide open, and eyebrows raised; the mouth open; the tone of voice suppliant, but lively and cheerful, unless there be *distress* as well as desire; the expressions fluent and copious; if no words are used, sighs instead of them; but this is chiefly in *distress*.

*Love*, (successful) lights upon the countenance into *smiles*. The forehead is smoothed, and enlarged; the eyebrows are arched; the mouth a little open, and smiling; the eyes languishing, and half-shut, dote upon the beloved object. The countenance assumes the *eager* and *wishful* look of *desire*, (see *Desire* above) but mixed with an air of *satisfaction*, and *repose*. The accents are soft, and winning; the tone of voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical, rapturous, as in *joy*. (See *Joy*.) The attitude much the same with that of *desire*. Sometimes both hands pressed eagerly to the bosom. *Love*, unsuccessful, adds an air of *anxiety*, and *melancholy*. See *Perplexity*, and *Melancholy*.

*Giving*, *inviting*, *soliciting*, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real, or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express *love*; but more moderate.

*Wonder*, or *amazement*, (without any other interesting passion, as *love*, *esteem*, &c.) opens the eyes, and makes them appear very prominent; sometimes raises them to the skies; but oftener, and more expressively, fixes them on the object,

if the cause of the passion be a *present and visible object*, with the look, all except the wildness, of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) If the *hands* hold any thing, at the time, when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it *drop*, unconscious; and the whole *body* fixes in the *contracted, stooping posture* of *amazement*; the *mouth open*; the *hands held up open*, nearly in the attitude of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) The first access of this passion *stops all utterance*. But it makes amends afterwards by a copious flow of *words and exclamations*.

*Admiration*, a mixed passion, consisting of *wonder*, with *love or esteem*, takes away the *familiar gesture*, and expression of *simple love*. (See *Love*.) Keeps the *respectful look*, and *attitude*. (See *Modesty*, and *Veneration*.) The *eyes* are *opened wide*, and now and then *raised toward heaven*. The *mouth is opened*. The *hands are lifted up*. The *tone of the voice rapturous*. This passion expresses itself *copiously*, making great use of the figure *hyperbole*.

*Gratitude* puts on an aspect full of *complacency*. (See *Love*.) If the object of it is a character greatly *superior*, it expresses much *submission*. (See *Modesty*.) The right *hand* pressed upon the *breast* accompanies, very properly, the expression of a *sincere and hearty sensibility of obligation*.

*Curiosity*, as of a busy-body, *opens the eyes*, and *mouth*, *lengthens the neck*, *bends the body forward*, and *fixes it in one posture*, with the *hands* nearly in that of *admiration*. See *Admiration*. See also *Desire*, *Attention*, *Hope*, *Enquiry*, and *Perplexity*.

*Persuasion* puts on the looks of moderate *love*. (See *Love*.) Its accents are *soft, flattering, emphatical and articulate*.

*Tempting*, or *wheedling*, expresses itself much in the same way; only carrying the *flattery part to excess*.

*Promising* is expressed with *benevolent looks*, the *nod of consent*, and the *open hands gently moved towards the person*, to whom the promise is made; the *palm upwards*. The *sincerity of the promiser* may be expressed by laying the right *hand gently on the breast*.

*Affectation* displays itself in a thousand different gestures, motions, airs, and looks, according to the character, which the person affects. *Affectation of learning* gives a stiff *formality* to the whole person. The *words come stalking out* with the *pace of a funeral procession*; and every sentence has the *solemnity of an oracle*. *Affectation of piety turns up* the *goggling whites of the eyes to heaven*, as if the person were in a *trance*, and *fixes them in that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy*. Then comes up, *deep-grumbling*, a *holy groan* from the lower parts of the thorax; but

but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation through the solid earth. Then he begins to rock from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl; and the words godly doggrel. Affectation of beauty, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of forms, appearances, and attitudes, but amiable ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardness (for true art conceals itself) all that nature had done for her. Nature formed her almost an angel, and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a monkey. Therefore this species of affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as ugly grimaces, motions, and gestures, as can be made; and take care that nature never peep out; and you represent coquetish affectation to the life.

Sloth appears by yawning, dozing, snoring, the head dangling sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, the arms and legs stretched out, and every sinew of the body unstrung, the eyes heavy, or closed; the words, if any, crawl out of the mouth, but half-formed, scarce audible to any ear, and broken off in the middle by powerful sleep.

People, who walk in their sleep, (of which our inimitable Shakespeare has, in his tragedy of MACBETH, drawn out a fine scene) are said to have their eyes open; though they are not, the more for that, conscious of any thing, but the dream, which has got possession of their imagination. I never saw one of those persons; therefore cannot describe their manner from nature; but I suppose their speech is pretty much like that of persons dreaming, inarticulate, incoherent, and very different, in its tone, from what it is, when waking.

Intoxication shews itself by the eyes half-shut, sleepy, stupid, inflamed. An idiot smile, a ridiculous surline, or affected bravado, disgraces the bloated countenance. The mouth open tumbles out nonsense in heaps, without articulation enough for any ear to take it in, and unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The head seems too heavy for the neck. The arms dangle from the shoulders, as if they were almost cut away, and hung by shreds. The legs totter and bend at the knees, as ready to sink under the weight of the reeling body. And a general incapacity, corporeal and mental, exhibits human nature sunk below the brutal.

Anger, (violent) or rage, expresses itself with rapidity, interruption, noise, harshness, and repudiation. The neck stretched out;

out ; the head forward, often nodding and shaken in a menacing manner, against the object of the passion. The eyes red, inflamed, baring, rolling, and sparkling ; the eyebrows drawn down over them, and the forehead wrinkled into clouds, The nostrils stretched wide ; every vein swelled ; every muscle strained ; the breast heaving, and the breath fetched hard. The mouth open, and drawn on each side toward the ears, shewing the teeth, in a gnashing posture. The face bloated, pale, red, or, sometimes almost black. The feet stamping ; the right arm often thrown out, and menacing with the clenched fist shaken, and a general and violent agitation of the whole body.

*Peevishness*, or ill-nature, is a lower degree of anger ; and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more moderate ; with half-sentences, and broken speeches, uttered hastily ; the upper lip drawn up disdainfully ; the eyes aquint upon the object of displeasure.

*Malice*, or *s spite*, sets the jaws, or gnashes with the teeth ; sends blasting flashes from the eyes ; draws the mouth toward the ears ; clenches both fists, and bends the elbows in a straining manner. The tone of voice, and expression are much the same with that of anger ; but the pitch not so loud.

*Envy* is a little more moderate in its gestures, than *malice* ; but much the same in kind.

*Revenge* expresses itself as *malice*.

*Cruelty*. See *Anger*, *Aversion*, *Malice*, and the other irascible passions.

*Complaining*, as when one is under violent bodily pain, distorts the features ; almost closes the eyes ; sometimes raises them wishfully ; opens the mouth ; gnashes with the teeth ; draws up the upper lip ; draws down the head upon the breast, and the whole body together. The arms are violently bent at the elbows, and the fists strongly clenched. The voice is uttered in groans, lamentations, and violent screams. Extreme torture produces fainting, and death.

*Fatigue*, from severe labour, gives a general languor to the whole body. The countenance is dejected. (See *Grief*.) The arms hang listless ; the body, if sitting, or lying along be not the posture, stoops, as in old age. (See *Dotage*.) The legs, if walking, are dragged heavily along, and seem at every step ready to bend under the weight of the body. The voice is weak, and the words hardly enough articulated to be understood.

*Aversion*, or hatred, expressed to, or of any person, or thing, that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing back, as avoiding the approach of what he hates ; the hands, at

at the same time, thrown *out spread*, as if to keep it off. The face turned *away* from that side toward which the hands are thrown out; the eyes looking *angrily* and *askew* the same way the hands are directed; the eyebrows drawn *downward*; the upper lip disdainfully *drawn up*; but the teeth set. The pitch of the voice *loud*; the tone *chiding, unequal, jerky, vehement*. The sentences *short, and abrupt*.

*Commendation*, or approbation, from a superior, puts on the aspect of *love* (excluding *Desire*, and *Respect*) and expresses itself in a *mild tone* of voice; the arms gently *spread*; the palms of the hands toward the person approved. *Exhorting*, or *encouraging*, as of an army by a general, is expressed with some part of the looks and action of *courage*.

*Jealousy* would be likely to be well expressed by one, who had often seen prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the *inquisition*, or who had seen what the dungeons of the inquisition are the best earthly emblem of; I mean *Hell*. For next to being in the pope's, or in Satan's prison, is the torture of him who is possessed with the spirit of *jealousy*. Being a mixture of passions directly contrary to one another, the person, whose soul is the seat of such confusion and tumult, must be in as much greater misery than Prometheus, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the mind are greater than those of the body. *Jealousy* is a ferment of *love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, suspicion, grief, pity, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, madness*, and if there be any other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to express *jealousy* well, requires that one know how to represent justly all these *passions* by turns (See *Love, Hatred, &c.*) and often several of them together. *Jealousy* shews itself by *restlessness, perverseness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind*. Sometimes it bursts out in *piteous complaint, and weeping*; then a gleam of *hope*, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face clouded with a general *gloom*, shews the mind *overcast* again with horrid *suspicions*, and *frightful imaginations*. Then the arms are *folded* upon the *breast*; the *fists* violently *clenched*; the *rolling, bloody eyes* dart *fury*. He burries to and fro; he has no more *rest*, than a ship in a troubled sea, the sport of winds and waves. Again he *composes* himself a little to reflect on the *charms* of the suspected person. She appears to his imagination like the *sweetness* of the rising *dawn*. Then his monster-breeding fancy represents her as *false*, as she is *fair*. Then he *roars* out as one on the *rack*, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every sinew bursts. Then he throws himself on the ground.

*He beats his head against the pavement.* Then he springs up, and with the look and action of a fury bursting hot from the abyss, he snatches the instrument of death, and, after ripping up the bosom of the loved, suspected, hated, lamented, fair one, he stabs himself to the heart, and exhibits a striking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal passion.

*Dotage, or infirm old age, shews itself by talkativeness, boasting of the past, hollowness of eyes and cheeks, dimness of sight, deafness, tremor of voice, the accents, through default of teeth, scarce intelligible; hams weak, knees tottering, head paralytic, hollow coughing, frequent expectoration, breathless wheezing, laborious groaning, the body swooping under the insupportable load of years, which soon will crush it into the dust, from whence it had its origin.*

*Folly, that is, of a natural idiot, gives the face an habitual thoughtlessness, brainless grin. The eyes dance from object to object, without ever fixing steadily upon any one. A thousand different and incoherent passions, looks, gestures, speeches, and absurdities, are played off every moment.*

*Distraction opens the eyes to a frightful wideness; rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object: distorts every feature; gnashes with the teeth; agitates all the parts of the body; rolls in the dust; foams at the mouth; utters, with hideous bellowings, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous; rushes furiously on all who approach; and, if not restrained, tears its own flesh, and destroys itself.*

*Sickness has infirmity and feebleness in every motion and utterance. The eyes dim, and almost closed; cheeks pale and hollow; the jaw fallen; the head hung down; as if too heavy to be supported by the neck. A general inertia prevails. The voice trembling; the utterance through the nose; every sentence accompanied with a groan; the hand shaking, and the knees tottering under the body; or the body stretched helpless on the bed.*

*Fainting produces a sudden relaxation of all that holds the human frame together, every sinew and ligament unstrung. The colour flies from the vermillion cheek; the sparkling eye grows dim. Down the body drops, as helpless, and as senseless, as a mass of clay, to which, by its colour and appearance it seems hastening to resolve itself. Which leads me to conclude with*

*Death, the awful end of all flesh; which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been just describing; for fainting continued ends in death; a subject almost too serious to be made a matter of artificial imitation.*

*L*ower degrees of every passion are to be expressed by more moderate exertions of *voice* and *gesture*, as every public speaker's discretion will suggest to him.

*Mixed* passions, or emotions of the mind, require a *mixed* expression. *Pity*, for example, is composed of *grief* and *love*. It is therefore evident, that a correct speaker must, by his looks and gestures, and by the tone and pitch of his voice, express both *grief* and *love*, in expressing *pity*, and so of the rest.

There may be *other* humours or passions, beside these, which a reader, or speaker, may have occasion to express. But these are the *principal*. And, if there be any *others*, they will occur among the following *examples* for practice taken from various authors, and *rules* will be given for expressing them. And though it may be alleged, that *some* of these passions, or humours, are such, as hardly ever come in the way of the speaker at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, or either house of *parliament*, it does not therefore follow, that the labour of studying and practising the proper ways of expressing them is *useless*. On the contrary, every speaker will find his account in *enlarging* his sphere of *practice*. A gentleman may not have occasion every day, to *dance* a *minuet*: but he has occasion to go into company every day: and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to *dance* in the most *elegant* manner. The *orator* may not have actual occasion to express *anger*, *jealousy*, *malice*, and some few others of the more *violent* passions, for which I have here given *rules*. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to express *them*, acquire a masterly *ease* and *fluency*, in expressing those he has actually *occasion* to express.

It is to be remembered, that the *action*, in expressing the various humours and passions, for which I have here given *rules*, is to be suited to the *age*, *sex*, *condition*, and *circumstances* of the character. Violent *anger*, or *rage*, for example, is to be expressed with great agitation (see *Anger*) but the rage of an infirm old man, of a woman, and of a youth, are all different from one another, and from that of a man in the *flower* of his age, as every speaker's discretion will suggest. A *hero* may shew *fear*, or *sensibility* of *pain*: but not in the same *manner* as a *girl* would express those sensations. *Grief* may be expressed by a person reading a *melancholy* story, or description, in a room. It may be acted upon the stage. It may be dwelt upon by the pleader at the *bar*; or it may have a place in a *sermon*. The passion is

is still grief. But the manner of expressing it will be different in each of the speakers, if they have judgment.

A *correct* speaker does not make a movement of limb, or feature, for which he has not a reason. If he addresses *heaven*, he looks upward. If he speaks to his *fellow-creatures*, he looks round upon them. The spirit of what he says, or is said to him, appears in his *look*. If he expresses *amazement*, or would excite it, he lifts up his *hands* and *eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happiness, he *spreads his arms*, and looks *benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven against vice, he *bends his eyebrow* into *wrath*, and *menaces* with his *arm* and *countenance*. He does not needlessly saw the air with his *arm*, nor stab himself with his *finger*. He does not clap his right *hand* upon his *breast*, unless he has occasion to speak of *himself*, or to introduce *conscience*, or somewhat *sentimental*. He does not start back, unless he wants to express *horror* or *aversion*. He does not come forward, but when he has occasion to *solicit*. He does not raise his voice, but to express somewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not lower it, but to contrast the raising of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to express, *sparkle fury*; *brighten* into *joy*; *glance disdain*; *melt* into *grief*; *frown* *disgust* and *hatred*; *languish* into *love*; or *glare distraction*.

But to apply properly, and in a masterly manner, the almost endlessly various external expressions of the different passions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has so curiously fitted the human frame — *hic labor — bere* is the difficulty. Accordingly a consummate public speaker is truly a *phenix*. But much less than all this, is, generally speaking, sufficient for most occasions.

There is an *error*, which is too inconsiderately received by many judicious persons, *wiz.* that a public speaker's shewing himself to be in *earnest*, will alone secure him of duly *affecting* his audience. Were this true, the enthusiastic *rant* of the *fanatic*, who is often very much in *earnest*, ought to please the *judicious*; in whom, on the contrary, we know, it excites, only *laughter*, or *pity*. It is granted, that *nature* is the *rule* by which we are to *speak*, and to *judge* of propriety in *speaking*. And every public speaker, who faithfully, and in a masterly manner, follows that universal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a speaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into some incorrigible *absurdity* of manner, express the *real* and the *warm* sentiments of his *heart*, in such an *awkward way*, as shall effectually defeat his whole design upon those who hear him,

and render *himself* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough as Quintilian \* says, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good speaker*. As, on one hand, it is not true, that a speaker's shewing himself in *earnest* is alone *sufficient*, so on the other, is it certain, that if he does not *seem* to be in *earnest* ; he cannot but *fail* of his design.

There is a true *sublime* in *delivery*, as in the other imitative arts; in the *manner* as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *sculpture*, *music*, and the other elegancies, the true *sublime* consists in a set of *mastery*, *large*, and *noble* strokes of *art*, superior to *florid*  *littleness*; so it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and *articulate*; every *syllable* standing off from that which is next to it, so that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be so distinctly *joined* to the *matter*, that the *humour* or *passions* might be *known* by the *sound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word* *heard*. And the *variations* are to be, like the full swelling *folds* of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or statue, *bold*, and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool approbation. Like irresistible *beauty*, it *transports*, it *ravishes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all, who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticism*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourselves, to *engage* and *swallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every *thing* out of our *minds*, besides the *subject* it would hold forth, and the *point*, it wants to *carry*. The *hearer* finds himself as *unable* to *resist* it, as to blow out a *conflagration* with the *breath* of his *mouth*, or to *stop* the *stream* of a *river* with his *hand*. His *passions* are no longer *his own*. The *orator* has taken *possession* of them; and with superior power, *works* them to whatever he *pleases*.

There is no *earthly* *object* capable of making such *various*, and such *forcible* impressions upon the *human mind*, as a consummate *speaker*. In viewing the *artificial creations*, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical *eye* is indeed delighted to a high pitch, and, the delight is *rational*, because it flows from sources, *unknown* to beings *below* the *rational sphere*. But the *ear* remains wholly *un-engaged*, and *un-informed*.

In

\* INST. ORAT. p. 442.

Si vis me fieri, dolendum es  
Prius ipsi tibi.  
Hor.

In listening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleasure which pours upon the *ear*, is almost too much for human nature. And music applied to express the sublimities of *poetry*, as in the oratorio of Samson, and the Allegro and Penitent, yields a pleasure so truly *rational*, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be ashamed to declare their *sensibility* of it. But here again, the *eye* has not its gratification. For the opera (in which *action* is joined with *music*, in order to entertain the *eye* at the same time with the *ear*) I must beg leave, with all due submission to the taste of the great, to consider as a forced conjunction of two things, which *nature* does not allow to go together. For it never will be other than *unnatural*, to see heroes fighting, commanding, threatening, lamenting, and making *love* in the warblings of an Italian *song*.

It is only the elegant *speaker*, who can at once regale the *eye* with the view of its most amiable object, the human form in all its glory; the *ear* with the original of all music, the *understanding* with its proper and natural food, the knowledge of important truth; and the *imagination* with all that, in nature, or in art, is *beautiful*, *sublime*, or *wonderful*. For the orator's field is the *universe*, and his subjects are all that is known of God, and his works; of superior natures, good and evil, and their works; and of terrestrials, and theirs.

In a consummate speaker, whatever there is of *corporeal* dignity, or beauty, the majesty of the human *face* divine, the grace of *action*, the piercing *glance*, or gentle *languish*, or fiery *flash* of the *eye*; whatever of lively *passion*, or striking *emotion* of mind, whatever of fine *imagination*, of wise *reflection*, or irresistible *reasoning*; whatever of *excellence* in human nature, all that the *hand* of the *Creator* has impressed, of his own *image* upon the *noblest* creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the consummate *speaker* to the highest *advantage*. And whoever is proof against such a display of all that is noble in human nature, must have neither *eye*, nor *ear*, nor *passion*, nor *imagination*, nor *taste*, nor *understanding*.

Though it may be alleged, that a great deal of *gesture*, or *action*, at the *bar*, or in the *pulpit*, especially the latter, is not wanted, nor is quite in *character*; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper *attitude*. The *eyes* are not to be rolled along the *ceiling*, as if the speaker thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themselves. Nor are they to be constantly cast down upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving sentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon one point, as if he saw

law a ghost. The arms of the preacher are not to be *needlessly thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the pulpit, or *brandished*, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers, exercising themselves by fighting with their own shadow, to prepare them for the Olympic contests. Nor, on the contrary, are his *bands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to *hang by his sides* as lank as if they were both *withered*. The head is not to stand *fixed*, as if the speaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word, as if he were acting *Jupiter*, or his would-be-son *Alexander*\*.

A judicious speaker is master of such a *variety* of decent and natural *motion*, and has such command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in *one posture* to offend the eye of the spectator. The *matter*, he has to pronounce, will suggest the propriety of *changing* from time to time, his *look*, his *posture*, his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *same*, would become *tedious*, and *irksome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing posture*, like a *harlequin*, nor *throwing his bands about*, as if he were shewing *legerdemain tricks*.

Above all things, the public speaker is never to forget the great rule, *ARS EST CELARE ARTEM*. It would be infinitely more pleasing to see him deliver himself with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than those of an *Egyptian mummy*, than *distorting* himself into all the *violations of decorum*, which *affection* produces. *Art, seen through, is execrable*.

*Modesty* ought ever to be *conspicuous* in the behaviour of all, who are obliged to exhibit themselves before the eye of the *public*. Whatever of *gesture*, or exertion of *voice*, such persons use, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them, by the *importance*, *spirit*, or *humour*, of the *matter*. If the speaker uses any *arts of delivery*, which *appear* plainly to be *studied*; the effect will be, that his *awkward attempt* to work upon the *passions* of his hearers, by means, of which he is *not master*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *stiff* and *pedantic solemnity* do some public speakers *utter thoughts*, so *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at all*! And what *unnatural* and *unsuitable tones* of *voice*, and *gesticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by their *manner*

\* With ravish'd ears  
The monarch hears;  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

Dryden's ODE.

manner of delivering, one would be apt to question, not only whether it is their own composition, but whether they really understand it.

The clergy have one considerable *apology* from the awkwardness of the place they speak from. A pulpit is, by its very make, necessarily destructive of all grace of attitude. What could even a Tully do in a tub, just big enough for him to stand in immersed up to the arm-pits, pillowing his chin upon its cushion, as Milton describes the sun upon the orient wave? But it is hardly to be expected, that this, or any other impropriety in sacred matters, of which there are many greater, should be altered. Errors, in them, become, by long establishment, *sacred* ||. And I doubt not, but some of the narrower part of the clergy, as well as of the people, would think any other form of a pulpit, than the present, though much fitter for exhibiting the speaker to an advantage, an innovation likely to prove dangerous to religion, and, which is worse, to the church.

Nor is it to be expected, that decorum of manner in *preaching* should be carried to any great perfection in England, while *reading* is thought to be *preaching*. If the Greek and Roman orators had *read* their sermons, the effect would have been, I suppose, pretty much the same as that which sermons produce among us. The hearers might have, many of them, dropped asleep. In some foreign countries, preachers are so much aware of the disadvantage of *reading*, that such, as have weak memories, have a prompter behind, in the pulpit, out of sight. However, it must be owned, that, if preachers would bestow a little pains in committing to memory the substance of their discourses, so as not to be slaves to written notes, and endeavour to gain a tolerable readiness at extemporal amplification (which at the bar is indispensable) their discourses might have effect, though the eye should now and then be cast upon the notes, if not in a clumsy manner, and with hesitation. Quintilian + himself will not object to so much use of notes, as I have here allowed; though he absolutely requires his orator to be possessed of a memory †.

To

|| See the writings of many of the clergy themselves to this purpose, as Dr. Clarke, Hare, Headly, Whiston, Clayton, &c. the CANDID DISQUISITIONS, and the CONFESSIONS L.

+ Inst. Orat. L. x. C. vii.

† Dean Swift, in his LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN, writes, on this subject, as follows.

" I cannot but think, that what is *read*, differs as much from what is " repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same " time

To hear a judicious and elegant discourse from the pulpit, which would, in print, make a noble figure, murdered by him, who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a tone between singing and saying, or with a nod of his head, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated monotony, in which he was used to repeat *Quæ genus* at Westminster school; what can be imagined more lamentable! Yet what more common! Were the educators of youth, intended for the ministry, of the opinion of the prince of orators, viz. that delivery is the first, second, and third, part of oratory, they would spare some time from the many less necessary parts of school learning to apply it to one so very essential; without which the weight of the most sacred subject, the greatest depth of critical disquisition, the most unexceptionable reasoning, the most accurate arrangement of matter, and the most striking energy of style, are all lost upon an audience; who sit unaffected, and depart unimproved. From hence it is, that, while places of public worship are almost empty; theatres are crowded. Yet in the former the most interesting subjects are treated. In the latter all is fiction. To the former all are invited without any expence. The charge and trouble of attending the latter are considerable. But it will not be otherwise, so long as the speakers in the former take no more pains to enforce their public instructions, than if they delivered fictions, and those in the latter bestow so much to make fictions seem true. It may be said, this observation has often been made before. The more is the pity. And it ought to be often made again, and to be dwelt upon, till the fault is amended.

Did preachers labour to acquire a masterly delivery, places of public instruction would be crowded, as places of public diversion are now. Rakes, and Infidels, merely to shew their taste, would frequent them. Could all frequent them, and none profit?

" time I am fully sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon  
" you to alter this; and that if you did, your sermons would be much  
" less valuable than otherwise, for want of time to improve and correct  
" them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this  
" matter."

He then goes on to advise, that he should write his sermons in a large fair hand, and read them over several times before delivering them, so as to be able, with the help of an eye cast down now and then upon the paper, to pronounce them with ease and force.

It is common to hear complaints, from the clergy, of the inattention of their hearers, even to dozing, and sometimes to profound sleep. But where does this complaint fall at last? Even upon the preachers themselves, who address their hearers with such coldness and indifference, as to leave them nothing to do, but to go to sleep. Let the preacher but exert himself properly, and he may defy his hearers to go to sleep, or withdraw their attention for a moment.

The clergy are likewise very full of their complaints of the little effect, their labours produce. Infidelity and vice, they cry, prevail more than ever. Churches are poorly filled. And those, who attend, for fashion's sake, are not much better than their neighbours.

But what is the plain English of th's lamentable outcry? Why, truly, that they find people hir to go to the places of public instruction to be disgusted or killed to sleep. And, that, when they have them there, they cannot persuade them to quit their vices and follies by lolling twenty minutes upon a velvet cushion, and reading to them a learned discourse. That they cannot warm them to the love of virtue by a cold, ill read, pulpit harangue. That they cannot win their affections whilst they neglect all the natural means for working upon the human passions. That they cannot kindle in them that burning zeal which suits the most important of all interests, by talking to them with the coolness of a set of Stoic philosophers, of the terrors of the Lord, of the worm, that never dies, and the fire, that is not quenched, and of future glory, honour, and immortality, of everlasting kingdoms, and heavenly thrones.

I know it is common for preachers to plead, in excuse of the frigidity of their manner, in addressing their audiences, their modesty, and fear of being accused of affectation. But, are there any hindrance to the elocution of the actors, or even of the actresses, who, by study, and practice, come to get the better of timidity, and to attain an elegant, and correct utterance (and are indeed, the only speakers we have in England) without any appearance of affectation; which would render them unsufferable. But do our preachers, in general, bellow any thought, or use any means, of any kind, for improving themselves in speaking? The younger part of the players rehearse, and practise over and over, many a time, and are long under the tuition of the principal actors, before they appear in public. But there are, I believe, no other public speakers among us, who take such pains, though they bellow great pains in improving themselves in learning; which shews, that the neglect of this accomplishment is more owing

to the want of a due sense of its usefulness, than to any other cause. And yet, of the two, learning is much less necessary to a preacher, than skill in persuading. Quintilian \* makes this latter the supreme excellence in his orator.

Let the reader only consider, that a shoemaker, or a taylor, is under a master seven years, at least, before he sets up for himself. But the preacher goes into the pulpit at once, without ever having had one lesson, or article of instruction in that part of his art, which is the chief and most weighty, and without which all his other accomplishments are worth nothing, toward gaining the end of preaching.

It may be alleged, that the clergy cannot be expected to be great orators for fifty, or a hundred pounds a year, which poor pittance is as much as many hundreds, I may say thousands, of them, have to maintain themselves and their families. The more is the pity.

But there are many players who do not get more than the lower clergy. And yet they study hard, for no greater encouragement, and actually acquire such skill in working upon the passions of mankind, that, for my part, if I wanted to have a composition of mine well spoken, I would put it into hands of a second-rate player, rather than of any preacher I ever heard.

What could be imagined more elegant, if entertainment alone were sought; what more useful, if the good of mankind were the object, than the sacred function of preaching, properly performed? Were the most interesting of subjects treated with proper perspicuity and adequate judgment, and well wrought discourses delivered to listening crowds with that dignity which becomes a teacher of Divine truth, and with that energy, which should shew, that the preacher spoke from his own heart, and meant to speak to the hearts of his hearers, what effects might not follow? Mankind are not wood, or stone. They are undoubtedly capable of being roused and startled. They may be drawn, and allure. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the Divine threatenings against vice, would be in the ear of the offender as if he heard the sound of the last trumpet summoning the dead to judgment. And the gentle call of mercy encouraging the terrified, and almost despairing penitent to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would seem as the song of angels. A whole multitude might be lifted to the skies. The world of spirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that punishment, which awaits vice; the glories of that state, to

which virtue will, through Divine favour, raise the pious might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered present to their understandings, with such conviction, as would make indelible impressions upon their hearts, and work a substantial reformation in their lives.\*

The convincing and irrefragable proof, that real and important effects might be produced by preachers, by a proper application of oratory to the purposes of instructing and amending mankind, is, That oratory has been, in all times, known actually to produce great alterations in mens ways of thinking and acting. And there is no denying facts. To bring instances of this in a copious manner, as the subject might deserve, would be to quote more history than could be comprehended in such a volume as this. Nor can any reader imagine, an art could have been, in all free governments, so laboriously cultivated by statesmen, had they not found it useful in the state. Do we not, in our own times, see the effects produced by it in the British parliament? But, if any one should allege, that there is nothing in the power of preachers by means of oratory; does it not follow, that then the whole function of preaching may as well be laid aside? For, if good speaking will have no effect upon mankind; surely bad will have none.

Reasoning *a priori*, one would conclude, that we should see both the study, and the effects of oratory, carried to a pitch beyond what they reached in the ancient times of Heathenism. Have we not the advantage of those noble models, which the ancients struck out by the mere force of natural unassisted genius? Ought we not to exceed those models? But do we come up to them? Have we not incomparably clearer views of nature, and of all knowledge, than the ancients had? Have we not whole sciences, of which they knew nothing? The Newtonian philosophy alone! to what sentiments does it lift the mind! How do the ideas, it gives us, of immensity filled with innumerable worlds revolving round innumerable suns; those worlds themselves the centres of others secondary to them; all attracting; all attracted; enlightening, or receiving light; at distances unmeasurable, but all under one law! —— how do these ideas tend to raise our conceptions of the Author of such a work! Ought not our productions to exceed theirs, who had no such helps to enrich and enliven their imaginations? But, above all, as much as the heavens are

\* Quintilian (INST. ORAT. L. vi. C. ii.) makes the knowledge and command of the pathetic, the main instrument of persuasion, which, according to him, is the great business of the orator.

are higher than the earth, so much ought the views which *revelation* presents us with, to *ennoble* all our *productions* above those of the *antients*, on whom that glorious light never shone ! What had a *Demosthenes*, or a *Cicero*, to inspire so divine an ardor into their addresses to the people, compared with those *sublime doctrines*, which *angels* desire earnestly to pry \* into ? If the poetical *description* of Jupiter shaking heaven with his nod, *warmed* the *imagination* of a *Phidias*, to such a pitch, as enabled him to produce the most majestic piece of *statuary*, that ever was beheld ; and if the *imagination* of the *author* † of that poetical *description* was exalted by the scenes he saw, and the learning he acquired by travelling into Egypt, and other parts ; how ought the genius of the *christian orator* to be elevated, how ought both his compositions, and his manner of delivering them, to shine *superior* to all that *antiquity* ever saw ; as he enjoys superior advantages for *ennobling* all his sentiments, and giving dignity and spirit to all he composes, and utters ! If we find a *Plato*, or a *Cicero*, whenever they touch upon the *sublime doctrine* of a *future state*, rise above themselves, warmed with —— shall I say, the *prospect* ? no —— with the *possibility*, or at most, with the *hope* of immortality ; how animated ought *our descriptions* to be, how forcible *our manner* of treating of what we pretend firmly to *believe* ; of what we know the Author of our religion confirmed by actually *rising* from the grave, triumphing gloriously over death, and *ascending* visibly to heaven !

Poor were the motives, and cold the encouragements, which *they* could offer, to excite their hearers to bravery and to virtue, compared with those which *we* have to propose. For, if they put them in mind of their country, their wives, their children, their aged and helpless parents ; if they called upon them to shew themselves worthy *descendants* of their illustrious *ancestors* ; if they roused their *shams*, or their sense of *honour* ; if they held forth the prize of *deathless fame* ; all these are as cogent arguments *now*, as they were *then*. What advantage *our christian orators* have over them, toward gaining their end of alarming, persuading, and reforming mankind, appears from considering how little chance *we* should have of producing any good effect upon a people strongly attached to pleasures, riches, and honours, by telling them, that, if they continued to pursue these their beloved objects by unlawful means, they might expect, after their

\* Gr. Εἰς δὲ τοὺς νεότερους καὶ γενέτερους παραγόντας, 1 Pet. i. 12,  
† Hom. Vid. Il. i.

death, to be carried before Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Bacus, who would condemn their souls to Tartarus, where the soul of Ixion was tied upon a wheel, and whirled about without rest ; where Prometheus had his liver gnawed by a vulture, which grew again, as fast as it was devoured ; and where Danaus's fifty daughters had a set of barrels with holes in their bottoms, to keep continually full to the top ; and where all wicked souls would be condemned to some such punishment ; but, if, on the contrary, they would act the part of honest and worthy men, and exert themselves to the hazard, and, perhaps, loss of their lives in defence of the liberties of their country, their souls would be ordered, by the judges of the dead, to be placed in the Elysian fields, where were pleasant greens, and lucid streams, and fragrant groves ; and where they should amuse themselves with the innocent pleasures, which delighted them while here. Had our christian orators no better motives to urge, than such as could be drawn from the consideration of certain *imaginary rewards and punishments* to be distributed in a certain *possible*, but *doubtful* future state, in some *unknown* subterranean region ; it might be expected, that their zeal in urging them would be but *cold*, and the effects of their addresses to the people, *inconsiderable*. But the ancient orators had no better motives, from *futurity*, than *these* which I have mentioned, and those they could draw from *other* considerations were the same, which we may use now. What accounts should we have had of the power, with which they spoke, and of the *effects* of their speeches, if they had had the awful *subjects* to treat of, and the *advantages* for treating of them with effect, which *our preachers* have ! O shame to modern times ! A Pericles, or a Demosthenes, could shake all Greece, when they warned their countrymen against an *invasion*, or alarmed them about the danger of their *liberties* ! Whilst we can hardly keep our hearers *awake*, when we stand forth to warn them, in the name of God, against the consequences of vice, ruinous to *individuals*, ruinous to *nations* ; the cause not only of the subversion of states and kingdoms, when luxury, and corruption spread their fatal contagion, and leave a people the unthinking prey of tyranny and oppression ; but of utter, irretrievable *destruction* of the *souls* and *bodies* of half a species \* from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power, at that tremendous day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and when He shall sit upon

\* " Strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth to life, and few there are who find it," Mat. vii. 13,

upon the throne of judgment, from whose face heaven and earth shall fly away \* ; whose voice shall pronounce on the wicked the dreadful sentence, " Depart ye cursed ;" and whose breath shall blow up the unquenchable flame, in which rebellious angels and men shall be irrecoverably swallowed up and destroyed.

It may, perhaps, be objected here, that sacred truth needs no *ornament* to set it off, no *art* to enforce it. That the apostles were *artless* and *illiterate* men ; and yet they gained the great *end* of their *mission*, the *conviction* of multitudes, and *establishment* of their *religion*. That, therefore, there is no necessity for this attention to delivery, in order to qualify the preacher for his sacred office, or to render his labours successful.

To all this the answer is ready, viz. First, the apostles were not *all* *artless* and *illiterate*. St. Paul, the *greatest* and *most general propagator* of christianity, is an *eminent exception*. He could be no *mean orator*, who confounded the *Jews* at *Damascus* † ; made a *prince*, before whom he stood to be *judged*, confess, that he had *almost persuaded* him to become a *convert* to a religion every where *spoken against* § ; threw another into a fit of *trembling* as he sat upon his *judgment-seat* || ; made a *defence* before the learned court of *Areopagus*, which gained him for a *convert* a member of the *court-itself* ¶ ; struck a whole *people* with such *admiration*, that they took him for the *god of eloquence* \*\* ; and gained him a place in Longinus's ¶¶ *list of famous orators*. Would the cold-served-up *monotony* of our English *sermon-readers* have produced such effects as these ? But, farther, the apostles might very well spare *human accomplishments* ; having what was worth them all, viz. the *Divine gift of working miracles* ; which if our preachers had, I should not have much to say about their qualifying themselves in *eloquence*. But, as it is, *public instruction* is the preacher's *weapon*, with which he is to combat infidelity and vice. And what avails a *weapon* without *skill* to *wield* it ?

\* Rev. xx. 11.      † Acts ix. 22.      § Acts xxvi. 28. xxviii. 22.

|| Acts xxiv. 25.      ¶ Acts xvii. 34.      ‡ ‡ Acts xiv. 12.

¶ It was with no small pleasure, I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he lays, " Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." Spec. No. 633.

*Medicines the most salutary to the body are taken with reluctance, if nauseous to the taste.* However they are taken. But the more necessary physic for the soul, if it be not rendered somewhat palatable, will be absolutely rejected. For we are much less prudent in our care for the most valuable part of ourselves than for the least. Therefore the preacher ought, above all other public speakers, to labour to enrich and adorn, in the most masterly manner, his addresses to mankind; his views being the most important. What grand point has the player to gain? Why, to draw an audience to the theatre \*. The pleader at the bar, if he lays before the judges and jury, the true state of the case, so as they may be most likely to see where the right of it lies, and a just decision may be given; has done his duty; and the affair in agitation is an estate, or, at most, a life, which will soon, by course of nature, be extinct. And of the speaker in either house of parliament, the very utmost, that can be said, is, that the good of his country may, in great measure, depend upon his tongue. But the infinitely important object of preaching is, the reformation of mankind, upon which depends their happiness in this world, and throughout the whole of their being. Of what consequence is it, then, that the art of preaching be carried to such perfection, that all may be drawn to places of public instruction, and that those, who attend them, may receive benefit! And if almost the whole of preaching be delivery; how necessary is the study of delivery! That delivery is incomparably the most important part in public instruction, is manifest from this, that very indifferent matter well delivered will make a considerable impression †. But bad utterance will defeat the whole effect of the noblest composition ever produced.

While exorbitant appetite, and unruly passion within, while evil example, with alluring solicitation, without (to say nothing of the craft and assaults of the grand enemy of mankind)

\* I deny not, that the theatre is capable of being made a school of virtue. But it must be put under regulations, other than we have ever yet seen it; and those too various to be specified here; so numerous are the particulars, which want reformation, much more being at present wrong than right.

† "A proof of the importance of delivery," (says Quintilian) "may be drawn from the additional force, which the actors give to what is writ by the best poets, so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more pleasure, than when we only read it." And again, "I think, I may affirm, that a very indifferent speech well set off by the speaker, shall have a greater effect, than the best, if destitute of that advantage," Quint. Inst. Orat. p. 44. "Documenta suunt vel scenici, &c."

(kind) while these invite and ensnare the frail and thoughtless into guilt ; shall *virtue* and *religion* hold forth no *charms* to engage votaries ? *Pleasure* decks herself out with rich attire. *Soft* are her *looks*, and *melting* is the *sweetness* of her *voice*. And must *religion* present herself with every *disadvantage* ? Must she appear quite *unadorned* ? What *chance* can she then have in competition with an enemy so much better furnished with every necessary *invitation* and *allurement* ? Alas ! our preachers do not address *innocents* in paradise ; but thoughtless and often *habituated sinners*. Mere cold *explaining* will have but little effect on such. Weak is the hold, which *reason* has on most men. Few of mankind have able *heads*. All have *hearts* ; and all hearts may be *touched*, if the speaker is *master* of his art. The business is not so much, to *open* the *understanding*, as to *warm* the *heart*. There are few, who do not know their duty. To *allure* them to the *doing* of it, is the difficulty. Nor is this to be effected by cold *reasoning*. Accordingly, the *scripture-orators* are none of them cold. Their addresses are such as hardly any man can utter without warmth.

" Hear, O heavens ! Give ear, O earth ! To thee, O man, I call ; my voice is to the sons of men. As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked ; but rather that he turn from his wickedness, and live. Turn ye, turn ye. Why will ye die ? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them, who are sent unto thee ! How often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Hadst thou, in this thy day, known the things, which belong to thy peace ! —— But now they are hid from thine eyes."

It is true, the preacher is carefully to avoid *ostentation* ; he is not to preach *himself* ; but *Christ*. But at the same time he is to " stir up every gift that is in him ; to cry aloud, and not to spare, to lift up his voice like a trumpet ; to reprove, correct, and instruct ; to be instant in season and out of season ; to become (innocently) all things to all men," consequently to become an *orator*, if men are not to be affected by simple *unadorned* truth, however weighty.

What can the people think of the *sincerity* of the preacher, who is *cold* and *languid* in his public *instructions*, while he is as *warm* and *zealous*, as other men, in the *defence* of an *inconsiderable* part of his *property* ? Would he plead as calmly for his *life*, as he does with his people in the cause of *virtue* and *religion*. *Coolness* in a matter of the last importance,

and

and about which one is really in earnest, is so unnatural, as to be hardly practicable. Therefore Cicero \* takes it for granted, that Calidus could not have addressed the senate in so indifferent, and unanimated a manner, if what he wanted to persuade them to believe had not been mere fiction. And, Demosthenes, when one came to him, begging, that he would plead his cause, against a person who had used him cruelly, of which usage he gave Demosthenes a very cold, and unanimated account; could not believe, that he had been so injured; till, upon his signifying his suspicion, the man was roused to some warmth; and then the orator was convinced, that his complaint was well founded, and immediately undertook his defence †.

If it should be said by preachers, “ The people will be as much offended with us, if we overtax our part, as they are now indifferent about attending our ministry; so that it will avail nothing to study a more lively delivery;” to this I must beg leave to answer, that there is no reason to fear anything from it. Because a manner of preaching may be used, which shall have ten times more life and vivacity in it, than the present, and yet (if it be not unnatural, or incorrect) be very safe from all danger of exceeding due bounds as to vivacity and force. And, farther, we do in fact observe, that no preacher is admired (I do not mean by the mob, but by people of education) whose delivery is dull and unanimated; let his matter be what it will.

Lest any reader should think, I have been too severe upon the deficiencies of men of sacred characters, as to delivery, either in leading the devotions of the people, or in instructing them in their duty; I will add, by way of apology for what I have said, some passages, to the same purpose, from the SPECTATOR.

“ SIR,

“ The well reading of the common prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation, than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care, that is taken of their reading while at school, where, when

“ they

\* Tu istuc, M. Callidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres?

Cic. Brut. p. 181. Tom. i.

† Plut, in vit. Demosth.

" they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or, at least, read to very little purpose, without any due observation made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading. By this means they have acquired such ill habits, as will not easily be removed."

The writer of the letter then goes on to mention the advantage he himself found from being led in his devotions by an elegant performer of the service at St. James's Garlick-hill church.

" My eyes and my thoughts" (says he) " could not wander as usual; but were confined to my prayers. — The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanks, givings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy, therefore, the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next, and every annual assembly of the clergy at Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those, that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voices, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength. Others, who affect a rakish negligent air, by folding their arms, and lolling upon their book, will be taught a decent behaviour. Those who read so fast, as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort, whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure. These pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter very low. Sometimes with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all, who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifference, as if they did not understand the language, may be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently; how to place the emphasis, and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a difference between reading a prayer, and a gazette. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil, or Martial, with as little taste, as they do Divine service."

Spect. No. 147.

And

And the same standard author, in his 407th paper, complains as follows.

" Our preachers stand flock full in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth, continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the band, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse, which turns upon every thing that is dear to us — .

" It is certain, that proper gestures, and vehement exertions of the voice, cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment upon what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers" [and surely the bulk of hearers are weak] " better, than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them ; at the same time, that they shew, the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others — .

" How cold and dead a figure in comparison of these two great men" [Demosthenes and Cicero] " does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most insipid serenity, and stroaking the sides of a long wig, &c."

*Dean Swift* (who was no friend to over doing on the serious side) advises his young clergyman as follows :

" I take it for granted, that you are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit. But, I hope, you will think it prudent to pass quarantine among the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to read and speak, before you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation. Not that these are better judges ; but, because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail with some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and to beg of him to give you notice, with the utmost freedom, of whatever he finds amiss either in your voice or gesture. For want of such early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines,

" a cer-

" a certain ungracious manner, or unhappy tone of voice,  
which they have never been able to shake off." LETTER  
TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

Are the faults complained of by these authors, who wrote almost fifty years ago, *attended*, or *likely* to be amended? Let the answer to this question be collected from the following versies, by Dr. Byram, prefixed to *Fordyce's Art of Preaching*, published a few years ago.

For, what's a sermon, good, or bad,  
If a man reads it like a lad?  
To hear some people, when they preach,  
How they run o'er all parts of speech,  
And neither raise a word, nor sink;  
Our learned bishops, one would think,  
Had taken school-boys from the rod,  
To make ambassadors of God.

And afterwards,

In point of sermons, 'tis confess'd,  
Our English clergy make the best:  
But this appears, we must confess,  
Not from the pulpit, but the press.  
They manage, with disjointed skill,  
The matter well, the manner ill;  
And, what seems paradox at first,  
They make the best, and preach the worst.

If there is, as we have seen, so much room to lament the deficiencies of those who are to *lead the devotions* of congregations, and to *instruct* them in their *duty*, and whose business it is to *win* them, by every *engaging* and *powerful art*, to the faithful performance of it; if there is so much reason to wish that those failures might be made up, and those errors amended, which are undoubtedly a great cause of the *reluctance* we observe in many to attend, and their *coldness* and *indifferency* in, places of public worship and instruction; if the *clergy* are so deficient in their public performances, what is left for me to say of those *devotion-confounding*, *ear-splitting pests* of our churches, I mean, the *parish-clerks*, and *parish-children*? I would only ask, whether, if we had declared a final and irreconcileable hostility against common *decency*, not to say *propriety*, and had set ourselves to find out the most effectual means possible for turning *worship* into *burlesque*; I would ask, I say, whether, if this was our design, there

There could be a more certain way to gain it, than to place a set of people in every church, who should come in between every two sentences spoken by the minister, with a *squawd* as loud as the sound of ten trumpets, and totally discordant from one another, and from the *key* in which the minister speaks. If the minister speaks *properly*, why do not the *clerk* and the *charity-children* speak in *concord* with him? If the *clerk* speaks *properly*, why do not the minister and the *children* speak in the *same key* with *him*? Or if the *children* are *right*, why do not the minister and *clerk* scream as *bigb*, or, at least, take a *concordant key* with *theirs*? They cannot be *all right*, and *all different*, from *one another*. How much more rational would it be to spend the time, which is now so ridiculously thrown away in teaching the poor children to set the ears of the whole parish on edge, in making them *understand* thoroughly what they so often repeat by rote, *without understanding*. I mean the answers to those useful questions in their catechism, “What is your duty to God?” and, “What is your duty to your neighbour?” This would be of *service* to them *all their lives*; whereas the other answers *no end*, that has the least connexion with common-sense.

It is by keeping clear of every thing *disagreeable* or grating, and by consulting all that may *please*, *entertain*, and *strike*, that the sagacious Roman Catholics keep up, in their people, a *delight* in the public services of their foolish religion. If we were wise, and as much in earnest, as we ought, we should imitate them in this. But what avails it to attempt to oppose that which has power to make *wrong right*, and *absurdity proper*, I mean, the irresistible tyrant, *Custom*, whose dominion is in no nation more *absolute* (where there are so many so capable of judging) than in this our dear *country*.





# LESSONS.

## I.

### HISTORICAL NARRATION.

THE Trojans (\*if we may believe tradition) were the first founders of the

T Roman commonwealth; who under the conduct of *Aeneas*, having made their escape from their own ruined countrey, got to *Italy* and there for some time, lived a rambling and unsettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule or restraint. This mixed multitude, however, crowding together into one city, though originally different in extraction

NARRA-  
TION.

\* Narration requires very little of what is properly called expression, in pronouncing it, I have, however, ordered the emphatical words in this, and all the lessons, to be printed in *Italics*, for the reader's help. See in the ESSAY, *Narration*, and the other passions put upon the margin of the lessons.

• Of the manner of pronouncing matter contained in a parenthesis, see the ESSAY, p. 10.

traction, language, and customs, united into one body, in a surprisingly short space of time. And as their little state came to be improved by additional numbers, by policy, and by extent of territory, and seemed likely to make a figure among the nations; according to the common course of things, the appearance of prosperity drew upon them the envy of the neighbouring states; so that the princes and people who bordered upon them, began to seek occasions of quarrelling with them. The alliances they could form, were but few: for most of the neighbouring states avoided embroiling themselves on their account. The Romans seeing, that they had nothing to trust to, but their own conduct, found it necessary to bestir themselves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another, to face their enemies in the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when, by their valour, they repulsed the enemy, they gave assistance to their allies, and gained friendships by oftengiving<sup>c</sup>, and seldom demanding favours of that sort. They had, by this time, established a regular form of government,

<sup>c</sup> A small elevation of the voice will be proper here, to express moderate wonder. See Wonder.

“ This sentence is to be spoke somewhat quicker than the rest, to express earnestness.

• The words, often giving, and seldom demanding, being in antithesis to one another, must be expressed with such an emphasis, as may point out the antithesis, or opposition.

## LESSONS.

49

ment, to wit, the *monarchical*. And a senate, consisting of men advanced in years, and grown wise by experience, though infirm of body, consulted with their kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally established for the preservation of liberty, and the advantage of the state, came to degenerate into lawless tyranny, they found it necessary to alter the form of government, and to put the supreme power into the hands of two chief magistrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance, to prevent the bad effects naturally arising from the exorbitant licentiousness of princes, and the indefeasible tenure, by which they generally imagine they hold their sovereignty, &c. [Sal. 'BELL. CATILINAR.]

The reader is, once for all, desired to take notice, that I have not scrupled to alter both the *sense* and the *words* in many, if not most, of the following passages, taken both from the antients and the moderns. For my design was to put together a set of lessons *useful for practice*, which did not restrict me to the *very words* of any author. I have endeavoured to make each lesson a *complete* piece; which obliged me to insert matter of my own. I have excluded *improper* sentiments, and have substituted *modern* expressions, for some antiquated ones, which I thought young people would be puzzled to understand; and I have inserted a few fancies, which occurred to me in copying out some of the passages, to render them more diverting to youth, whose taste long experience has given me some knowledge of.

E

II. NAR-

## **NAKRA- TION.**

**DOUBT-  
ING.**

## **CONFIDENCE.**

**Cou-  
RAGE.**

(not, stars) about a hundred on the side of the  
square twelve feet apart, all intended to give  
heat when good to fire. II. A regular arrangement  
of four rows of stones with the wood placed upon them  
and ready to **NARRATION.** It is impossible to

## NARRATION.

**D**AMON and Pythias, of the Pythagorean sect in philosophy, lived in the time of Dionysius the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendship was so strong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to settle his affairs, on condition, that the other should consent to be imprisoned in his stead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and especially of the tyrant himself, was excited to the highest pitch; as every body was curious to see what should be the event of so strange an affair. When the time was almost elapsed, and he, who was gone, did not appear, the rashness of the other, whose sanguine friendship had put him upon running so seemingly desperate a hazard, was universally blamed. But he still declared that he had not the least shadow of doubt in his mind, of his friend's fidelity. The event shewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and surrendered himself to that fate, which he had no reason to think he should escape; and which he did not desire to escape by leaving

## LESSONS.

51

his friend to suffer it in his place. Such fidelity softened even the savage heart of Dionysius himself. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged, that they would take himself in for a third. [Val. Max. Clc.]

## III.

## NARRATION.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicily, shewed how far he was from being happy, even whilst he abounded in riches, and all the pleasures, which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treasures, and the magnificence of his royal state, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater, or happier, than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," says the king, "to taste this happiness, and know, by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have so big an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and side-boards loaded with gold and silver plate of immense value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greatest readiness, and the most profound submission. Neither am-

NARRA-  
TION.QUESTI-  
ONING.

## LESSONS.

FEAR.

-AXXAV  
TREPI-  
DATION,  
or  
HURRY.

ments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself among the gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof exactly over his neck, <sup>a</sup> as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair <sup>b</sup>. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness.

[Cic. Tusc. QUEST.]

## IV.

NARRA-  
TION.

**T**HE prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He, who

<sup>a</sup> The antients, every body knows, lay on couches at table.

<sup>b</sup> This may be spoken with as much of the action proper to fear (see Fear, in the ESSAY, pag. 17.) as can be conveniently applied.

## NARRATION.

who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that, in a few days, the mother must, of course, perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder, that the daughter still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. *Watching*, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great *astonishment*, WONDER. that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter, the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground, upon which the prison stood, was consecrated, and a temple to *Filial Piety* built upon it.

*What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run;* if it will put a daughter DECLARATION.

\* See *Admiration*, in the ESSAY, pag. 22.

PITY.

upon venturing, at the *peril* of her *own life*, to maintain her *imprisoned* and *condemned mother* in so unusual a manner. For what was ever heard of more *strange*, than a *mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter*? It might even seem so *unnatural*, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, *wrong*; if it were not, that *duty to parents is the first law of nature.* [Val. Max. Plin.]

## V.

## HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

AVERSI-  
ON.

WONDER.

**L**UCIUS CATILINE, by birth a *Pa-*  
*trician*, was, by nature, endowed with *su-*  
*perior advantages both bodily and mental*: but his  
*dispositions were corrupt and wicked*. From his  
*youth, his supreme delight was in violence, \* slaug-*  
*hter, rapine, and intestine confusions*; and such works  
*were the employment of his earliest years*. His  
*constitution qualified him for bearing hunger,*  
*cold, and want of sleep, to a degree exceeding belief*.  
*His mind was daring, subtle, unsteady*. There was  
*no character which he could not assume and put*  
*off at pleasure*. *Rapacious of what belonged to*  
*others; prodigal of his own; violently bent on*  
*whatever*

\* Enumeration requires a short pause between the parti-  
 culars.

whatever became the object of his pursuit. He possessed a considerable share of eloquence; but little solid knowledge. His insatiable temper was ever pushing him to grasp at what was immoderate, romantic, and out of his reach.

About the time of the disturbances raised by **Sylla**, Catiline was seized with a violent lust of power; nor did he at all hesitate about the means, so he could but attain his purpose of raising himself to supreme dominion. His restless spirit was in **HORROR**, a continual ferment, occasioned by the confusion of his own private affairs, and by the horrors of his guilty conscience; both which he had brought upon himself by living the life above described. He was encouraged in his ambitious projects by the general corruption of manners, which then prevailed amongst a people infected with two vices, not less opposite to one another in their natures, than mischievous in their tendencies, I mean, luxury, and avarice. [Sal. BELL. CATILINAR.]

NARRA-  
TION.AVERSI-  
ON.

## VI.

ARGUING<sup>1</sup>.

**N**O one, who has made the smallest progress in mathematics, can avoid observing, that mathematical demonstrations are accompanied with such a kind of evidence, as overcomes obstinacy.

E 4                   insuperable

<sup>1</sup> See, in the ESSAY, the articles Arguing, Teaching, &c. pag. 19.

## LESSONS.

inseperable by many other kinds of reasoning. Hence it is, that so many learned men have laboured to illustrate other sciences with this sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of mathematics has given light to sciences *very little connected* with them. But what will not wrong-headed men abuse! This advantage, which mathematical reasoning has, for discovering truth, has given occasion to some to reject truth itself, though supported by the most unexceptionable arguments. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for truth, but what is proved by mathematical demonstration, they, in many cases, take away all criterion of truth, while they boast, that they defend the only infallible one.

But how easy is it to shew the absurdity of such a way of philosophising? Ask those gentlemen, whether they have any more doubt, that there were, in former times, such men, as Alexander and Cæsar, than whether *all the angles of a plain triangle amount to the sum of one hundred and eighty degrees*; they cannot pretend, that they believe the latter at all more firmly than the former. Yet they have geometrical demonstration for the latter, and nothing more than mere moral evidence for the former. Does not this shew, that many things are to be received, are actually received, even by themselves, for truth, for certain truth, which are not capable of mathematical demonstration?

There

There is, therefore, an evidence, different from *mathematical*, to which we *cannot* deny our assent; and it is called by latter philosophers, *moral evidence*, as the *persuasion* arising from it is called *moral certainty*; a certainty as *real*, and as much to be depended upon, as *mathematical*, though of a *different species*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be, than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both *sufficiently substantial*, and, to all the intents and purposes of buildings, *equally so*, though one be of *marble*; and the other of *Portland stone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The geometrician measures *extension*; the mechanic compares *forces*. Divinity, ethics, ontology, and history, are naturally *incapable* of *mathematical disquisition*, or *demonstration*. Yet moral subjects are capable of being *enquired into*, and truths concerning them *determined* in *that way*, which is *proper* to them, as well as *mathematical* in *theirs*; in the same manner, as *money* is reckoned by *tale*, *bullion* by *weight*, and *liquors* by *measure*, &c.

[Graves. Orat. conc. Evid. MATHEM. ELEM.  
NAT. PHIL.]

## VII.

## VII.

## ARGUING.

WONDER.

THE regularity of the motions and revolutions of the heavens, the sun, the moon, and numberless stars<sup>m</sup>; with the distinction, variety, beauty, and order of celestial objects; the slightest observation of which seems sufficient to convince every beholder, that they cannot be the effect of chance; these afford a proof of a Deity, which seems irrefragable. If he, who surveys an academy, a palace, or a court of justice, and observes regularity, order, and economy, prevailing in them, is immediately convinced, that this regularity must be the effect of authority, and discipline, supported by persons properly qualified; how much more reason has he who finds himself surrounded by so many and such stupendous bodies, performing their various motions and revolutions, without the least deviation from perfect regularity, through the innumerable ages of past duration; how much more reason has he to conclude, that such amazing revolutions are governed by superior wisdom and power!

Is

<sup>m</sup> Every body knows, that all the antients from Aristotle's time, held the Ptolemaic system, viz. of the earth's being unmoveable in the centre of the universe, and the whole heavens turning round her.

## LESSONS.

59

CON-  
TEMPT.

Is it not therefore *astonishing*, that any man should ever have *dreamed* of the possibility, that a *beautiful* and *magnificent system* might arise from the *fortuitous concourse* of certain bodies carried towards one another by I know not what *imaginary impulse*! I see not, why he, who is capable of ascribing the production of a world to a cause so *inadequate*, may not expect, from the *fortuitous scattering* about of a set of letters of ivory, or metal, a *regular history* to appear. But, I believe, he who hopes to produce, in this way, *one single line*, will find himself *for ever disappointed*. If the casual concourse of atoms has produced a *whole universe*, how comes it, that we never find a *city*, a *temple*, or so much as a *portico*, which are all *less considerable works*, produced in the same manner? One would imagine, they, who *prate* so *absurdly* about the origination of the world, had *no eyes*, or had never *opened them* to view the *glories* of this *immense theatre*.

The reasonings of *Aristotle*, on this point, are excellent. "Let us suppose, says he, certain persons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, *under ground*, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniences, and even magnificence of life, except the *sight* of this *upper world*. Let us suppose those persons to have heard by fame, of *superior beings*, and *wonderful effects* produced by *them*. Let the earth be imagined suddenly to open, and expose to the view of those

ARGUING.

WONDER.

*those subterraneans, this fair world, which we inhabit.* Let them be imagined to behold the face of the earth diversified with hills and vales, with rivers and woods; the wide-extended ocean; the lofty sky; and the clouds carried along by the winds. Let them behold the sun, and observe his transcendent brightness and wonderful influence, as he pours down the flood of day over the whole earth, from east to west. And when night covered the world with darkness, let them behold the heavens adorned with innumerable stars. Let them observe the various appearances of the moon, now horned, then full, then decreasing. Let them have leisure to mark the rising and setting of the heavenly bodies, and to understand that their established courses have been going on from age to age. When they have surveyed and considered all these things, what could they conclude, but that the accounts they had heard in their subterranean habitation, of the existence of superior beings, must be true, and that these prodigious works must be the effect of their power?"

Thus Aristotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being accustomed to the continual view of these glorious objects, that prevents our admiring them, and endeavouring to come to right conclusions concerning the author of them. As if novelty were a better reason for exciting our enquiries, than beauty and magnificence. [Cic. NAT. DEOR. Lib. II.]

## LESSONS.

61

When you come to exercise your  
moral power to move the world  
How they all have lost their  
right to rule over you  
**VIII.**  
**SNEER.**

### Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

**F**OR the *fable*. Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend, (for instance, *Geoffroy of Monmouth*, or *Dan Belianis of Greece*) those parts of the story, which afford most scope for *long descriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the *midst* of these *adventures*. There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer*, or to *marry*: it being necessary, that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

TEACHING.

For the *machines*. Take of *deities male and female* as many as you can use. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep *Jupiter* in the middle. Let *Juno* put him in a ferment, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile *Mercury*. If you have need of devils, draw them from *Milton*; and extract your spirits from

\* The gravity of look and manner is to be kept up, as much in reading this, as if it were Aristotle's or Horace's serious directions on the same subject.

## LESSONS.

from *Tasso*. When you cannot extricate your hero by any *human means*, or yourself by your *wits*, seek relief from *heaven*, and the gods will help you out of the scrape *immediately*. This is according to the direct *prescription* of *Horace* in his *ART OF POETRY*.

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit.*

That is to say, *A poet has no occasion to be at a loss, when the gods are always ready at a call.*

For the descriptions, as a *tempest*, for instance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in one verse. Add to these, of *rain*, *lightning*, and *thunder* (the loudest you can get) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and *billows*, till they *foam*; and thicken your description here and there with a *quicksand*. Brew your tempest well in your *bead*, before you set it a *blowing*. For a *battle*. Pick half a dozen *large handfuls*, of images of your *lions*, *bears*, and other *quarrelsome animals*, from *Homer's Iliad*, with a *spice* or two from *Virgil*. If there remain an *overplus*, lay them by for a *skirmish* in an odd *episode*, or so. Season it well with *similes*, and it will make an excellent *battle*. For a *burning town*, if you choose to have one, old *Troy* is ready burnt to your bands, &c. [Swift Vol. iv. p. 132.]

-but a child always did yesterday his, which  
to-day does not do to-morrow. The  
yesterday will come to **IX.** us as much to-morrow as  
the day before to-morrow does to-day, though indeed

## **REMONSTRANCE, and CONTEMPT of Pride.**

**D**OES greatness secure persons of rank from infirmities either of body, or mind? Will the bead-ache, the gout, or fever, spare a prince any more than a subject? When old-age comes to lie heavy upon him, will his engineers relieve him of the load? Can his guards and sentinels, by doubling and trebling their numbers, and their watchfulness, prevent the approach of death? Nay, if jealousy, or even ill-bumour, disturb his happiness, will the ringes of his fawning attendants restore his tranquillity? What comfort has he, in reflecting, (if he can make the reflection) while the colic, like Prometheus's vulture, tears his bowels, that he is under a canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold? When the pangs of the gout, or stone, extort from him screams of agony, do the titles of Highness or Majesty come sweetly into his ear? If he is agitated with rage, does the sound of Serene, or Most Christian, prevent his staring, redening,  
QUESTI-  
ONING.  
FEARS  
HOPE  
CON-  
TEMPT.  
ANGUISH  
BOAST-  
ING.

- The word *heavy* to be *dragged out* as expressing *distress*. See *Complaining*, pag. 24.

\* This sentence [*Can his guards, &c.*] to be spoken with fear. See *Fear*, pag. 17.

<sup>4</sup> If he is agitated, &c. to be spoken full-mouthed, as boasting. See Boasting, pag. 18.

CON-  
TEMPT.

dening, and gnashing with his teeth, like a madman? Would not a twinge of the tooth-ach, or an affront from an inferior, make the mighty Caesar forget, that he was emperor of the world?

[Montaigne.]

TREPI-  
DATION.PERPLEX-  
ITY.TREPI-  
DATION.

HORROR.

**N**OW had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,  
And buckled on their shining arms in haste,  
Troy rouz'd as soon; for on that dreadful day  
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.  
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;  
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusty plain;  
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;  
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.  
And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,  
To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,  
Host against host their shadowy legions drew;  
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;  
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries;  
Triumphant shouts, and dying groans arise;  
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,  
And slaughter'd beroes swell the dreadful tide.

Long.

\* To be spoken quick and loud.

\* To be spoken boldly.

\* To be spoken faintly, and with pity. See Pity, pag. 16.

## LESSONS.

65

Long as the morning beams increasing bright,  
O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,  
*Promiscuous* death the fate of war confounds,  
Each adverse battle gor'd with *equal* wounds.

But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,

\* The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends  
With equal band. In these explores the fate  
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.  
Press'd with its load the Grecian balance lies  
Low sunk on earth; the Trojan strikes the skies.

\* Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;  
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;  
Thick lightnings flash; the mutt'ring thunder rolls,  
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.  
Before his wrath the \* trembling hosts retire,  
The god in terrors, and the skies on fire.

AWS.

HORROR.

FEAR.

[Pope's HOM. IL. B. viii. v. 67.]

\* To be spoken *slowly*, and with *veneration*. See *Veneration*, pag. 20.

\* To be spoken *hollow*, and *full-mouthed*; *wide* *lips*.

\* To be spoken with a *quivering voice*.

F.

XL PETR.

## XI.

## PETITIONING with DEJECTION.

Passages taken from sundry petitions<sup>\*</sup> presented to the French king by a disgraced minister.  
[PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 167.]

DEJECTI-  
ON.HUMB.  
REMON.BESEECH-  
ING.

B EING weary of the useless life I live at present, I take the liberty of imploring, with profound submission, your Majesty, that I may have leave to seek an honourable death in your Majesty's service. After the disappointments, and reverses of fortune, which I have had to struggle with, my expectations of rising again to prosperity, are brought low enough. But it would be a satisfaction to me, that my real character were known to your Majesty; which if it were, I flatter myself, I should have your Majesty's indulgence, nay, your esteem. Refuse not, most gracious Sovereign, the means, for gaining this end, to a man, who is ready to shed his blood in proof of his loyalty and affection to your Majesty. Were my own private interest alone concerned, I should be peculiarly cautious, how I intruded upon your Majesty with these

\* Though petitions are commonly presented in writing, yet they may be imagined to be addressed to the prince *vive voce*, and sometimes are.

these solicitations. But as the only happiness I desire in this world, is, to have an opportunity of serving my king and countrey; I humbly hope, I may be forgiven, though I urge my suit with some warmth and importunity. I do not presume, Sire, to claim a total exemption from hardship. I pretend to no right to live a life of indulgence. All I ask, is, to change one punishment for another. And I beseech your Majesty to have some consideration for my past services; and that a year's imprisonment, five years exile, the ruin of my fortune, the submission, with which I have borne these punishments, and the zeal I still am ready to shew for your Majesty's service, may plead in my favour, and disarm your Majesty of your indignation against me. It is true, that in making your Majesty the offer of my life, I offer what is of little value even to myself. But it is all I have to offer. The misfortune I have lain under, these six years, of your Majesty's displeasure, has rendered life so insipid to me, that, besides the honour of losing it in your Majesty's service, the prospect of an end being, by death, put to my vexations, makes the thought of my dissolution pleasing to me. If it should seem good to your Majesty to finish my distresses the other way, I mean, by your most gracious pardon, the obligation will be still greater; and to the zeal, I have for your Majesty's interest, I shall think myself obliged to add gratitude suitable to so important a favour. And

EARNEST  
SOLICITATION.

TO YOU  
REMOKE,  
BESEECH-  
ING.

HUM. .  
REMON.

DISPLEAS-  
E.  
CONCILI-  
ATION.

PRO-  
FOUND  
SUBMIS-  
SION.

**RESOLVED**, with such sentiments, there is nothing I shall not be  
**WILLING** to enterprize for your Majesty's service.

**DEVOTI-** May heaven touch the heart of your Majesty, that  
**ON.** you may at last forgive your sincerely penitent sub-  
-

HUMB. *jet.* No one knows better than your Majesty,  
REMON. that it is as great to forgive, as to punish. If I  
alone am doomed to have no benefit from that  
goodness, which extends to so many, my lot must  
be peculiarly calamitous.

XII

## PRAISE under the appearance of blame.

*Voiture's* whimsical commendation of the *Marquis de Pisany's* courage. [PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 152.]

**CONGRA-  
TULATI-  
ON.** **WONDER.** I AM extremely glad to hear, that you are grown so hardy, that neither labour, watching, sickness, lead, nor steel, can hurt you. I could not have thought, that a man, who lived on water-gruel, should have so thick a skin; nor did I imagine you had a spell, by which you was powder-proof. To account, how you come to be still alive,

\* This is to be spoken in the same manner as if one was finding fault in earnest. For it is the character of Humour, to mean the contrary of what it seems to mean. And though the matter was originally part of a Letter, it may be imagined as spoken.

alive, after the desperate hazards you have run, is more than I can pretend to. But I had rather, it were by the help of the Devil himself, than that you were as poor Attick, or Grinville; if you were embalmed with the richest drugs of the East. To tell you my opinion plainly, Sir; let a man die for his country, or for honour, or what you please, I cannot help thinking, he makes but a silly figure<sup>c</sup>; when he is dead. It seems to me great pity, that some people should be so careless about their lives, as they are. For, despicable as life is, a man, when he has lost it, is not worth half what he was, when he had it. In short, a dead king, a dead hero, or even a dead demy-god, is, in my mind, but a poor character; and much good may it do him, who is ambitious of it.

CONGRATULATI-

DISAP-  
PROBATION.

CONCERN.

REMON-

I had a true XIII. last year to my self two or three days past, and could not then tell what it was. Now I know I had a love-sick Shepherd's COMPLAINT.

AH well-a-day how long must I endure  
This pining pain<sup>b</sup>? Or who shall speed my cure?  
Fond love no cure will have; seeks no repose;  
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows.

LAMEN-  
TATION.  
ANGUISH.

<sup>a</sup> The speaker will naturally utter these words, *silly figure*, with a shrug.

<sup>b</sup> See Melancholy, pag. 16.

<sup>c</sup> The words *pining pain* cannot be spoken too slowly. See Complaining, pag. 24.

## LESSONS.

COM-  
PLAINT.

"Lo! how the moon begins in clouds to rise,  
The brightning stars bespangle all the skies.  
The winds are hush'd. The dews distil, and sleep  
Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep.

ANGUISH.

"I only with the prowling wolf constrain'd  
All night to wake. With hunger he is pain'd,  
And I with love. His hunger he may tame,  
But who can quench, O cruel love! thy flame?

LAMEN-  
TATION.

"Whom did I, all as this popular fair,  
Up-rise my heedless head, devoid of care;  
Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game,  
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.  
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,  
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?  
*How deily to mine eaten reed so sweet*

*Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!*  
And wearied in the dance how would they yearn  
Some well-devised tale from me to learn?

For many a song, and *sale of mirth*, had I  
To chase the loit'ring sun adown the sky.  
But ah! since Lucy coy deep wrought her spight  
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,  
The jolly youths I fly; and all alone  
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.

Oh!

\* These four lines are to be spoken slowly, and with a torpid uniformity of tone.

\* The speaker is to seem ~~asleep~~ here, as by a sudden pang.

\* These four words to express extreme anguish.

\* A stop before and after the words, O cruel love; which are to be expressed with exclamation of anguish.

## LESSONS.

71

DEPRE-  
CATION.

COM-  
PLAINT.

ADVICE.

Oh ! leave thy cruelty, relentless fair ;  
E'er, lingering long, I perish through despair.  
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,  
Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more kind.  
O think, unwitting maid ! while yet is time,  
How flying years impair the youthful prime !  
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,  
And flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay.  
The flow'rs, anew, returning seasons bring ;  
But faded beauty has no second spring.  
—My words are wind ! —She, deaf to all my cries, DESPAIR.  
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.

[A. Philips.]

XIV.

## REMONSTRANCE.

Part of Socrates's speech to Montaigne, in the  
French DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. [PENS.  
ING. ANC. MOD. p. 117.]

ARM  
MOT

TEACH-  
ING.

CHINA  
TTLE

ANTIQUITY is an object of a peculiar sort : Distance magnifies it. If you had been personally acquainted with Aristotle, Placian, and me ; you would have found nothing in us very different from what you may find in people of your own age. What commonly prejudices us in

F 4

favour

A long pause.

## LESSONS.

DISAVER.  
PROBATION.

favour of antiquity, is, that we are prejudiced against our own times. We raise the antients, that we may depress the moderns. When we antients were alive, we esteemed our ancestors more than they deserved. And our posterity esteem us more than we deserve. But the very truth of the matter is, our ancestors, and we, and our posterity, are all very much alike.

## XV.

## AUTHORITY, and FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the gods and goddesses taking any part in the contention between the Greeks and Trojans.

NARRA-  
TION.AWE.  
AWART  
DWI  
AUTHO-  
RITY.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn,  
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,  
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise,  
The fire of gods his awful silence broke ;  
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke ;  
" Celestial states ! immortal gods ! give ear ;  
Hear our decree ; and reverence what ye hear ;  
There are three pretty long pauses to be made in this line,  
at the words, *states*, *gods*, and *ear*. The words, *Celestial states !*  
may be spoken with the right arm extended, the palm up-  
wards, and the look directed toward the right, as addressing  
that

# LESSONS.

73

The fix'd decree, which not all heav'n can move ;  
Thou, Fate ! fulfil it ; and ye, Pow'rs, approve.

THREAT-  
ENING.

" What god shall enter yon' forbidden field,

Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,

Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,

Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n ;

" Or from our sacred hill with fury thrown

Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulph shall groan ;

With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,

And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;

As deep beneath th' infernal centre burl'd,

As from that centre to th' æthereal world.

" Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,

Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods,

League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above ;

CHAL-  
LENGING.

Your strength unite against the might of Jove.

Let

that part of the assembly. The words, *immortal gods!*<sup>1</sup> with the left arm extended, in the same manner, (the right continuing likewise extended) and the look directed toward the left-hand part of the assembly. And the words, *giver*, with the look bent directly forward. See *Authority*, pag. 18.

" At the words, *What god shall enter*, the left arm, which should continue extended, with the right, to the beginning of this fourth line of the speech, may be drawn in, and placed upon the hip, while the right is brandished with the clenched fist, as in threatening. See *Boasting*, pag. 18.

" The Speaker will naturally here point downward with the fore-finger of his right hand.

" " Let each", &c.] The speaker may here again extend both arms, as before, the open palms upwards, casting a look over the whole room, supposed to be filled with the gods.

## LESSONS.

*Let down our golden everlasting chain,* [main.  
*Whole strong embrace holds heav'n and earth and*  
*Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,*  
*To drag by this the bound'r' down to earth.*  
 \*CON-  
 TEMPT.  
 + CHAL-  
 LEGING.  
*'Ye strive in vain. If I but stretch this band,*  
*I leave the gods, the ocean, and the land.*  
*I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,*  
*And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.*  
*For such I reign unbounded, and above;*  
*And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.*

## XVI.

## SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

An Ode, from the sixth Psalm. [SPECT. N<sup>o</sup>. 465.]

## I.

ADMIRA-  
 TION. *T*HE lofty pillars of the sky  
 And spacious concave rais'd on high  
 Spaniel'd with stars, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim.  
 Th' uncur'y'd sun, from day to day,  
 Pours knowledge on his golden ray,  
 And publishes to ev'ry land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

VENERA-  
 TION.

## II. Soon

\* The speaker will do well, here, to have his arms in any other posture, rather than extended; because, after the pause in the middle of the line, the right arm must be extended with great solemnity.

## II.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And mighty to the rising earth repeat  
 Repeats the story of her birth ;  
 Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,  
 And all the planets in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

ADMIR.

## III.

What tho' in solemn silence all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
 What tho' no real voice, nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The hand, that made us, is divine."

QUEST.  
ANIMA  
MOLVENERA-  
TION.

17. XVII.

## II

## XVII.

**DESCRIPTION,** sublime, and terrible.

The fight, about Patroclus's body, broke off by Achilles's appearing on the rampart, unarmed, and calling aloud. [Pope's Hom. Il. xviii. v. 241.]

## III

## THE hero rose,

Her *Aegis Pallas* o'er his shoulder throws;  
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;  
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.  
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise,  
The smokes high-curling to the shaded skies  
(Seen from some island o'er the main afar)  
When men distrest hang out the sign of war)  
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,  
And heav'n's wide arch reflect's the ruddy light;  
So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze against the skies.  
Forth march'd the chief, and, distant from the crowd,  
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud.

With

\* The reader will hardly need to be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with a raised voice.

# LESSONS.

77

With her own shout Minerva swells the sound ;  
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.

TERROR.

As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far,  
With shrilling clangor sounds th'alarm of war,  
So high his dreadful voice the hero rear'd :

TREPIDATION.

'Hosts drop'd their arms, and trembled as they heard ;  
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,  
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.  
Agast they see the living lightnings play,

TERROR.

And turn their eyeballs from the flashing ray.  
Twice from the trench his brazen voice he rais'd ;  
And thrice they fled confounded and amaz'd.  
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd

COURAGE.

On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd :  
While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain  
The long-disputed carcase of the slain.

*These three lines are to be spoken quicker than the rest.*

*These three lines are to be spoken quicker than the rest.*

XVIII.

NOTE

NOTE

NOTE

**XVII.** Humorous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reason of the weight of the taxes levied from his estate.

[PENS. ING. AVE. MO. p. 428.]

[After acknowledging the honour done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows.]

COM-  
PLAINT.VERATI-  
ON.APRE-  
HENSON.

YOUR Majesty has only made me *more unhappy* by giving me a title. For there is nothing more pitiable than a gentleman loaded with a knapsack. This *empty sound*, which I was such a fool as to be *ambitious* of, does not keep away hunger. I know well enough, that *glory* makes us *live* after we are *dead*; but in *this world*, a man has but a *poor time* on't, if he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his *mouth*. I had but a little bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a *shift* to *live*. But as it is now *taxed*, *any body* may have it for *me*; for I suppose I shall soon, with my *title* and *estate*, be glad of an *alms-house* for my *seat*. I have no *resource*, if there be a *prosecution* commenced against me, as they threaten,

threaten, but in your Majesty's goodness. If indeed, my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but shall *laugh* at them all. If your Majesty were to seize my poor patrimony whole, what would a few acres of *marsh-land* be to the \*mighty monarch of France and Navarre? It || bears nothing but *willows*, † and your Majesty values no trees, but the *laurel*. I, therefore, beseech your Majesty to give me leave to enjoy what my little spot brings in, without deduction. All that a poor subject asks of your Majesty is—That your Majesty would ask nothing of him.

. SWA  
COMFORT.. MOLE  
DEPRE-  
CATION.\* POMP.  
|| CON-  
TEMPT.  
† SUBMIS-  
SION.INTREAT-  
ING.

## XIX.

## TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

**I**N elder days, ere yet the Roman bands  
Victorious, this our distant world subdu'd,  
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls  
Sure mounded, and with num'rous turrets crown'd,  
Ariel spires and citadels, the seat  
Of kings and heroes resolute in war;  
Fam'd Ariconium; uncontroll'd and free,  
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.  
Then likewise, tho' to foreign yoke submiss,  
Unlevel'd she remain'd; and ev'n till now  
Perhaps had stood, of antient British art  
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd  
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan bands

NARRA-  
TION.

Arose;

## **L E S S O N S.**

AWE.  
DIARIA  
TISH.

• २४६ •

MORRO.

-K014

•首語

10

1

10

— 10 —

1

11

10

## **TRAFFIC BATION.**

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1

Arose ; had not the bea'v'nly pow'rs averse  
Decreed her final doom. And now the fields  
Labour'd with thirft. Aquarius had not shed on  
His wonted show'rs, and Sirius parch'd, with heat  
Solstitial, the green herb. Hence gan relax  
The earth's contexture. Hence Tartarian dregs,  
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce  
Bellow'd tremendous in her darksome caves,  
More dismal than the loud disployed roar  
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm  
The baſtion of a well-built city, deem'd  
Impregnable. Th' infernal winds, till now  
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth  
Dilating, and with unctuous vapour fed,  
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength  
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass  
Up-beav'd, and all her castles rooted deep  
Shook from their lowest seat. Old Vago's stream  
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track  
Forsook, and drew her bumid train aslope,  
Wrinkling her banks. And now the lowring sky,  
The baleful lightning, and loud thunder, voice  
Of angry beav'n, fierce roaring, with dismay  
The boldest hearts appal'd. Where should they turn  
Distress'd? Whence seek for aid? When from below  
Hell threatens ; and when fate supreme gives signs  
Of wrath and desolation. Vain were vows,

And

\* To be spoken quick from the words, *Where should, to*  
*delusion.*

## LESSONS.

81

And *plaints*, and suppliant *hands*, to heav'n erect !  
Yet some to temples fled, and humble rites  
Perform'd to *Thor* and *Woden*, fabled gods,  
Who with their *worries* in one ruin shar'd,  
*O'erwhelm'd* and *crush'd*. Others in *frantic mood*,  
Run howling through the *streets*. Their hideous

CON-  
TEMPT.

yells

TREPIDA-  
TION.

*Rend* the dark *welkin*. *Horror* stalks around  
*Wild staring*, and his *sad* concomitant  
*Despair*, of *abject* look. At ev'ry gate  
*The thronging* populace with *hasty* strides  
*Pres* furious, and, too *eager* of escape,  
*Obstruc't* the *spacious* way. The *rocking* street  
*Deceives* their *footsteps*. To and fro they reel  
*Astonis'b'd*, as with *wine* o'ercharg'd. When lo !  
The parched earth her *riven* mouth disparts  
*Horrible* chasm *profound* ! With *swift* descent  
*Old Ariconium* sinks ; and all her tribes,  
*Heroes*, and *senators*, down to the realms  
Of *endless night*. Mean while the *loosen'd* winds  
*Infuriate*, molten rocks and *globes* of fire  
*Hurl* bigb above the *clouds* ; till all their force  
*Consum'd*, her *rav'nous* jaws, earth, satiate, clos'd.

HORROR.

TREPIDA-  
TION.

HORROR.

[A Philips.]

Q

XX. RI:

## XX.

## RIDICULE.

*Swift's on Transubstantiation<sup>1</sup>. [TALE OF A TUB, Sect. IV.]*

Scene Lord Peter's house; a table covered, with plates, knives and forks, and a brown loaf in the middle of the table.

Lord Peter, Martin, Jack.

DICTAT. ING. Peter. **BREAD**, gentlemen, bread is the *staff of life*. In bread is contained, *inclusive*, the *quintessence* of *beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard*; and, to render all *complete*, there is intermingled a due quantity of *water*, whose *crudities* are *corrected* by *yeast*, and which therefore becomes, to *all intents and purposes*, a *wholesome fermented liquor diffused through the mass of the bread*. Therefore he, who

<sup>1</sup> A pupil, in order to his expressing properly this lesson, must be let a little into the author's plot; that by Peter is meant the Pope, by Martin, the Lutheran church, and by Jack, the Calvinists. That in this passage he exposes the doctrine of the wafer's being transubstantiated into the real body of Christ; the papists refusing the cup to the laity; the arrogance of the popes; and the evils arising from persecution.

## LESSONS.

83

who eats *bread*, at the same time eats the best of food, and drinks the best of liquors. Come on, brothers, the cause is good; fall to, and spare not. Here is a shoulder of excellent Banstead mutton [pointing to the brown loaf] as ever was cut with knife. Here you may cut, and come again. But, now I think on it, I had better help you myself, now my hand is in. Young people are bashful: Come, brother Martin, let me help you to this slice.

Martin. My lord! [so Peter ordered his brothers to call him] I doubt, with great submission, here is some little mistake. In my humble . . . .

Peter. What you are merry? Come then, let us bear this jest, your head is so big with.

Martin. No jest indeed my lord. But unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased, a little while ago, to drop a word about mutton; and I should be glad to see it upon the table.

Peter. How! I don't comprehend you.

Jack. Why, my lord, my brother Martin, I suppose, is hungry, and longs to see the shoulder of Banstead mutton, you spoke of, come to table.

Peter. Pray explain yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your wits, or are disposed to be merry a little unseasonably. You had better keep your jokes till after dinner. Brother Martin, if you don't like the slice I have helped you to, I will cut you another; though I should think it the choice bit of the whole shoulder.

G 2

Martin.

INVITING

SURPRISE  
SUBMISSION.

PEEVISHNESS.

SUBMISSION.

PEEVISHNESS.

SUBMISSION.

RECOLLECTION.

## LESSONS.

QUEST.  
WONDER.

REPROV-  
ING.

AFFIR-  
MATION.

REPROV-  
ING.

EXECRA-  
TION.

RECOL-  
LECTION.

RECONCI-  
LIATION.

SUBMIS-  
SION.

Martin. What then, my lord, is this *brown loaf* a shoulder of Banstead mutton all this while?

Peter. Pray, Sir, leave off your impertinence, and eat your *virtuals*, if you please. I am not disposed to *relish* your wit at present.

Martin. May I then, my lord, be *soused over bead and ears in a borse-pond*, if it seems to my eyes, my fingers, my nose, or my teeth, either less or more, than a slice of a stale sixpenny *brown loaf*.

Jack. If I ever saw a shoulder of mutton in my life look so like a sixpenny *brown loaf*, I am an old *basket-woman*.

Peter. Look you, gentlemen, to convince you, what a couple of *blind, positive, ignorant puppies* you are, I will use but one plain argument. The *d—l roast both your souls* on his gridiron to all eternity, if you don't believe this [clapping his hand upon the brown loaf] to be a shoulder of as good mutton as ever was sold in Leadenball-market.

Martin. Why, truly, upon more mature consideration. . . . .

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to be in the right.

Peter. O now you are come to yourselves. Boy, fill me a bumper of claret. Come, brothers, here is good health to you both.

Martin and Jack. Thank your good lordship, and shall be glad to pledge you.

Peter.

Peter. *That you shall, my boys. I am not a man to refuse you any thing in reason. A moderate glafs of wine is a cordial. There.* [Giving them **GIVING.** a crust each.] *There is a bumper a piece for you. True natural juice of the grape. None of your nasty balderdash vintners brewings.—What now!* [Observing them to stare.] *Are you at your doubts again? Here Boy. Call neighbour Dominic<sup>1</sup> the blacksmith here. Bid him bring his tongs with him. Red hot—d'y'e bear. I'll teach you to doubt.*

**SUR-  
PRIZE.****TREAT-  
MENT.**

Martin. <sup>2</sup>*Come, Jack. This house is like to be too hot for you and me soon. He is quite raving mad. Let's get away<sup>3</sup> as fast as we can.*

**TREPI-  
DATION.**

Jack. *A plague on his crazy head. If ever I put my nose within his door again, may it be pinched off in good earnest.* [Exeunt running.]

<sup>1</sup> Saint Dominic was the inventor of the inquisition.

<sup>2</sup> To be spoken quick to the end.

<sup>3</sup> Separation of the Protestants from the Romish church.

## XXI.

## EXHORTATION.

Prologue to Cato by Mr. Pope.

TEACH-  
ING.

COU-  
RAGE.

TEACH-  
ING.

WONDER.

CON-  
TEMPT.

EXCI-  
TING.

**T**O wake the soul by tender strokes of art ;  
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;  
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,  
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ;  
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,  
 Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age.  
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
 Our author spuns by vulgar springs to move,  
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love.  
 In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,  
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.  
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,  
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.

He

\* The words *mend the heart*, may be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast.

\* I question, whether all readers of this line [Our author spuns, &c.] understand it as the author meant it. The sense, in plain prose, would be, "Our author thinks it beneath him to endeavour to affect you by the common subject of tragic distress, as the fall of a prince or statesman, or the misfortunes occasioned by love."

He bids your breast with ancient ardors rise.  
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.  
*Virtue* confess in human shape he draws,  
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was;  
No common object to your sight displays;  
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,  
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling with a falling state.  
While Cato gives his little senate laws,  
What bosom \*beats not in his country's cause?  
Who sees him all, but envy's ev'ry deed?  
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?  
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,  
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,  
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state,  
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass,  
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;  
The triumph ceas'd. Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;  
The world's great victor pass'd unbeaded by.  
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,  
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.  
Britons attend. Be worth like this approv'd,  
And shew, you have the virtue<sup>c</sup> to be mov'd.  
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd  
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.

VENERATION.

AWE.

ESTEEM.

EAR-  
NESTNESS.CON-  
TEMPT.DEJEC-  
TION.

GRIEF.

CON-  
TEMPT.

GRIEF.

TEACH-  
ING.CON-  
TEMPT.

G 4 Our

\* The words, *What bosom beats not,* may be spoken with the right hand pressed to the breast.

“ So may the word, *virtue,*

*Our scene precarious subsists too long  
On French translation, and Italian song.*

**EXCITING** *Dare to have sense yourselves : Assert the stage,  
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage,  
Such plays alone should please a British ear,  
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to bear.*

**XXII.**

**Humorous scene between Dennis the critic (satirically represented by Swift, as mad) and the Doctor.**

**Scene Dennis's garret.**

**Dennis, Doctor, Nurse, Lintot the bookseller,  
and another author.**

**Dennis.** [Looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly and formally.]

**WARN-**  
**ING.** **B**EWARE, Doctor, that it fare not with *you*,  
as it did with your predecessor, the famous  
*Hippocrates*, whom the *mistaken* citizens of *Abdera*  
sent for, in this *very manner*, to cure the philosopher *Democritus*. He returned full of *admiration*  
at the *wisdom* of the person, whom he had supposed a *lunatic*. Bebold, Doctor, it was *thus* that *Aristotle himself*, and *all the great antients*, spent their

**PRIDE.**

their days and nights, wrapped up in criticism, and beset all round with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease, besides a swelling in my legs, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling? QUEST-  
ONING.

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By criticism! That's a distemper, I WONDER, have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir! A distemper! It is no SUDDEN ANGER. distemper; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it, and are you a doctor, and don't CON- know, that there is a communication between the TEMPT. brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, QUEST. Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper. What EARNEST. gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato. PEEVISH.

Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this INTREAT. evil spirit; it is the whole cause of his madness.

Alas! poor master will have his fits again. GRIEF.

[Almost crying.]

Lintot. Fits! with a pox! A man may well WONDER, have fits, and swell'd legs, that sits writing four- teen

\* He published Remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

## LESSONS.

*seen books in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks,*  
have brought all his complaints upon him.

QUEST.

Doctor. The Remarks! What are they?

WONDER.

Dennis. Death! Have you never read my

PREVISH-  
NESS.Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this niggardly bookseller  
has advertised the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not advertise it, quotha! Pox! I  
have laid out pounds after pounds in advertising.  
There has been as much done for the book, as could  
be done for any book in Christendom.

CANTH-

ONING.

Doctor. We had better not talk of books, Sir.  
I am afraid, they are the fuel that feed his deli-  
rium. Mention books no more.

I desire a word in private with this gentleman.

QUEST.

I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

TEACH-

ING.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have  
you observed, since he has been under your care?  
You remember, I suppose, the passage in Celsus;  
which says, "If the patient, on the third day,  
"have an interval, suspend the medicaments at  
"night." Let fumigations be used to corroborate  
the brain. I hope, you have, upon no account,  
promoted sternutation by Hellebore?

Gent. Sir, you mistake the matter quite.

PRIDE-

and  
ANGER.

Doctor. What! An apothecary tell a physician,  
he mistakes! You pretend to dispute my prescrip-  
tion! Pharmacopola componat. Medicus solus pra-  
scribat. Fumigate him, I say, this very evening,  
while he is relieved by an interval.

AUTHO-

RITY.

Dennis.

## LESSONS.

93

I Dennis, Death, Sir! Do you take my friend for an apothecary! A man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two noblest sciences in the universe, Criticism, and Poetry. By the immortals, he himself is author of three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public Spirit*, and assisted me in my description of the Furies and infernal regions in my *Appius*.

ANGER.

AUTHORITY.

Lintot. He is an author. You mistake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, if to no one's else.

SNEER.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation in foreign countries be quite lost? O destruction! Perdition! Cursed Opera! Confounded Opera! As poetry once raised cities, so, when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

VEXATION.

ANGUISH.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be strait-waistcoated, that he may do no mischief.

ANXIETY.

Dennis. O I am sick! I am sick to death.

VEXATION.

Doctor. That is a good symptom; a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *symptoma praeclarum*. When a patient is sensible of his pain, he is half cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

ON COMFORT.

Dennis.

\* He wrote a Treatise to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

QUEST.

## LESSONS.

PEEVISH-  
NESS.

Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the pro-tasis, of the epitasis, and the catastrophe.—Alas for the last drama! The drama is no more.

OBSEQUI-  
OUSNESS.

Nurse. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the noggin.

PEEVISH.

Dennis. O scandalous want! O shameful omission! By all the immortals, here is not the shadow of a peripætia! No change of fortune in the tragedy.

OBSEQ.

Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about change. Give me the sixpence, and I'll get you change immediately at the gin-shop next door.

DIRECT-  
ING.

Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His fit increases. We must call for help. Mr. Lintot a—— hold him, pray. [Doctor gets behind Lintot.]

ANXIETY

Lintot. Plague on the man! I am afraid, he is really mad. And, if he be, who, the devil, will buy the Remarks? I wish [scratching his head] he had been ~~best~~—t, rather than I had meddled with his Remarks.

DIRECT-  
ING.

ANXIETY

Doctor. He must use the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The symptoms seem desperate. Avicen says, “If learning be mixed with a brain, “ that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the “brain ferments, till it be totally exhausted.” We must endeavour to eradicate these indigested ideas out of the pericranium, and to restore the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Dennis. *Caitiffs, stand off! Unband me miscreants!* [The Doctor, the nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs all together.] Is the man, whose labours are calculated to bring the town to *reason*, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? See *Longinus* in my right hand, and *Aristotle* in my left! [Calls after the Doctor, the bookseller, and the nurse, from the top of the stairs.] I am the only man among the *moderns*, that support the venerable *antients*. And am I to be *assassinated*? Shall a *bookseller*, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life, to which he owes his *support*? [Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.]

FURY  
with  
PRIDE.

## XXIII.

## ADORATION.

Milton's Morning Hymn. [PARAD. LOST. B. V.  
v. 153.]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good  
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself<sup>1</sup> how wondrous then  
Un-

VENERA-  
TION.

ADMIRA-  
TION.

<sup>1</sup> “Thyself how wondrous,” &c. The sense, in prose, would be, “If thy works be so wonderfully excellent, thine own original excellence is unspeakable and inconceivable.” It is not,

## LESSONS.

VENERA-  
TION.Love  
with  
VENER.  
SACRED  
RAPTURE

ADMIR.

*Unspeakeable! who sit'st above the heav'ns,  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
Angels! For ye behold him, and with songs  
And celestial symphonies, day without night,  
Circle his throne rejoicing. "Ye in heav'n!  
On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet! praise him in thy sphere,  
While morn arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
'Thou, sun, of this great world both eye and soul,*

Acknow-

JHXX

not, I believe, generally understood so, else readers would not (as I have heard many), make a pause between the word *then* and *unspeakeable*.

\* The reader need scarce be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with as much smoothness and liquidity of utterance as possible.

" "Ye in heav'n." This is generally ill pointed. These words are a complete sentence. The meaning is, "I call on you [Angels] to praise God in your celestial habitation." And then the poet goes on to call on the *terrestrials* to join their humble tribute.

" "Thou, sun, of this," &c. To be spoke a little more *ore rotundo*, or *full-mouthed*, than the foregoing, to image the stupendous greatness of a world of fire, equal, as supposed by astronomers, to a million of earths.

## LESSONS.

95

LOWLY  
SUBMISSION.

Acknowledge Him thy greater. Sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou *climb'st*,  
And when *high noon* hast gain'd, and when thou  
*fall'st.*

*Moon*, that now *meet'st* the orient sun, now *fly'st*  
With the *fix'd stars*, fix'd in their sphere on *high*,  
And ye five other *wandering orbs*, that move  
In mystic dance, *not without song!* resound  
*His praise*, who out of darkness *call'd* up light.

*Air*, and ye *elements*, the *eldest birth*  
Of *nature's womb*, that in *quaternion run*  
*Perpetual circle*, *multiform*; and *mix*  
And *nourish all things*; let your *ceaseless change*  
*Vary* to our great *Maker* still *new praise*.

Ye *mists*, and *exhalations*, that now *rise*  
From *hill*, or *steaming lake*, *dusky*, or *grey*,  
Till the sun *paint* your *fleecy skirts* with *gold*,  
In *honor* to the *world's great Author* *rise*;  
Whether to *deck* with *clouds* th' *uncolour'd sky*,  
Or *cheer* with *falling show'r*s the *thirsty ground*,  
*Rising*, or *falling*, still *advance his praise*.

*His praise*, ye *winds*, that from four quarters *blow*  
*Breathe soft or loud*; and *wave* your *tops*, ye *pines*,  
With *ev'ry plant*, in sign of *worship wave*.

Fountains, and ye that *warble*, as ye *flow*,  
*Melodious murmurs*, *warbling tune his praise*.  
Join voices, all ye *living souls*. Ye *birds*,  
That *singing up to heaven's high gate ascend*,  
Bear on your *wings*, and in your *notes*, *his praise*.  
Ye that in *waters glide*, and ye that *walk*

I

The

## LESSONS.

The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness, if I be silent, morn or ev'n,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail universal Lord! Be bounteous still,  
 To give us only good; and if the night  
 Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now day the dark dispels.

PRO-  
FOUND  
SUBMIS-  
SION.

## XXIV.

## PEEVISHNESS.

The scene between Priuli, a Venetian senator, and Jaffier, who had married his daughter without his consent, and being afterwards reduced to poverty, and soliciting his father-in-law to relieve his distress, receives the following treatment. [VENICE PRESERVED.]

Priuli and Jaffier.

PEEV. Pr. **N**o more! I'll bear no more. Be gone, and leave me.

COURAGE Jaff. Not bear me! By my sufferings but you shall.

REMON. My lord! my lord! I am not that abject wretch You think me. Where's the diff'rence, throws me back

So far behind you, that I must not speak to you? Pr.

# LESSONS.

97

- |  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| Pr. Have you not wrong'd me?                       | PEEVISH.               |
| Jaff. Could my nature e'er                         | COURAGE.               |
| But have endur'd the thought of doing wrong,       |                        |
| I need not now thus low have bent myself           |                        |
| To gain a bearing from a cruel father.             | DISTRESS.              |
| You cannot say, that I have ever wrong'd you.      |                        |
| Pr. I say, you've wrong'd me in the nicest point,  | REMON.                 |
| The honour of my house. You can't defend           |                        |
| Your Baseness to me. When you first came home,     | REMON.                 |
| From travel, I with open arms receiv'd you,        |                        |
| Pleas'd with your seeming virtues; fought to raise |                        |
| you.   |                        |
| My house, my table, fortune, all was yours.        |                        |
| And, in requital of my best endeavours,            | CHIDING.               |
| You treacherously practis'd to undo me;            |                        |
| Seduc'd the joy of my declining age,               |                        |
| My only child, and stole her from my bosom.        |                        |
| Jaff. Is this your gratitude to him who sav'd      | REMON.                 |
| Your daughter's life? You know, that, but for me,  |                        |
| You had been childless. I restor'd her to you,     |                        |
| When sunk before your eyes amidst the waves,       |                        |
| I hazarded my life for her's; and she              |                        |
| Has richly paid me with her gen'rous love.         |                        |
| Pr. You stole her from me, like a thief you        | RE-<br>PROACH-<br>ING. |
| stole her,   |                        |
| At dead of night. That cursed hour you chose       |                        |
| To rifle me of all my heart held dear.             |                        |
| But may your joy in her prove false as mine.       | EXECRA-<br>TION.       |
| May the hard hand of pinching poverty              |                        |
| Oppress and grind you; till at last you find       |                        |

H

The

The curse of *disobedience* all your fortune.  
**CHIDING.** *Home, and be bumble. Study to retrench.*  
*Discharge the lazy vermin of thy ball,*  
*Those pageants of thy folly.*  
*Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife*  
*To bumble weeds fit for thy narrow state.*  
*Then to some suburb-cottage both retire,*  
*And with your starveling brats enjoy your misery.*  
*Home, home, I say.* [Exit.]

## XXV.

## CONTEMPT of the common objects of pursuit.

From Mr. Pope's ESSAY ON MAN.

**TEACH-**  
**ING.** *HONOUR and Shame from no condition rise ;*  
*Act well your part : There all the honour lies.*  
*Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made ;*  
*One flaunts in rags ; one flutters in brocade ;*  
*The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd ;*  
*The friar boodeed, and the monarch crown'd.*  
**QUEST.** “What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?”  
**INFORM-**  
**ING.** <sup>k</sup> *I'll tell you, friend ! A wise man and a fool.* You'll

<sup>k</sup> This line [“I'll tell you friend,” &c.] may be expressed in a sort of important half-whisper, and with significant looks, and nods, as if a grand secret was told.

You'll find, if once the wise man acts the *worst* ; TEACH-  
ING.  
 Or, cobler-like, the person will be *drunk* ; + APPRO-  
BATION.  
 + *Worth* makes the man, and \* *want* of it in the • CON-  
TEMPT.  
*fellow* ; the 2nd of this sonnet is omitted.  
 The rest is all but *leather*, or *prunello*.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,  
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.  
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race  
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrede : CON-  
TEMPT.  
 But by your father's worth if yours you rate,  
 Count me those only, who were good and great.  
 Go ! if your antient, but ignoble blood,  
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood :  
 Go ! and pretend, your family is young ;  
 Nor own, your fathers have been *fools* so long.  
 What can ennable sots, or slaves, or cowards ?  
 Alas ! not *all* the blood of all the *Howards*.

Look next on greatness. Say, where greatness? QUEST.  
 lies ?

Where, but among the *heroes*, and the *wives*. SNEER.  
 Heroes are all the *same*, it is agreed,  
 From Macedonia's madmen to the Swede. CON-  
TEMPT.  
 The whole *strange purpose* of their lives to find,  
<sup>1</sup> Or make — an *enemy* of all mankind.  
 Not one looks backward : onward still he goes ;  
 Yet ne'er looks forward, farther than his nose.

<sup>1</sup> I have put a *pause* after *make*, though contrary to general rules, to mark the *antithesis* between *find*, and *make*, more distinctly.

**REMON.** No less alike the *politic* and *wise* ;  
 " All *fly, slow* things, with *circumspective* eyes.  
 Men in their *loose, unguarded* hours they take ;  
 Not that *themselves* are *wise* ; but *others weak*.  
 But grant that *those* can *conquer* ; *these* can *cheat* ;  
 'Tis phrase *absurd* to call a *villain great*.

**AVERS.** Who *wickedly* is *wise*, or *madly brave*,  
 Is but the *more* a *fool*, the *more* a *knav*e.

**APPRO-  
BATION.** Who *noble ends* by *noble means* obtains,  
 Or, failing, *smiles in exile*, or in *chains*,  
 Like good *Aurelius* let him *reign* ; or bleed  
 Like *Socrates* ; that man is *great indeed*.

**SUPERI-  
OR NEG-  
LECT.** What's *fame* ? A *fancy'd life*, in *others' breath* ;  
 A *thing beyond us*, ev'n before our *death*.  
 Just what you bear's your *own* ; and what's *un-  
known*,

The same (my lord !) if *Tully's*, or *your own*.  
 All, that we feel<sup>a</sup> of it, begins, and ends,  
 In the *small circle* of our foes, or friends ;  
 To all *besides* as much an *empty shade*,  
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar dead* ;  
 Alike or *when*, or *where*, they *spoke*, or *shine*,  
 Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.  
**CONT.** A *wit's* a *feather*, and a *chief* a *rod* ;  
**APPR.** An *honest man's* the *noblest work of God*.

## Fame

<sup>a</sup> "All *fly, slow* things," to be pronounced very *slowly*, and with a *cunning look*.

<sup>b</sup> "All that *we feel*," &c. to be expressed with the *right hand* laid upon the *breast*.

# LESSONS.

101

*Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
As justice tears his body from the grave ;  
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,  
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.*

AVERS.  
BLAMING.

*All fame is foreign ; but of true desert ;  
Plays round the head ; but comes not to the heart.  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers, and of loud buzzas ;  
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.*

SUPER.  
NEGLECT.

*In parts superior what advantage lies ?  
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?  
'Tis but to know, how little can be known ;  
To see all others' faults, and feel our own :  
Condemn'd in bus'ness, or in arts, to drudge  
Without a second, and without a judge.*

CONT.  
ADMIR.  
CONT.  
QUEST.  
RESP.  
CONCERN.

*Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,  
All fear ; none aid you ; and few understand.  
Painful Pre-eminence ! yourself to view  
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.*

SUFFER-  
ING.  
ARGUING.

*Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;  
Make fair deductions : see to what they mount.  
How much of other each is sure to cost ;  
How each for other oft is wholly lost ;  
How inconsistent greater goods with these ;  
How sometimes life is risqu'd, and always ease ;*

H 3

Think.

—“comes not to the heart,” to be spoken with the right hand laid upon the breast. And —“Marcellus exil'd feels,” below.

## LESSONS.

- QUEST.** Think. And if *bill* such things thy *envy* call,  
Say, would'st thou be the *man* to whom they *fall*?  
**CON-**  
**TEMPT.** To sigh for *ribbands* if thou art so silly,  
Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Sir Billy*,  
Is *yellow dirt* the passion of thy life;  
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*.
- CONCERN.** If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,  
The *wisest, brightest, meanest* of mankind:  
**CONT.** Or ravish'd with the *whistling* of a *name*,  
See *Cromwell* damn'd to everlasting *fame*:  
**AVER-**  
**TEACH-**  
**ING.** If all united thy ambition call,  
From *antient story* learn to *scorn them all*.

## XXVI.

## CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS, and AWKWARENESS.

The meeting between Humphry Gubbin, and  
Mr. Pounce, [TEND. HUSB.]

- FOOLISH**  
**WONDER.** Humph. **H**OW prettily this park is stock'd  
with soldiers, and deer, and ducks,  
and ladies.—Ha! Where are the old fellows gone?  
Where can they be, trow?—I'll ask these people.  
—A—a—a—you pretty young gentleman [to  
Fainlove] did you see *Vather*?  
Fain. Your father, Sir?

Humph.

Hump. Ey, my *Vather*, a *weezle fyaced*, cross old gentleman with *spindle-shanks*?

Fain. No, Sir.

Humph. A *crab-stick* in his hand.

Pounce. We have met no body with these marks. But, sure, I have seen you before.—Are ATTEN.  
not you Mr. Humphry Gubbin, son and heir to Sir QUEST.  
*Harry Gubbin*?

Humph. *Ey, ey*, an *that* were all, I'se his son; but how lung I shall be his heir, I can't tell: for a talks o'*disinheriting* on ma every day.

Pounce. Dear Sir, I am glad to see you. I joy. have had a desire to be acquainted with you ever since I saw you *clench* your *fist* at your father, when his back was turned toward you. I love a young man of *spirit*.

Humph. Why, Sir, would it not vex a man to the very *heart, blood*, and *guts* on him, to have a crabbed old fellow *snubbing* a body every minute before company? VEXATI-  
ON.

Pounce. Why, Mr. Humphry, he uses you EXCIT-  
ING. like a boy.

Humph. Like a boy, quotha! He uses me COM-  
PLAINING. like a dog. A *lays me on* now and then, e'en as if a were a breaking a *bound* to the game.— You can't think what a *tantrum* a was in this morning, because I boggled a little at marrying my own *born cousin*.

Pounce. A man can't be too *scrupulous*, Mr. CAUTE-  
NING. Humphry; a man can't be too *scrupulous*.

COM-  
PLAINING

QUEST.

CURIOSI-  
TY,

WONDER.

INFOR.

JOY.

QUEST.

INFOR.

VEXATI-  
ON,

QUEST.

INFOR.

Humph. Why, Sir, I could as soon love my own *flesh* and *blood*. We should squabble like brother and sister, not like *man* and *wife*. Do you think we *should not*, Mr. ——. Pray, gentlemen, may I crave your names?

Pounce. Sir, I am the *very person*, that has been employed to draw up the *articles of marriage* between *you* and your *cousin*.

Humph. Ho, ho ! say you so ? Then, mayhap, you can tell one some things one wants to know.—A—a—pray, Sir, what *esyeate* am I heir to ?

Pounce. To fifteen hundred pounds a year, *in-tailed estate*.

Humph. 'Sniggers ! I'se glad on't with *all my heart*. And—a—a—can you satisfy ma in *an-other question*—Pray, how *old* be I ?

Pounce. *Three and twenty* last March.

Humph. *Plague on it !* As *sure* as you are there, they have kept ma *back*. I have been told, by goody *Clack*, or goody *Tipple*, I don't know which, that I was born the *very year* the stone *pigsty* was built ; and every body knows the *pigsty* in the back close is *three and twenty* year *old*. I'll be *duck'd* in a *horse-pond*, if here has not been *tricks* play'd ma. But, pray, Sir, mayn't I crave your name ?

Pounce. My name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your service.

Humph. *Pounce with a P—?*

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an S.

Humph. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*, [chuckling, and riggling, and rubbing his hands earnestly] do you know any *clever gentlewoman* of your acquaintance, that you think I could like. For I'll be *hang'd* like a *dog*, an I han't taken a *right down aversion* to my cousin, ever since Vather proposed her to ma.—And since every body knows I came up to be *married*, I shou'd not care to go down again with a *flea* in my *ear*, and look *balk'd*, dy'e see.

EARNESTNESS.

Pounce. [After a pause.] Why, Sir, I have PLOTTING. a thought just come into my head. And if you will walk along with this gentleman and me, where we are going, I will communicate it.

Humph. With all my heart, good Mr. Samuel Pounce. JOY.

[Exeunt.]

## XXVII.

## MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION.

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy.

[Dryd. VIRG. ÆN. II.]

ATTEN-  
TION.

**A**LL were attentive to the godlike man,  
When from his lofty couch he thus began ;  
Great queen ! What you command me to relate  
Renews the sad remembrance <sup>p</sup> of our fate ;  
An empire from its old foundations rent,  
And ev'ry woe the Trojans underwent ;  
A pop'lous city made a desert place ;  
All that I saw, and part of which I was ;  
Not ev'n the hardest of our foes could hear,  
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.

\* \* \* \* \*

HORROR.

"Twas now the dead of night, when sleep repairs  
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,  
When Hector's ghost <sup>q</sup> before my sight appears ;  
Shrowded in blood he stood, and bath'd in tears,  
Such as when by the fierce Pelides slain,  
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.

Swoln

<sup>p</sup> The words, "sad remembrance," may be spoken with a *sigh*, and the right hand laid on the breast.

<sup>q</sup> The words, "Hector's ghost," may be spoken with a start, and the attitude of fear. See Fear, pag. 17.

*Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust  
Through the pierc'd limbs : his body black with dust.*

*Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils  
Of war triumphant in Eacian spoils,*

*Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,  
Hurling amidst their fleets the Phrygian fire.*

*His hair and beard were clotted stiff with gore,  
The ghastly wounds, he for his countrey bore,*

*Now stream'd afresh.*

*I wept to see the visionary man,  
And whilst my trance continu'd, thus began:*

*O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,  
Thy father's champion, and thy countrey's joy !*

*O, long expected by thy friends ! From whence  
Art thou so late return'd to our defence ?*

*Alas ! what wounds are these ? What new disgrace  
Deforms the manly honours of thy face ?*

*The spectre, groaning from his inmost breast,  
This warning, in these mournful words express'd ;*

*Haste goddes-born ! Escape, by timely flight,  
The flames and torments of this fatal night.*

*The foes already have possess'd our wall ;  
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.*

COURAGE.

PITY.

GRIEF.

HORROR.

WARNING.

Enough

<sup>1</sup> “ *Hurling*,” to be expressed by throwing out the arm, with the action of *burling*.

<sup>2</sup> “ *O light of Trojans*,” &c. to be expressed by opening the arms with the action of *welcoming*.

<sup>3</sup> “ *The spectre*,” &c. These two lines, and the ghost’s speech, are to be spoken in a deep and hollow voice, slowly and solemnly, with little rising or falling, and a torpid inertia of action.

*Enough is paid to Pryam's royal name,  
Enough to countrey, and to deathless fame.  
If by a mortal arm my father's throne  
Could have been sav'd—this arm thefeat had done.  
Troy now commends to thee her future state,  
And gives her gods companions of thy fate.  
Under their umbrage hope for happier walls,  
And follow where thy various fortune calls.*

DIRECT-  
ING.

" He said, and brought, from forth the sacred  
choir,

*The gods, and relicks of th' immortal fire.*

TREP-  
DATION.

Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,  
Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.  
The noise approaches, though our palace stood  
Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood ;  
Louder and louder still, I hear th' alarms  
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.  
Fear broke my slumbers.

I mount the terrass ; thence the town survey,  
And listen what the swelling sounds convey.  
Then Hector's faith was manifestly clear'd ;  
And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.  
The palace of Deiphobus ascends  
In smoaky flames, and catches on his friends.  
Ucalegon burns next ; the seas are bright  
With splendors not their own, and shine with spark-  
ling light.  
New clamours, and new clangors now arise,  
The trumpet's voice, with agonizing cries.

With

" " He said, and," &c. Here the voice resumes its usual key.

With frenzy seiz'd I run to meet th' alarms,  
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.

But first to gather friends, with whom t' oppose  
If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,  
By courage rous'd, by love of countrey fir'd,  
With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,  
Had scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame.  
With relicks loaded, to my doors he fled,  
And by the hand his tender grandson led.

What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run? QUEST.  
Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?

Scarce had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan,  
\* Troy—is no more! Her glories now are gone. GRIEF.

The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,  
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom AWE.

Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian bands:  
Our city's wrapt in flames: the foe commands.

To sev'ral posts their parties they divide;  
Some block the narrow streets; some scour the wide.  
The bold they kill; th' unwary they surprize;  
Who fights meets death, and death finds him who flies, &c.

\* "Troy is no more." Such short periods, comprehending much in few words, may often receive additional force by a pause (not exceeding the length of a semicolon) between the nominative and the verb, or between the verb and what is governed by it; which, otherwise, is contrary to rule.

## XXVIII.

## RUSTICITY. AFFECTION.

The scene of Humphry Gubbin's introduction  
to his romantic cousin. [TEND. HUSB.]

Humphry, Aunt, Cousin Biddy.

RESP. Humph. *AUNT* your servant—your servant aunt.—Is that—ba, aunt?

QUEST. INFOR. with SATISF. Aunt. Yes, cousin Humphry, that is your cousin Bridget. Well, I'll leave you together.

[Ex. Aunt. They sit.]

QUEST. Humph. Aunt does as she'd be done by, cousin Bridget, does not she, cousin? [A long pause, looking hard at her.] What, are you a Londoner, and not give a gentleman a civil answer, when he asks you a civil question?—Look ye, d'ye see cousin, the old folks resolving to marry us, I thought it would be proper to see how I lik'd you. For I don't love to buy a pig in a poke, as we sayn i' th' countrey, he, he, he. [Laughs.]

STIFF. AFFEC. Biddy. Sir, your person and address bring to my mind the whole story of Valentine and Orson. What, would they give me, for a lover, a Titanian, a son of the earth? Pray, answer me a question or two.

INDIF. Humph. Ey, ey, as many as you please, cousin Bridget, an they be not too bard.

Biddy.

## LESSONS.

III

Biddy. *What wood were you taken in? How long have you been caught?*

AFFEC-TAT. OF WONDER.

Humph. *Caught!*

QUEST.

Biddy. *Where were your haunts?*

SURPR.

Humph. *My haunts?*

QUEST.

Biddy. *Are not clothes very uneasy to you? Is this strange dress the first you ever wore?*

WONDER.

Humph. *How!*

QUEST.

Biddy. *Are you not a great admirer of roots and raw flesh?—Let me look upon your nails—I hope you won't wound me with them.*

AFFEC-TAT. OF FEAR.

Humph. *Whew! [Whistles] Haity toity? What have we got! Is she betwattled? Or is she gone o' one side?*

WONDER.

Biddy. *Canst thou deny, that thou wert suckled by a wolf, or at least by a female satyr? Thou hast not been so barbarous, I hope, since thou cam'st among men, as to hunt thy nurse.*

AFFEC-TED AVERS.

Humph. *Hunt my nurse! Ey, ey, 'tis so, she's out of her head, poor thing, as sure as a gun. [Draws away.] Poor cousin Bridget! How long have you been in this condition?*

PITY.

Biddy. *Condition! What dost mean by condition, monster?*

OFFEN.

Humph. *How came you upon the high ropes? Was you never in love with any body before me?*

QUEST.

with PITY.

Biddy. *I never hated any thing so heartily before thee.*

AFFEC-TED AVERS.

Humph. *For the matter of that, cousin, an it were not a folly to talk to a mad-woman, there's*

INDIFF.

**QUEST.** no *bated* *loft*, I assure you. But do you *bate* the  
with  
**EARN.**  
**AVERS.** in *earnest*?

**BIDDY.** Dost think any *human being* can look upon thee with *other eyes*, than those of *bated*?

**DESIRE.** Humph. There is *no knowing* what a *woman loves*, or *bates*, by her *words*. But an you were in your *senses*, cousin, and *bated* me in *earnest*, I should be *main contented*, look you. For, may I be *well horse-whipt*, if I *love one bone* in your *skin*, cousin; and there is a *fine woman*, I am told, who has a month's *mind* to ma.

**AVERS.** Biddy. When I think of such a *consort* as *thee*, the *wild boar* shall defile the *cleanly ermin*, or the *tyger* be wedded to the *kid*.

Humph. An I marry you, cousin, the *polecat* shall *catterwaul* with the *civet*.

**ROMANTIC AFFECTION.** Biddy. To imagine such a *conjunction*, was as *unnatural*, as it would have been to describe *Statira* in *love* with a *chimney-sweeper*, or *Oroondates* with a *nymph* of *Billingsgate*; to paint, in *romance*, the *silver streams* running up to their *sources* in the *sides* of the *mountains*; to describe the *birds* on the *leafy boughs* uttering the *boarse sound* of *roaring bears*; to represent *knight*s errant murdering *distressed ladies*; whom their profession obliges them to *relieve*; or *ladies* yielding to the *suit* of their *enamoured knights*, before they have *fighted* out *half the due time* at their *feet*.

**CLOWNISH PITY.** Humph. If this *poor gentlewoman* be not out of *herself*, may I be *hang'd* like a *dog*. [Exit.]

## XXIX.

## ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION.

From Mr. Pope's TEMPLE OF FAME<sup>y</sup>.

**A**TROOP came next, who crowns and armour  
wore,

And proud defiance in their looks they bore.

"For thee" (they cry'd) "amidst alarms and CRING-  
strife,

"We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;

"For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and blood,

"And swam to empire through the purple flood.

"Those ills, we dar'd, thy inspiration own;

"What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.

"Ambitious fools!" (the queen reply'd, and REPROOF.  
frown'd)

"Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd.

<sup>y</sup> The pupil, if he has not read the TEMPLE OF FAME, must be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author represents numbers of the pursuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddess, in quest of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their respective merits, &c.

<sup>z</sup> "Those ills," &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, "Our being guilty of such extravagancies, shew how eager we were to obtain a name."

I There

## LESSONS.

- WONDER.**     “ There sleep forgot with mighty Tyrants gone ;  
                   “ Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown.”
- INDIFF.**    A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my  
                   sight,  
                   And each majestic phantom sunk in night.  
                   Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;  
                   Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
- DELIGHT.**    “ Great idol of mankind ! We neither claim  
                   The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;  
                   But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,  
                   Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.  
                   “ 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight  
                   Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
- WONDER.**    “ O let us still the secret joy\* partake,  
                   To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.”
- INFORM.**     “ And live there men, who slight immortal fame ?  
                   Who then with incense shall adore our name ?
- EXCIT-  
ING.**     “ But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride  
                   To blaze those virtues, which the good would bide,  
                   Rise, Muses ! Rise ! Add all your tuneful breath !  
                   These must not sleep in darkness, and in death.”
- PLEASING  
DESCRIP-  
TION.**    She said. “ In air the trembling music floats,  
                   And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;  
                   So soft, tho' high ; so loud, and yet so clear ;  
                   Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear.
- To
- \*—“ the secret joy,” to be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast.
- \* To be spoken as melodiously as possible.

## LESSONS.

115

TAXED  
WITNESS

To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,  
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whispered in my ear;

"What could thus bigb thy rash ambition raise?  
Art thou, fond youth! a candidate for praise?"

"Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came;  
For who so fond, as youthful bards, pf fame?

But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How short that second life in other's breath,  
Th' estate, which wits inherit—after death.

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign  
(Unsure the tenure, and how vast the fine!).

The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,  
Though wretched, flatter'd, and though envy'd,  
Joy birds poor.

All luckless wits their enemies profess, ~~invidious~~  
And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call; ~~now~~  
She comes unlock'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase costs so dear a price,  
As sootbing folly, or enacting vice;

And if the Muse must flatter lawless way,  
And follow still, where fortune leads the way;

Or if no basis bear my rising name,  
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame,

Then ~~sootbing~~ ~~lawless~~ ~~fortune~~ ~~leads~~ ~~way~~ ~~name~~ ~~ruins~~ ~~another's~~ ~~fame~~

"What could thus bigb," &c. must be spoken with a lower voice, than the foregoing.

QUEST.  
with  
REPR.  
APOLO-  
GY.

CONCERN

INDIF.

INDIF.

INDIF.

APPRE-  
HEN-  
SION  
of EVIL.

## LESSONS.

DEPRE-  
CATION.

Then teach me, Hear'n, to scorn the guilty bays,  
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.  
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;

O grant me honest fame; or grant me none.

Ghosts  
with  
Rector  
Apolo-  
gy  
CONVERSATION

XXX.

## POLITE CONVERSATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana, in which she endeavours to find out, whether he has any other regard for her, than that of rational esteem, or Platonic love. [Consc.

RESP.

Bev. **M**A'DAM, your most obedient. How do you do to-day? I am afraid you wished me gone last night, before I went. But you were partly to blame. For who could leave you in the agreeable humour you was in?

Ind. If you was pleased, Sir, we were both pleased. For your company, which is always agreeable, was more peculiarly so last night.

Bev. My company, Madam! You *rally*. I said very little.

Ind. Too little you *always* say, Sir, for my improvement, and for my credit; by the same token, that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity of saying too much last night; and unfortunately,

when

## LESSONS.

117

when a woman is in the talking vein, she wants nothing so much as to have leave to expose herself.

Bev. I hope, Madam, I shall always have the sense to give you leave to expose yourself, as you call it, without interruption.

[Bowing respectfully.]

Ind. If I had your talents, Sir, or your power, to make my actions speak for me, I might be silent, and yet pretend to somewhat more than being agreeable. But as it is——

Bev. Really, Madam, I know of none of my actions, that deserve your attention. If I might be vain of any thing, it is, that I have understanding enough to mark you out, Madam, from all your sex, as the most deserving object of my esteem.

Ind. [Aside.] A cold word! Though I cannot claim even his esteem. [To him.] Did I think, Sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing in me, and not altogether from your own generosity, I should be in danger of forfeiting it.

Bev. How so, Madam?

Ind. What do you think, Sir, would be so likely to puff up a weak woman's vanity, as the esteem of a man of understanding? Esteem is the result of cool reason; the voluntary tribute paid to inward worth. Who, then, would not be proud of the esteem of a person of sense, which is always unbiased; whilst love is often the effect of weakness.

I 3

[Looking

[Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully.] *Esteem* arises from a higher source, the substantial merit of the mind.

*Bev.* True, Madam— And great minds only can command it, [bowing respectfully.]; The utmost pleasure and pride of my life, Madam, is, that I endeavour to esteem you as—I ought.

APPRE-  
HENSION.

*Ind.* [Aside.] As he ought! Still more perplexing! He neither saves nor kills my hope. I will try him a little farther. [To him.] Now, I think on it, I must beg your opinion, Sir, on a point, which created a debate between my aunt and me, just before you came in. She would needs have it, that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness for a woman, but from selfish views,

RESP.

*Bev.* Well, Madam, I cannot say, but I am in the main, of her opinion; if she means, by *selfish views*, what some understand by the phrase; that is, his own pleasure; the highest pleasure human nature is capable of, that of being conscious, that, from his superiority, an innocent and virtuous spirit, a person, whom he thinks one of the prime ornaments of the creation, is raised above the temptations and sorrows of life; the pleasure of seeing satisfaction, health and gladness, brighten in the countenance of one he values, above all mankind. What a man betows in such a way, may, I think, be said, in one sense to be laid out with a *selfish view*, as much as if he spent it in cards,

dogs.

dogs, bottle-companions, or loose women; with this difference, that he shews a better taste in expence. Nor should I think this any such extraordinary matter of heroism in a man of an *easy* fortune. Every gentleman ought to be capable of this, and I doubt not but many are. For I hope, there are many who take more delight in reflexion than sensation, in thinking, than in eating.— But what am I doing? [Pulls out his watch hastily.] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is come.— Madam, I must take my leave abruptly. But, if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the afternoon. Till when, Madam, your most obedient,

SUDDEN  
RECOL-  
LECTION.

{Exit.}

### XXXI.

#### SERIOUS MEDITATION.

From Dr. Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

**T**H E clock strikes one. We take no note of ALARM, time,

But by its loss. To give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they?—With the years beyond the flood,

## LESSON 8.

*It is the signal that demands dispatch.*

*How much is still to do! My hopes, and fears  
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down—on what?—A fatigues abyss.*

ADMIRA-  
TION.

*How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
How passing wonder He, who made him such!  
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,  
From diff'rent natures marvellously mixt,  
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!  
Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain,  
Midway from nothing to the One Supreme.  
A beam ethereal,—full'y'd, and absorpt!  
Though full'y'd and dishonour'd, still divine!  
Dim miniature of Greatness absolute!  
An heir of glory! A frail child of dust!  
Helpless immortal! Insect infinite!  
A worm! A God! I tremble at myself!  
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?  
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave.  
Legions of angels can't confine me there.*

## XXXII.

## SEEMING CIVILITY.

The meeting between the knight of the Red  
Crosse, attended by Truth, with Hypocrify.  
[Spencer's FAIRIE QUEENE<sup>4</sup>.]

DESCRIPTION  
**A**T length they chaunst to meet upon the way.  
 An aged fire<sup>5</sup> in long blacke weedes yclad,  
 His feete all bare, his beard all boarish grey,  
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had.  
 Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,  
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
 Simple of shew, and voide of malice bad.  
 And all the way he prayed as he went,  
 And often knock'd his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted louting<sup>6</sup> low,  
 Who faire him quited<sup>7</sup>, as that courteous was,  
 And after asked him, if he did know  
 Of straunge adventures which abroad did pas.

<sup>4</sup> The edition, from which this is taken, viz. Church's, is, in my opinion, incomparably preferable, for correctness, to all the others.

<sup>5</sup> Hypocrify.

<sup>6</sup> Clothed.

<sup>7</sup> Bowing.

<sup>8</sup> Returned his salutation.

## L E 1 S S O N S I

CIVILI-  
TY.

" *Ab my deare sonne,*" (quoth he) " how should,  
 " alas,  
 " *Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,*  
 " *Bidding his beades<sup>1</sup> all day for his trespass,*  
 " *Tidings of warre, and worldly trouble tell?*

" *With boly father fits not with such things to  
 " " melle.*

" *But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell*  
 " *And homebred evil ye desire to heare,*

ALARM.

" *Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,*  
 " *That wasteth all this countrey far and neare.*"

" *Of steeb,*" (said he) " *I chiefly do inquire,*

" *And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,*  
 " *In which that wicked Wight<sup>2</sup> his dayes doth*

" *waste.*

" *For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace*

" *That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.*

FEAR.

" *Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse*  
 " *His dwelling is, by which no living wight*

" *May ever pass, but thorough great distresse."*

ADVISING

" *Now*" (said the ladie) " *draweth toward night,*

" *And well I wote*, that of your later fight

" *Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,*

" *But, wanting rest, will also want of might?*

" *The sunne, that measures heavens all day long,*

" *At night doth baite his steeds the viciou waves*  
 " *emong.*

" *Then*

<sup>1</sup> Saying his prayers.

<sup>2</sup> Pass.

<sup>1</sup> Meddle.

<sup>2</sup> Truth.

<sup>1</sup> Creature.

<sup>2</sup> Know.

## LESSONS.

123

5. Then with the sunne, take, Sir, your timely rest,  
" And with new day new works at once begin.  
" Untroubled night, they say, gives you self best."  
" Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised him." Inviting  
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win",  
" Is wisely to advise; now day is spent.  
" Therefore with me ye may take up your In  
" For this same night." The knight was well  
content :  
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIII.

### TREPIDATION. VIBRATION.

The humorous scene of cramming Sir John Falstaff into the basket of foul linnen, to prevent his being caught by jealous Ford. [Shakespeare's MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.]

Falstaff, Mrs. Ford.

Serv. [Without.] MADAM, Madam, Madam! HASTE.

Here is Mrs. Page, sweating and blowing, and looking wild, and says she must speak with you immediately. Falst.  
Conquer. In teaching the right utterance of this scene, the pupil must be let into the plot of it, if he has not read or seen the play. He must be made to understand, that Falstaff, a fat,

## LESSONS.

- FEAR.** Falstaff! She shan't see me. I will ensconce me behind the arras.
- DIREC.** Mrs. Ford. Pray do. She is a very tattling woman.
- QUEST.** Mrs. Ford. What's the matter? How now?
- ALARM.** Mrs. Page. O Mrs. Ford! What have you done? You're sham'd; you're overbrown; you're undone for ever.
- FEAR.** Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mrs. Page?
- REPROOF.** Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mrs. Ford! Having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion.
- QUEST.** Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?
- REPROOF.** Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! How I'm mistaken in you! I could not have thought you capable of such a thing.
- ANXIETY** Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! What is the matter?
- ALARM.** Mrs. Page. Matter! Why, woman, your husband is a coming knave, with all the officers in Windsor,

old, humorous, worthless, needy knight, has, in the former part of the play, made love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, with a view, merely, of getting money of them, and that they concert this interview, and its consequences, on purpose to be revenged on him for his attempt to corrupt them; while Ford is jealous in earnest; and Falstaff, from time to time, communicates to him, under the name of Brook, not knowing him to be Mrs. Ford's husband, an account of his intrigues and their bad success.

*Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.*

Mrs. Ford. It is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have a man here. But it is most certain, that Mr. Ford is coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search the house. I came before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, I am glad of it. But if you have any body here, convey him out as fast as you can. Be not amazed. Call your senses to you. Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your happiness for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman here, my dear friend. And I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were safe out of the house.

Mrs. Page. Never stand crying; You had rather; You had rather. Your husband's at hand. Betheink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot bide him. Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and you may throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking. It is whitening time; send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He is too big to go in there. What shall I do?

FEAR.

WARNING.

IMAGINATION.

WORRY.

ANXIETY.

REDACTIONS.

TREPI-.

DATION.

ANXIETY.

-REDAC-

TION.

EXCI-

TING.

ADVISING

CONFU-

SION.

MOIT

Enter

## LESSONS.

**HURRY.**

Enter Falstaff from behind the arras.

Falst. Let me see it. Let me see it. I'll in.

I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

**SURP.  
and RE-  
PROACH-  
ING.  
APOLOGY**Mrs. Page. What Sir John Falstaff! Is this  
the love you professed to me in your letters?Falst. I do love you for all this. Help me out  
of this scrape. I'll convince you how much I love  
you. [He goes into the basket. They cover  
him with foul linnen.]**HASTE.**Mrs. Page. [To Falstaff's boy.] Help to cov-  
er your Master, sirrah. [To Falstaff.] Ab, you  
are a sad dissembler, Sir John. [To Mrs. Ford.]  
Call your men, Mrs. Ford. Quick, quick.**RE-  
PROACH-  
ING.  
HASTY.**Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John—Why,  
John, I say. Make haste, and take up these cloaths  
here. Where's the cowl-staff? How you gape!  
Carry them away directly to Mrs. Flash, the laun-  
dress, at Datchet-mead. [They carry away the  
basket. Ford meets them. Is prevented search-  
ing the basket. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page re-  
tire, and enjoy the punishment, they had inflict-  
ed on Falstaff.]

Scene changes to the Inn.

Enter Falstaff just out of the Thames.

**CONCU-  
SION.**

Falst. Bardolph, I say.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Falst. Go, fetch me a quart of sack. Put a  
toast in it. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried

in a basket, like a barrow of butchers offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if ever I let myself be served such another trick, I'll have my brains, if there be any in my skull, taken out, and buttered, to be given my dog jowler for his breakfast on new-year's day. The rogues chuck'd me into the river with as little remorse, as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies fifteen i'the litter. And then a man of my weight must have a comfortable alacrity in sinking. If the bottom had been on a level with the bed of the river Styx, down I should have gone. For that matter, I had been fairly drown'd, if the shore had not been so kind as to shove it a little in my favour. And then to think, only to think of my being drown'd!—A man of my size!—For your fresh water swells you an ordinary man to the size of your middling porpoises. As for me, an I were to be drown'd, I suppose there is ne'er a whale of them all, that would not be out of countenance at the sight of me.—Bardolph—Is the sack brew'd?

SELF-  
CONDEM-  
NATION.VEXA-  
TION.

EXTRACTION

TRUTH

NOTES  
IN  
A  
BOOKREMARKS  
TAXES  
MATERIAL  
EDUCATIONCIVILI-  
TY.

To him enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Falst. Now, Master Brook. You come to know what has passed between me and Ford's wife.

Ford. That is indeed my business, Sir John.

Falst. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house at the hour she appointed me.

Ford.

## LESSONS.

- VEXAT.** Ford. And you sped, Sir.  
**SURPRISE** Falst. Very ill-favour'dly, Mr. Brook.  
**VEXA-  
TION.** Ford. How, Sir, did she change her mind?  
**-VEXA-  
TION.** Falst. No, Master Brook. But the mischievous old cuckold, her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual alarm of jealousy, comes, provoked and instigated by his distemper, and at his heels a whole rabble of people, to search the house for his wife's love.
- SURPRISE** Ford. What! While you were there?  
**FALST.** While I was there, Master Brook.  
**QUEST.** Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?
- INFOR.  
with  
VEXA-  
TION.** Falst. Master Brook, you shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mrs. Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's direction, I was conveyed into a buck-basket.
- WONDER.** Ford. A buck-basket!
- VEXAT.** Falst. Yea; a buck-basket; rammed in with foul shirts and smocks, sweaty socks, dirty handkerchiefs, greasy night-caps, and infants clouts fresh from their stinking tails; that, Master Brook, there was as great a variety of villainous smells, as there was of living things in Noah's ark. There I suffered the pangs of three unnatural deaths. First, the intolerable fear of being detected by a jealous old bell-weather; next, to be roll'd up, like an overgrown snake in a dunghill; roll'd round within

within the circumference of a peck, bilt to point, heel to head; thirdly, and lastly, Master Brook, to be stopt in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes, that fermented in their own grease. Think of that, Master Brook, a man of my body; that am as liable to melt as a lump of Epping butter exposed to the sun-beams on the twentieth of June at noon-day. Think of that, Master Brook, and that, while I was in the midst of this high salivation, from which, that I escaped without suffocation, is neither more nor less than a miracle; while I was in the height of this hot-bath, I say, with my very bones melted almost to the consistency of calves-foot-jelly, to be flung into the Thames, cool'd glowing hot, as I was, case-hardened at once; think of that, Master Brook; bissing hot; think of that, Master Brook.

## XXXIV.

## VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. [Epist. I.]

TIS from high life high characters are drawn: SNEER,  
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. or  
 A judge is just; a chanc'lor—juster still; MOCK-  
 A gownman learn'd; a bishop—what you will;  
 Wise, if a minister; but if a king,  
 More wise, more just, more learn'd, more ev'rything.—PRAISE.

K

'Tis

TEACH-  
ING.

BOAST.

SMOOTH.

STRUT.

SNEAK.

PRIDE.

\* FORM.

† PEEV.

FOPPERY.

TEACH-  
ING.

\* CONT.

† ADM.

EAGER.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;  
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.  
 Boastful and rough your first son is a squire ; or  
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a lawyer's tools.  
 Tembrates a soldier, open, bold, and brazen ; and to  
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.  
 Is he a churchman ? Then he's fond of pow'r ; or  
 A quaker \* ? Sly. A presbyterian † ? Sour.  
 A smart free-thinker ? All things in an hour. —  
 Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,  
 Tenors with books, and principles with times.  
 Search then the ruling passion. There alone I saw I  
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known.  
 This clue once found unmarks all the rest.  
 The prospect clear, and Wharton stands confess'd.  
 Wharton ! the scorn \*, and wonder †, of our days,  
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.  
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
 Women, and fools, must like him, or he dies.

VIXXX

Tho'

Though these lines contain *descriptions*, or *characters*, they may be expressed with *action*, almost as if they were *speeches*. This first line, "Boastful and rough," &c. may be spoken with the action of *boasting*. See *Boasting* in the *Essay*, pag. 18. The next with that of *tempting*. See *Tempting*, pag. 22. The soldier's character may be represented by the arms a-kimble, the lips pouting out, and a blustering manner of reading the line. The scrivener's with the eye turn'd a-lining, a low voice, and the action of *shame*. See *Shame*, pag. 17. The quaker's with the words spoken through the nose, and the appearance of *affection of piety*. See *Affection*, pag. 22.

Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,  
The club must hail him master of the joke. ADMIRAC.  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new? CON-  
TEMPT.  
He'll shine a Tully, and a Wilmot too.  
Then turns repentant, and his God adores,  
With the same spirit as he drinks and whores:  
Enough, if all around him but admire, ADMIRAC.  
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.—

A fatman's belly, Helluo<sup>1</sup>, was thy fate.  
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late. TEARI.  
" Mercy" (cries Helluo) " mercy on my soul!  
" Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the DEPRE.  
" jewel".— GRIEF  
with  
SICKNESS.

" Odious! In woollen! 'Twould a saint provoke." AVERS.  
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)  
" No—let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace, WEAK-  
NESS.  
" Wrap these cold limbs, and shade this lifeless face.  
" One need not, sure, be ugly, though one's dead;  
" And—Betty—give this cheek—a little—red." EXPIRING.  
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd  
An humble servant to all human kind,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue  
could stir;  
" If—where I'm going—I could—serve you CIVIL.  
with  
WEAK.  
" Sir,"

K 2                  " I give,

<sup>1</sup> English readers may not, perhaps, know, that *Helluo* signifies *Glutton*.

<sup>2</sup> That is, a surfeit of fresh salmon was thy death.

<sup>3</sup> The glutton will indulge appetite (so indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in spite of all consequences.

**GRIEF.** "I give, and I devise" (old Euclio said,) "ed T  
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."

**TIME.** "Your money, Sir?" -- "My money, Sir! -- What  
---all?"

**WEEEPING** "Why--if I must" -- (then wept) -- I give it  
"Paul."

"The manour, Sir?" -- "The manour -- "Hold"  
-- (he cry'd)

**WEAK.** "I cannot -- must not part with that" -- and dy'd.

**DIGNITY.** And you, brave Cobham at your latest breath  
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

Such in that moment, as in all the past,

**PRAYING.** "O save my countrey, Heav'n!" -- shall be your  
last.

## XXXV.

## RECONCILIATION.

The Scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle.

[CONSC. LOV.]

**COM-  
PLAIS.** Bev. **SIR**, I am extremely obliged to you for  
this honour.

**ANGER.** Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquain-  
tance, and many other circumstances, which affect  
me on this occasion, oblige me, without ceremony,  
or conference, to desire, that you will comply with  
the request in my letter, of which you have already  
acknowledged the receipt.

Bev.

# LESSONS.

133

Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style. But, as I am conscious<sup>2</sup> of the integrity of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter, shall be your own seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleased to confirm face to face. You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forgot the contents of your epistle.

COM-  
PLAIS.

Myrt. Your cool behaviour, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy use, you have made of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I see, your moderation tends to your own advantage; not mine; to your own safety; not to justice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

ANGER.

Bev. My own safety, Mr. Myrtle.

OFFEN.

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

REPR.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is no disguising any longer, that I understand what you would force me to. You know my principle upon that point; and you have often heard me express my disapprobation of the savage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

DISPLEA-  
SURE.

FIRMNESS.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a good first principle, in those, who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as— [Turns away abruptly.]

RE-  
PROACH-  
ING.

K 3

Bev.

*—“conscious of the integrity,” &c. may be expressed with the right hand laid on the breast.*

## LESSONS.

IRRITA-  
TING.  
SELF-  
VINDICA-  
TION.

SERIOUS-  
NESS.

Pious  
VENERA-  
TION.

Cou-  
RAGE.

RAGE.  
IRRITA-  
TING.

FIRMNESS

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of answering them.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have no fear of answering any injury I have done you; because I have meant you none; for the truth of which I am ready to appeal to any indifferent person, even of your own choosing. But I own I am afraid of doing a wicked action, I mean, of shedding your blood, or giving you an opportunity of shedding mine, cold. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Myrtle. But I own, I am afraid of Him, who gave me this life in trust, on other conditions, and with other designs, than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a rash inconsiderate man is pleased to be offended, without knowing, whether he is injured, or not. No—I will not, for your, or any man's humour, commit a known crime, a crime, which I cannot repair, or which may, in the very act, cut me off from all possibility of repentance.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coolness, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that, from which I expect any joy in life. But I shall first try one means toward recovering her, I mean, by showing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authoriz'd to contend with you

at the peril of the *life* of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those, who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how, or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You who know not, I suppose, what it is to love, and from your large fortune, and your specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come, without much trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honour; you know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distrusted, with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy. Your marriage goes on like common business, and, in the interim, you have, for your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and the defence of spotless innocence, will, I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least my obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

ANGER  
ROUSED.

AUTH.

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

SUBMIS.

Bev. Yes, go call a coach.

COMM.

K. 4 Serv.

TREPI.  
with  
SUBMIS.

\* ANGER.

Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—Gentlemen—You are friends—I am but a Servant—But—

Bev. \* Call a coach.

[Exit Serv.]

[A long pause. They walk fullendy about the room.]

RECOL-  
LECTION.

[Aside.] Shall I (though provoked beyond sufferance) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant too; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates of my own conscience; for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely Indiana, whose very life depends on mine?

[To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which yet are preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing, than of rivalling you in the affections of Lucinda. Read this letter; and consider, what effect it would have had upon you to have found it about the man you had murdered.

SULLEN-  
NESS.

SURPR.  
RISING  
HOPE.

[Myrtle reads.] "I hope it is consistent with the laws a woman ought to impose upon herself to acknowledge, that your manner of declining what has been proposed of a treaty of marriage in our family, and desiring, that the refusal might come from me, is more engaging, than the Smithfield courtship of him, whose arms

I am

To be spoken with the right hand on the breast.

# LESSONS.

137

"I am in danger of being thrown into, unless Joy.  
"your friend exerts himself for our common  
"safety and happiness."—O, I want no more, to  
clear your innocence, my injured worthy friend— SHAME.  
I see her dear name at the bottom—I see, that  
you have been far enough from designing any ob-  
stacle to my happiness, while I have been treating REMORSE.  
my benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with CONFUSI-  
what words shall I — ON.

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince BENEV.  
is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied,  
that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—such mad- ANGUISH.  
ness? REMORSE.

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had almost been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you did not know.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate wretch? ANGUISH.  
REMORSE.

Bev *Prithee no more.* *Give him up with* **FORGIV.**

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hand of friends, merely for want of temper ! What do I not owe to your superiority of understanding ! What a precipice have I escaped ! O my friend ! — Can you ever — forgive — Can you ever again look upon me — with an eye of favour ?

Rev.

<sup>2</sup> In reading the letter, the *countenance* of Myrtle ought to quit, by degrees, the look of anger, and to pass to those marked on the margin.

BENEVO-  
LENCE.

Bev. Why should I not? Any man may  
mistake. Any man may be violent, where his love  
is concerned. I was myself.

ADMIRA-  
TION.

Myrt. O Bevil! You are capable of all that  
is great, all that is heroic.

[Enter a servant to Bevil, and gives a letter.]

## XXXVI.

## CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. [Epist. III.]

NARRA-  
TION.

WHERE London's column, pointing to  
the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies,  
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,  
A plain, good man, and Balaam was his name ;  
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;  
His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
One solid dish his week-day meal affords ;  
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.  
Constant at church, and change His gains were sure :  
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

VEXAT.  
EARN-  
ING.  
NARRA-  
TION.

The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,  
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old ;  
But Satan now is wiser, than of yore,  
And tempts by making rich ; not making poor.  
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep  
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ;  
Then

## LESSONS.

139

Then full against his Cornish lands they roar ;  
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

PRIDE.

Sir Balaam now ! He lives like other folks ;  
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.  
" Live like yourself ; " was soon my lady's word ;  
And lo ! two paddings smok'd upon the board.  
Asleep, and naked, as an Indian lay,  
An honest factor stole a gem away,  
And pledg'd it to our knight. Our knight had wit,  
He kept the di'mond ; and the rogue was bit.  
Some scruple rose. But thus he eas'd his thought,  
" I'll now give sixpence, where I gave a groat ;  
" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,  
" And am so clear, too, of all other vice."

CRAFT.

ANXIETY.

AFFECTED  
PIETY.

CRAFT.

EARNEST-  
NESS.

The tempter saw his time ; the work he pl'y'd  
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side ;  
Till all the demon makes his full descent,  
In one abundant shower of cent per cent ;  
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole ;  
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

PRIDE.

Behold ! Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,  
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit.  
What late he called a blessing, now was wit,  
And God's good providence, a lucky bit.  
Things change their titles, as our manners turn ;  
His compting-house employs the Sunday-morn.  
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life)  
But duly sent his family and wife.  
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide  
My good old lady caught a cold, and dy'd.

NARRA-  
TION.

A nymph.

## LESSONS.

A nymph of quality admires our knight,  
 He marries ; bows at court ; and grows polite ;  
 Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)  
 The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air.  
 First, for his son a gay commission buys,  
 Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.  
 His daughter struts a viscount's tawdry wife ;  
 And bears a coronet, and p---x for life.  
 In Britain's senate he a seat obtains ;  
 And one more pensioner St. Stephen's gains.  
 My lady takes to play. So bad her chance,  
 He must repair it. Takes a bribe from France.  
 The house impeach him. Coningsby barangues.  
 The court forsake him ; and Sir Balaam bangs.  
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own ;  
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown.  
 The Devil, and the king divide the prize,  
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

# LESSONS.

141

## XXXVII.

### ANXIETY. RESOLUTION.

Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand  
 Plato's book on the Immortality of the soul.  
 A drawn sword on the table by him. After  
 a long pause, he lays down the book, and  
 speaks.

**I**T must be so---Plato thou reason'st well---  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror  
 Of falling into nought?—Why shinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an Hereafter,  
 And intimates eternity to man.

\* Eternity!---- thou pleasing\* ---- dreadful + thought! ---

Through what variety of untry'd being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we  
 pass?

The

\*—“this fond desire,” may be spoken with the right hand laid on the breast.

+ “Eternity!—thou pleasing,” &c. requires an eye fixed, with profound thoughtfulness, on one point, throughout this line.

ANX.

\* COUR.  
† VENE.

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.

\* Here will I bold. + If there's a Pow'r above us ;  
And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
Through all her works.—He must delight in  
virtue,

SATISF.

ANXIETY

And that, which He delights in, must be happy.  
But when! — or where! — This world was made  
for *Goslan*.

\* COUR.

I'm weary of conjectures.—\* This must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

FIRMNESS

Thus am I doubly arm'd. \* My death, my life ;  
My bane, and antidote ; are both before me.

APP.

This— in a moment, brings me to an end.

COMF.

Whilst this informs me, I shall never die.

NOBES

The soul flourishes in her existence, smiles

PRIDE.

At the dreamer-dagger, and defies its point.

TRIUMPH

The stars \* shall fade away, the Sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
But thou \* shalt flourish in immortal youth,

*Unburst*

\* —“ My death, my life,” &c. Long pause between, and pointing, or looking at the *sword* in pronouncing “ my death,” and at the *book* in pronouncing “ my life,” and so in “ my bane, and antidote,” and in the two following lines.

\* “ The soul,” &c. may be pronounced with the *right* hand laid upon the *breast*,

\* “ The stars,” &c. may be spoken with the eyes raised toward heaven, and the arms moderately spread.

\* —“ thou—shalt flourish,” &c. The *right* hand upon the *breast*.

*Unburnt amidst the war of elements,*  
*The wrecks of matter, and the crush<sup>b</sup> of worlds;*

**XXXVIII.****ANGER. THREATENING.**

Satan's speech to Death stopping his passage  
 through the gate of Hell; with the answer,

[*Milt. PARAD. LOST.* B. II. v. 601.]

*WHENCE, and what art thou, execrable shape!* QUEST.  
with  
ANGER.

*That dar'st, though grim and terrible, ad-*

*vance*

*Thy miscreated front abwart my way*

RESOL.

*To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.*

CONT.

*Retire<sup>a</sup>; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.*

THREATENING.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.

ANGER.

" Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou He,

" Who first broke peace in Heav'n, and faith, till

" then

" *Unbroken,*

<sup>a</sup> "Unburnt," &c. The arms spread again, as before.

<sup>b</sup> — "the crush," &c. The hands brought together with force.

<sup>a</sup> "Retire;" is to be spoken as a whole sentence, and with the greatest force of threatening. See *Anger*, pag. 23.

## LESSONS.

"Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 "Drew after him the third part of Heav'n sons  
 "Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both  
 "thou  
 "And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 "To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 "And reckon'st thou thyself with sp'rits of Heav'n,  
 "Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,  
 "Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,  
 "Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 "False fugitive, \* and to thy speed add wings,  
 "Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 "Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart  
 "Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

CONT.  
with  
ANGER.

PRIDE.

THREAT-  
ENING.

\* —“and to thy speed,” &c. to be spoken quick.

## XXXIX.

## DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION.

The speech of Sin to Satan, to prevent a hostile encounter between the latter and Death ; with the effect of her speech. [Milt. PARAD. LOST. B. II. v. 726.]

“<sup>1</sup> *O Father! what intends thy band,*” (she cry’d) EXCLAM.  
 “ Against thy only son? What fury, O son, REPROOF.  
 “ Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 “ Against thy father’s head? And know’st for  
 “ whom;  
 “ For Him who sits above, and laughs the while  
 “ At thee ordain’d his drudge, to execute  
 “ Whate’er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;  
 “ His wrath; which one day will destroy ye both.” ALARM.  
 She spoke, and at her words the hellish pest NARRA-  
 Forbore, then these to her Satan return’d: TION.  
 “ So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 “ Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
 “ Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 “ What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
 “ What thing thou art, thus double form’d, and QUEST,  
 “ why

<sup>1</sup> “O Father,” &c. must be spoke quick, as people do, when they mean to prevent imminent mischief.

L “ In

## LESSONS.

AVERS.     “ In this infernal vale first met, thou call’st  
               “ Me Father, and that phantasm call’st my son  
               “ I know thee not ; nor ever saw, till now,  
               “ Sight more detestable than him and thee.”

“ In this infernal vale first met, thou call’st  
               “ Me Father, and that phantasm call’st my son  
               “ I know thee not ; nor ever saw, till now,  
               “ Sight more detestable than him and thee.”

XL.

## VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING.

Part of Mr. Pope’s complaint, of the impertinence  
     of scribblers. [From the PROLOGUE to his  
     IMITATIONS OF HORACE’S SATIRES.]

**GRATITUDE.**     **FRIEND<sup>m</sup>** to my life ! (which did not you  
     prolong, **VEXATION.**)  
     The world had wanted—many an idle song)  
     What drop, or nostrum, can this plague remove?  
     Or which must end me, a fool’s wrath, or love?  
     A dire dilemma ! Either way I’m sped ;  
     If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.  
     Seiz’d, and ty’d down to judge, how wretched I !  
     Who can’t be silent, and who will not lie.  
     To laugh were want of goodness, and of grace ;  
     And to be grave exceeds all pow’r of fate.

<sup>m</sup> Dr. Arbuthnot.

“ The world had wanted”—Thus far ought to be  
     spoken with great emphasis, as if somewhat very important  
     were coming ; and the remaining part of the line, “ many  
     an idle song,” in a ludicrous manner.

I sit with sad civility. I read

With serious anguish, and an aking head;  
Then drop, at last, but in unwilling ears,  
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine  
years?"

"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane,

Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,  
Rhymes e'er he wakes, and prints before term ends,  
Oblig'd by hunger—and request of friends;  
"The piece, you think, is incorrect. Why take it,  
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound;  
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.  
Pitholeon<sup>1</sup> sends to me; "You know his Grace.  
"I want a patron—Ask him for a place."  
"Pitholeon libell'd me—" \* "But here's a letter  
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no  
better.

"Dare you refuse him? 'Curl invites to dine;  
"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."

*L 2* *Bless*

V. "With serious anguish," &c. may be spoken as if sick.  
See *Sickness*, p. 26.

? Alluding to Horace's "Nonumque premetur in annum."

\* Pitholeon. The name of a foolish ancient poet.

? "Curl invites," &c. Mr. Pope was, it seems, ill used by  
Curl, a bookseller, by the writer of a Journal, or News-paper,  
and by a "parson much bemus'd in beer."

## LESSONS.

- SUR-  
PRIZE.  
BLESS  
ME
- Bless me ! A packet ! " 'Tis a stranger sues ;  
" A virgin tragedy ; an orphan muse." I
- ANGER.  
CRYING.  
COMP.
- If I dislike it, " Furies ! death, and rage !" I  
If I approve, " Commend it to the stage." I
- There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends ?  
The play's and I are, luckily, no friends.
- ANGER.
- Fir'd, that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath ! Ill  
" print it,
- CRING.  
TAKE  
SHAME
- " And shame the fools — Your int'rest, Sir, with  
" Lintot."
- EXCUSE.  
TAKE  
SHAME
- " Lintot (dull rogue !) will think your price too  
" much."
- CRING.  
VEXAT.
- " Not if you, Sir, revise it and retouch."
- WHEED.
- All my demurs but double his attacks.
- OFF.
- At last he whispers, " Do ; and we go snacks."
- DISMIS.  
with  
ANGER.
- Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door.  
" Sir, let me see you, and your works no more."

## XLI.

REFLEXION ON lost happiness. SELF-CONDEM-  
NATION. HORROR. DESPERATION.

Satan's Soliloquy. [Milt. PARAD. LOST. B. IV.  
v. 32.]

ADMIRA-  
TION.

O Thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god  
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,

## LESSONS.

149

HATRED.

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
 O Sun, to tell thee, how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell; how glorious once above thy Sphere;  
 Till pride, and worse ambition threw me down  
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king:  
 Ah wherefore! He deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less, than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
 How justly due! yet all his good in me  
 Produc'd rank malice: lifted up so high,  
 Subjection I disdain'd; thought one step higher  
 Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe.  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
 And understand not, that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays; at once  
 Indebted, and discharged; what burden then?  
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior Angel! I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other pow'r,  
 As great, might have aspir'd, and me, though  
     mean,

Drawn to his part. But other pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within.

PAINFUL  
REFLEX.

SELF-  
COND.

VINDICA-  
TION OF AN  
ENEMY.

SELF-  
COND.

PRIDE.

SELF-  
CONDAM-  
NATION.

ANGU.  
REFLEX.  
on lost  
Happiness.

## LESSONS.

Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free-will, and pow'r to stand?  
 Thou bad'st : whom hast thou then, or what  
 t'accuse,

**BLASPHE.** But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?  
**RAGE.** Be then his love accurs'd! since love or hate,  
**SELF-COND.** To me alike it deals eternal woe.

**DESPE-** Nay curs'd be thou ; since against his, thy will  
**RATION.** Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 O wretched Spirit! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair;  
 Which way I fly is Hell, myself am Hell;  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell, I suffer, seems a Heav'n —

**Essay** O then, at last, relent. Is there no place  
 toward Left for Repentance? None for pardon left?  
**REPEN.** None left, but by submission; \* and that word  
**\*PRIDE,** Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
**-MACHOD** Among the sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
**-ROITAW** With other promises, and other vaunts  
 Than to submit; boasting I could subdue  
**ANGU.** Th' Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain;  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery; such joy ambition finds.  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,

**PRIDE.**

By

By act of grace, my former state; how soon  
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconciliation grow MALICE.

Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission bought with double smart.

This knows my Punisher, therefore as far HOPELESS.  
From granting He, as I from begging peace: ANGUISH.  
*All hope excluded thus, behold instead* MALICE.  
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight, FATTA  
*Mankind created, and for them this world.* FIXED  
So farewell hope; and with hope farewell fear, DESP.  
*Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;* RESOL-  
*Evil be thou my good; by thee at least* VED OB-  
*Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold,* DUR.  
By thee, and more than half, perhaps, shall reign; MALICE.  
As man, e'er long, and this new World shall know. bent on  
Mischievous

and woe, shall never you bring to me; and  
no man's woe, except it doth exceed knowl-

## XLII.

edge; but woe to me, if I bring you woe!

**WALKING in SLEEP, and a DISTURBED CON-**  
**SCIENCE. [MACBETH.]**

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

**LISTER.** Gent. *LOOK you! here she comes. This is her  
guise. Observe her. Stand close.*

**WOM.** Doct. *Her eyes are open.*

Gent. *Ay, but their sense is stout.*

**ATTEN.** Doct. *What is it she does now? Look how she  
rubs her bands.*

Gent. *It is an accustomed action with her to  
seem thus washing her bands. I have known her  
continue this a quarter of an hour.*

**GUILTY.** La. Macb. *Yet here's a spot.*

**ATTEN.** Doct. *Hark, she speaks.*

La. Macb.

\* The pupil, if he has not seen MACBETH, must be informed, that Duncan, one of the ancient kings of Scotland, was, according to Buchanan and other historians, murdered by Macbeth, one of the nobles of that kingdom, at the instigation of his Lady, in their own house, in order to Macbeth's ascending the throne; and that Shakespeare, in this scene, intends to represent her troubled in her sleep with guilt and fear.

\* There must be but little emphasis used in expressing what Lady Macbeth says, because it is but *dreaming*.

La. Macb. *Out, cursed spot. Out, I say—* GUILT.  
 "One, two. Now is the time to do it—*Hell is Horror.*  
*murky—Fie, my lord! A soldier afraid! What*  
*need we fear? Who knows it? Who has power to*  
*call us to account?*—But, *who could have thought,*  
*the old man had so much blood in him?* ENCOU.

Gent. Do you mark that?

La. Macb. The Thane of Fife is a married man. Where is his wife now? Murdered, did you say? Who could be so bloody to mangle such sweetness?—What, will these hands never be clean? No more of that, my lord; no more of that. You mar all with your starting—Here is the smell of blood still—All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh was there! That heart is sorely charged. This disease is beyond my practice.

La. Macb. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown. Take courage—I tell you, Banquo is buried, all but the blood, that was shed at his dispatching; and that has no likeness to be known by. Are you afraid he'll come out of his grave again? To bed, to bed, to bed. There is a knocking at the gate. Come, come, come. What is done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[Exit.]

"One, two," must be spoken as counting a great clock.

[XLIII.]

XLIII.

## INTREATING. COMPLAINT OF INJURY. RE-

## FUSING.

The Embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles (after the latter had, in disgust, retired from the army) to endeavour to prevail with him to return, and join the allies against the Trojans. Ulysses at table, in Achilles's tent, speaks.

*Health to Achilles! Happy are thy guests!*

Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts :  
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards ;  
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords.  
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls ;  
Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.  
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear  
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear.  
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,  
And owns no help, but from thy saving bands.  
Troy, and her sons, for ready vengeance call :  
Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall,  
Hear how with shouts their conquests they proclaim,  
And point at ev'ry ship the vengeful flame.  
For them the Father of the gods declares ;  
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.

**Awe  
with  
Appr.**

*See*

# LESSONS.

155

*See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!* Terror.

*All human force the raging chief defies;* To &c. A

*What fury in his breast, what light'ning in his eyes!* }

*He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame* Hector

*The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.* I

*Return, Achilles! Oh return, tho' late,* Achilles

*To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;* H

*If in that heart or grief, or courage lies,* H

*Rise to redeem: ah yet to conquer rise.* I

*The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,* I

*That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.* A

BESEECH-  
ING.

WARN-  
ING.

He afterwards enumerates the advantageous conditions offered by Agamemnon, to engage him to return. To all which Achilles gives the following answer.

*Ulysses<sup>x</sup>! — hear*

A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear.  
 What in my secret soul is understood  
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.  
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain,  
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.  
 Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore:  
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.  
 Fight, or not fight, a like reward we claim;  
 The wretch and hero, find their prize the same;  
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,  
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

STERN  
FIRMNESS

DISPLEAS.

EXPROBA-  
TION; &  
CENNOG

Of

<sup>x</sup> “Ulysses!” is to be spoken as a whole sentence.

## LESSONS.

Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,  
 A life of labours ! lo, what frust remains !  
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,  
 From danger guards them, and from want defends ;  
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,  
 And with untasted food supplies her care ;  
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,  
 Her matrons, and her tender infants sav'd,  
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms have stood,  
 And spent laborious days in dust and blood.  
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,  
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain.  
 Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid  
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.  
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possess ;  
 Some few my soldiers had ; himself the rest,  
 Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain ;  
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.  
 Ye have my answer— \* What remains to do,  
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.  
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?  
 Has he not walls, no human force can shake ?  
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round  
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound ?  
 And will not these, the wonders he has done,  
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son ?  
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)  
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought.  
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait  
 Achilles' vengeance at the Scæan gate.

SNEER  
with  
REPR.

RISOL.

REFU.

\*SNEER.

SELF-  
COMMEND

## LESSONS.

57

RESOLU-  
TION.

But now those deadly contests are no more.

To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore ;

Then shall ye see our parting vessels crown'd,  
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.

Then tell your king, that all the Greeks may bear, INSULT.

And learn to scorn the man they basely fear.

(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,  
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves ;Tho' shameless as he is, to meet these eyes  
Is what he dares not : if he dares, he dies.)

Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,

Nor share his counsels, nor his battles join :

For, once deceiv'd was bis; but twice were mine.

My fates, long since by Thetis were disclos'd ;

And each alternate, life, or fame, propos'd.

Here if I stay before the Trojan town,

Short is my date ; but deathless my renown.

If I return, I quit immortal praise

For years on years, and long extended days.

Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,

And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make ; ADVISING

To quit these shores ; their native seats enjoy,

Nor hope the fall of brav'n-defended Troy.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold ;

Not all, Apollo's Pythian treasures bold,

Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,

Can bribe the poor possession of a day.

Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,

And steeds unrival'd on the dusty plain.

} FIRED  
HATRED.RESOLU-  
TION.} SERIOUS  
REFLEX-  
ION.

Exit,

*But, from our lips the vital spirit fled,*  
*Returns no more to wake the silent dead.*

He concludes with declaring his determined resolution not to return. And the ambassadors take their leave, to go back to the army.

## XLIV.

Humorous scene from Shakespear's MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and Starveling.

ENQU.

Quince. Is all our company here?

DIRECT-  
ING.

Bot. You had best call them conjunctly and severally, generally and specially, that is, whereof to call them man by man, according to the scrip.

INFORMA-  
TING.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, in this town, that is fit to be seen upon the stage before the duke and duchess.

DIRECT-  
ING.

Bot. Good Peter Quince, go to work in a method. Begin at the top, and go on to the bottom; that is, whereof as a man may say, first tell us what the play treats of, then read the names

"Good Peter Quince," &c. To be spoken with a great affection of wisdom; but in a clumsy and rustic manner.

# LESSONS.

259

of the *actors*, and so your business will stand by itself as *regular*, as a *building* set upon the very *pinnacle* of its *foundation*.

Quin. Why then, the play is the most *delectable* and *lamentable* comedy entituled and called, *The cruel tragedy of the death of Pyramus and Thisby!*

Bot. A very *moving play*, I warrant it. A very *deep tragedy*, I know by the sound of the title of it. *Pyramus and Thisby!* I suppose they are to have their *throats cut from ear to ear*, or their *bellies ripped up* from the *waist-bands* of their *breeches* to their *chins*. Well, now, good Peter, call forth your *actors* by the *scrawl*. Masters, spread yourselves out into a *clump*, every man *conjurately* by *himself*.

Quin. Answer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, *Auth.*  
*weaver*.

Bot. Ready. Name my part, and proceed. *Affec.*

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*. *Smartness*.

Bot. I am to play *Pyramus*? Well, and who is *Pyramus*? A *gentleman*, or a *simple man*? *Auth.*

Quin. *Pyramus* is a *lover*, and *Thisby* is his *sweetheart*. *Pyramus* kills *himself* for *grief*, because a *lion* had got hold of *Thisby's cloak*, and tore it, which makes *Pyramus conclude*, as how he had tore *her* too, and eaten *her* up, all but the *cloak*; whereof he had not touched *her*. So that poor *Pyramus* loses his *life*, d'ye see, for nothing *Enqu.*

*at all; whereof you know, that is enough to make a man hang himself.*

ENQUY.

Bot. What then, am I to hang myself for vexation, because I had killed myself for nothing?

-MAGIN  
DENY.

Quin. No; that is not in the play.

APPRE-  
HENSION.

Bot. Here will be salt tears wept, or I am mistaken. An I be the man, that acts this same Pyramus, let the ladies look to their eyes, I will condole and congratulate to some tune. I will break every heart, that is not double-hooped with flint. I have a main notion of acting your loyver, that is crostred in love. There is but one thing, that is more to my humour than your tribulation loyver. That is, your tyrant; your thundering tyrant. I

BOMBAST.

could play you, for example, I could play you such a tyrant as *Herricole's*<sup>2</sup>, when he gets on the brimstone shirt, and is all on fire, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with spirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name<sup>a</sup>—to squir him off of the cliff into the sea. O then 'tis fine<sup>b</sup>, “I'll split the raging rocks; and “shiv'ring shocks, with thund'ring knocks, shall “break the locks of prison gates. And Febal's<sup>c</sup> “car shall shone from far, and kindle war, with “many

<sup>a</sup> Hercules.

<sup>a</sup> Lichas.

<sup>b</sup> This bombastic passage (probably intended to ridicule some play written in Shakespear's time) cannot be too much mouthed and ranted.

<sup>c</sup> Phœbus's.

## LESSONS.

161

"many a scar, and make and mar the stubborn  
"fates." There is your right tragedy stuff,  
This is Herricole's vein to a heir. This is your  
only true tyrant's vein. Your lover's vein is more  
upon the condoling and congratulating. Now, Pe-  
ter Quince, name the rest of the players.

AP-  
PLAUSE.

Quin. Francis Flute, bellows-maker.

DIRECT-  
ING.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

AUTH.

Quin. \*Francis, you must take Tbisby on you.

AFFEC.

Flute. †What, that is to be Nick Bottom's  
sweetheart, and to have my cloak worried alive by  
the great beast? Why, Peter, I have a beard a  
coming. I sha'n't make a clever woman, as you  
may say, unless it were Mrs. What d'ye call her,  
Mrs. Tibby's mother or aunt. Has not the gen-  
tlewoman of the play a mother, or an aunt, that  
appears?

SMART-  
NESS.

\*AUTH.

†ENQU.  
DOUBT.

Quin. Yes; but you must do Tbisby. You ENQU.  
will do Tbisby well enough, man. You shall do it  
in a mask. I Robin Starveling, taylor.

ENQU.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

AUTH.

Quin. § You must play Pyramus's father; I  
will play Tbisby's father; Flute must play Tbisby;  
and Snowt Tbisby's mother. Simon Snug, joiner.

AFFEC.

SMART-  
NESS.

§AUTH.

Snug. Here, Peter Quince.

AFFEC.

Quin. || Simon, you must act the part of the  
lion.

SMART-  
NESS.

||AUTH.

Snug. Heh! the part of the lion, do you say,  
Peter Quince? Why I never made a beast of my-

ENQU.

self in my life, but now and then, when I have drunk a cup too much.

**ENCOUR.** Quin. Pshaw, pshaw, a better man, than you or I either, has been made a beast before now; ay, and a born'd beast too. But the lion is a royal beast, the king of beasts. So Simon you must play the part of the lion.

**DOUBT.** Snug. Well, but an it be a long part, I can't remember it; for I have but a poor brain. Let me see how many pages.

**ENCOUR.** Quin. Why, Simon, it is not written. And, for the matter of that, you may do it off hand. It is nothing but roaring.

**ADVISING.** Bot. I'll tell you what, Peter Quince; you were better to let me act the part of the lion. Simon Snug is but a ben-heARTed sort of a fellow. He won't roar you so loud as a mouse in the hole in the wall. But, if you will let me play the part, I will make such a noise, as shall do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that the duke shall cry, Encore, encore, let him roar, let him roar, once more, once more.

**CAUTIONING.** Quin. But if you were too terrible, you might frighten the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

**SELF-VINDICATION.** Bot. Ay, if the duchess and the ladies were frightened out of their wits, to be sure, perhaps, they might have no more wit, than to get us all

*bang'd: but do you think, Peter Quince, that I have no more inhumanity in my nature, than to frighten people? I would restrain and aggravate my voice, that I would roar you as gentle as any sucking dove; I would roar you an it were any nightingale.*

Quin. I tell you, Nick Bottom, hold your AUTH. tongue, with your roaring, and set your heart at rest. You shall play *nothing* but Pyramus.

Bot. Well: if I must, I must. What cannot be *endur'd*, you know, must be *cur'd*. But what SUBMISSION.  
ENQD. beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. You must not have on a grey beard, DIRECTING. you know; because it will not look *natural* for a man with a grey beard to be acting the part of a *louyer*.

Bot. Why, *look you*, Master Peter Quince, I don't think it so very *unnatural* to see people, with grey beards, acting the part of *louyers*; at least, I am sure, it had not *need* be *unnatural*; for it is *common* enough. But, howsomdever it will look a little *unnatural*, as you say, to see the *young woman*, Mrs. Tibby, fondling and looking *sweet* upon a man with a grey beard. Wherefore, upon *minture liberation*, I will play it in a beard black as jet.

Quin. Here, then, Masters; take your parts, EXHOM. II  
TAXEV and con them over with as much retention as you can; that you may be ready to rebeरse by to-morrow night.

M. 2

Bot.

ENQU.

Bot. But where must we rehearse, Peter Quince?

APPRE-HENSION.

Quin. Why, you know, if we should go to rehearse in a garret, or a malt-loft, we should but draw a mob, and perhaps get ourselves taken up for cromancers. Therefore we must go to the palace wood, and do it by moonlight. Then you know, we shall do it with dacity and imposition of mind, when there is no body to deplaud, or to bis.

CONTRIV.

Bot. Right, Peter Quince. We will be ready for you.

[Exeunt.]

## XLV.

## CHIDING.

The speech of Hector to Paris, on his avoiding, on the field of battle, Menelaus, the husband of Helen, whom he had decoyed from Sparta to Troy, which occasioned the Trojan war.  
[Pope's Hom. II. III. v. 53.]

NARRA-TION.

**A**s godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,  
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.

REPR.

“Unhappy Paris! But to women—brave!  
“So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!  
“Oh hadst thou dy'd, when first thou saw'st the light,  
“Or dy'd at least before the nuptial rite!

VEXAT.

“A

## LESSONS.

165

- “ A better fate, than vainly thus to boast  
CON-  
TEMPT.
- “ And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host.
- “ God’s ! how the scornful Greeks exult to see  
VEXAT.
- “ Their fears of danger undeceiv’d in thee !
- “ Thy figure promis’d with a martial air ; COMB.  
“ But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
- “ In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
- “ When thy tall ships triumphant stem’d the tide,
- “ When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
- “ And crowds stood wond’ring at the passing show ;
- “ Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,  
ENQU.  
with  
CONT.
- “ You met th’ approaches of the Spartan queen ?
- “ Thus from her realm convey’d the beauteous prize,
- “ And both her warlike lords<sup>a</sup> outshone in Helen’s  
“ eyes ?
- “ This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,  
CHAL-  
LENCE.
- “ Thy father’s grief, and ruin of thy race,
- “ This deed recalls thee to the proffer’d fight ;
- “ Or hast thou injur’d whom thou dar’st not right ?
- “ Soon to thy cost his sword would make thee  
“ know,
- “ Thou keep’st the consort of a braver foe.
- “ Thy graceful form, instilling soft desire,  
WARNING.
- “ Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
- “ Beauty, and youth—in vain to these you trust,
- “ When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust.
- “ Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow  
THREAT-  
ENING.
- “ Crush the dire author of his countrey’s woe.”

M 3 XLVI.

“ Theseus, her first, and Menelaus, her second husband.

## XLVI.

**REMORSE, CONFESSION, VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION, AFFECTION, JOY, RAPTURE,**

Scene between Sir Charles Easy and his lady (to whom he had been false) after his coming to understand, that his falsehood was known to her, though borne without the least complaint, or outward appearance of dissatisfaction, on her part.

SERIOUS CONVERS.

Sir Ch. **S**IT still, my dear—I want to talk with you—and, which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too. But it is in order to our friendship's being upon a better foot hereafter, than it has been hitherto.

AFFEC.  
ish  
SUBMIS.

Lady Easy. Your behaviour to me, Sir Charles, has always been friendly and loving; nor can I charge you with a look, that ever had the appearance of unkindness.

C: MPLIM

Sir Ch. The perpetual spring of your good humour, Madam, lets me draw no merit from what I have appeared to be. For you seem to be of a temper to love, or at least to behave kindly, to your husband, let his character be what it will. Yet I cannot even now, reconcile, with your good sense, your

your venturing upon marriage with a man of my indolent character.

Lad. Easy. I never thought it such a hazard. And your having never shewn, even in the time of courtship, the least affection to be any thing, but what you was by nature, and your shewing, through that carelessness of temper, an undesigning honesty of mind, which I suspected a want of in smoother behaviour, won me by taking no pains to win me, and pleased and courted me by taking no pains to please or court me. I concluded, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind. Or, at the worst, I hoped, that any errors which might arise from want of thinking, might be borne; and that one moment's thought would end them. Thus, Sir Charles, you see my worst of fears. And these, weighed against the hopes I had of winning your heart (as you know, our sex are not too diffident of the power of our own charms) were as nothing.

Sir Ch. My dear, your understanding, when I WONDER. consider my own conduct, startles me; and makes my own look despicable. I blush to think, I have SHAMED worn so valuable a jewel in my bosom, and, till this hour, have scarce had the curiosity, or rather the common sense, to think of looking upon its lustre.

Lad. Easy. You set too high a value, Sir SELF-DE-NIAL. Charles, on the common qualities of barmlessness and good-nature in a wife.

## LESSONS.

PRAISE.

Sir Ch. *Virtues*, like *benefits*, are doubled by being modestly concealed. And I confess, I suspect you, Madam, of *virtues*, which, as much as they exalt your character, disgrace mine.

APPR.

Lad. Easy. I don't understand you, Sir Charles. Sir Ch. I must speak plainer then—Be free, and tell me, where did you leave this handkerchief?

START.

Lad. Easy. Ha! Sir Ch. What do you start at?—You have nothing to be troubled about.—Would to Heaven I had as little. [Aside.]

ANXIETY

Lad. Easy. I cannot speak—and I could wish you would not oblige me—It is the only thing I ever refused you—And, though I cannot give you a reason, why I would not speak, yet I hope you will excuse me, without a reason.

STINGING  
REMORSE

Sir Ch. What then! Does this delicate creature scruple to accuse me of what I have so little scrupled to be guilty of! Monster! To injure such goodness!

[Aside.]

TENDERNESS  
with  
ADMIR.

Well, then, Madam, your will shall be a reason. I will urge the point no farther. And indeed it would ill become me. Since you are so generously tender of reproaching me, I will declare to you, that what your delicacy avoids charging me with,

that

\* It was by the handkerchief, that he knew his baseness was discovered by his lady.

that my own reflexion bears home upon me with tenfold force. Your heroic behaviour has wak'd me to a sense of your disquiet past—disquiet so unworthily caused by me—and—and [hesitating through fullness of heart] so nobly borne by—her—who least deserved to be forced to bear it.—But, Madam,—[sighing] if I have used you ill—I hope I have sentiment enough still left to secure you from all fear of my offending hereafter. As an earnest of which, let me beg of you to discharge your woman.

REMORE.

Lad. Easy. My dearest! I think not of her. Your tenderness overcomes me. [Weeping.]

INTREAT.

Sir Ch. Nays, surely, you have no room to praise my tenderness. Such tenderness, as I have shewn to worth like yours, might—but I see you are in pain to give me this confusion. I will not, therefore, increase your uneasiness by reflexions on what I have been; but rather, reserving them for my private recollections, try to soothe your anguish by the prospect of happiness to come—happiness from my recovery to a sense of your inimitable excellence, which hereafter, I intend shall be the busyness and the joy of my life to study, and admire. Expect then, thou best of womankind, from my future affection, all that can be conceived of tender and of kind. Nothing, you can expect, shall come up to what you shall experience; for no tenderness can equal your deserving at the hands of such a

REMORSE.

TENDERNESS.

PROTEST.

OF.

AFFEC.

. TWO

. THREE

## LESSONS.

husband as I have binbirid been. Receive me, then, entire at last, and take what no woman ever truly had — not even your incomparable self — my conquered heart. [Embracing.]

INDEX.  
PRESS.  
TRANS.  
of  
Lovers and  
Joy.

Pious  
GRAT.

Lead. Easy. O my recovered, my almost lost, my inestimable jewel! — My husband! — My love! — O ecstasy of joy! — Too much for human nature! — Thus to have all I love on earth, come voluntarily and unsolicited, to load me with kindness, and crown me with happiness! What is the rapture of the lover sighing at our feet, to the solid joy of receiving the relenting returning husband! O dearest love! Be not so profusely kind. O Heaven! Teach me to shew gratitude suitable to such a blessing!

## XLVII.

DISCONTENT. EXCITING. REPROACHING.

PLOTTING.

The scene, in which Cassius excites Brutus to oppose Cæsar's power. [Shakespear's JUL. CÆS.]

DISCON-

CAS.— **HONOUR** is the subject of my story:

CONT.  
PRIDE.

I cannot tell, what you, and other men Think of this life, but for my single self, to live I'd rather sleep i' th' dust, than live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself. I was born free as Cæsar. So were you.

We

# LESSONS.

171

We both have fed as well, and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his bores,  
 Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 " Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 " And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bad him follow; so indeed he did.  
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty shrews, throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But e'er we could arrive the point propos'd,  
 Cæsar cry'd, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."  
 † Then, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulders  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar: \* and this man  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod to him.  
 He had an ague, when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake: 'tis truth, this god did shake;  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:

NARR.  
with  
CONT.  
QUEST.

COURAGE

FEAR.  
DISTR.  
and  
INTR.  
† COURSE

\* WON-  
DER.  
CONT.

NARR.  
with  
CONT.

RANT.  
CONT.

*† This passage cannot be expressed with life, without some thing of the action of swimming.*

Ay,

## LESSONS.

*Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cry'd, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"—  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.*

LIST.

*Bru. Another general shout!*

WOND.

*I do believe, that their applauses are  
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.*

DISCON.

*Caf. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
world*

RANT.

*Like a Colossus, and we sorry dwarfs  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.*

RECRET.

*Men sometimes have been masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*

EXCIT.  
ING.

*Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar !  
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
Write them together ; yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them ; it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them ; it is as heavy ; conjure with them ;  
Brutus will start a ghost as soon as Cæsar.*

WOND.

*Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great ? \* Age thou art sham'd ;  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.*

\*CON-  
TEMPT.

*When went there by an age, since the Sun shone,  
But it was fam'd with more than one man ?  
When could they say, 'till now, who talk'd of Rome,*

# LESSONS.

173

That her wide walls incompass'd but one man?

Ob! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
A whip-gall'd slave to lord it over Rome  
As soon as this dread Cæsar.

Bru. \* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,  
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)  
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience bear, and find a time  
Both meet to bear, and answer such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;  
Brutus——had rather be a Lybian,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,  
Under such bard conditions, as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

APPROBATION.

SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

PLOTTING.

DISCONTENT.

[Exeunt.]

\* The character of Brutus being cool courage, his speech is to be expressed accordingly.

XLVIII.

## XLVIII.

**JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. DARING. FEAR.  
ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.**

Eve's account of her troublesome Dream.

[PARAD. LOST. B.V. v. 28.]

**Joy and  
LOVE.**

**DISA-  
GRE-  
BLE  
MEMB.**

**WHEED.**

**PLEASING  
DESCRIP-  
TION.**

*O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection! Glad I see  
Thy face, and moan return'd. For I this night  
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd —  
"If dream'd — nor as I oft am wont, of thee ;  
Works of day past ; or morrow's next design ;  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought,  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,  
With gentle voice. I thought it thine. 'Tis said,*

*"Why sleep'st thou Eve? Now is the pleasant  
time,*

*"The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night warbling bird, that now awake,  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song ; now reigns  
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things. <sup>1</sup>In vain,*

*"If*

<sup>2</sup> "If dream'd." The impression being so strong, that she was in doubt, whether it was a dream, or a reality.

<sup>1</sup> "In vain," &c. The pupil must be told, that this means, "No matter whether any earthly creature is awake to admire your beauty."

# LESSONS.

375

“ If none regards. Heav’n wakes with all his eyes,  
“ Whom to behold but thee, nature’s desire?  
“ In whose sight all things joy with ravisht men,  
“ Attracted by thy beauty.—still to gaze.”

FLAT-  
TERY.  
SHITIVKI

I rose, as at thy call; but found thee not.  
To find thee I directed then my walk;  
And on, methought, alone I pass’d through ways,  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem’d,  
Much fairer to my fancy, than by day:  
And as I wond’ring look’d, beside it stood  
One shap’d and wing’d like one of those from Heav’n  
By us oft seen; his dewy locks disill’d  
Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz’d;  
And, “ O fair plant,” said he, “ with fruit sur-  
“ charg’d,

NARRA-  
TION.

APPRE-  
HENSION.

WONDER.

PLEAS.  
and  
DESIRE.

“ Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
“ Nor god, nor man? Is knowledge so despis’d?  
“ Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
“ Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
“ Longer thy offer’d good, why else set here?”

ENQU.  
RESOLU-  
TION.

This said, he paus’d not, but with vent’rous arm  
He pluck’d, he tasted. Me damp horror chill’d  
At such bold words vouch’d with a deed so bold.

FEAR.

But he thus overjoy’d, “ O fruit divine,  
“ Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt;  
“ Forbidden here, it seems as only fit  
“ For gods; yet able to make gods of men:  
“ And why not gods of men, since good, the more  
“ Communicated, more abundant grows,

JOY.

“ The

- TAKE THAT**  
**INVITING**
- " The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more ?  
 " Here, happy creature ! fair, angelic Eve !  
 " Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,  
 " Happier thou mayst be ; worthier canst not be :
- FLATT.**
- " Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,  
 " Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,
- TEMPT-  
ING.**
- " But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes  
 " Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
 " What life the gods live there, and such live thou?"
- FEAR.**
- So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part,
- RISING.**
- Which he had pluck'd. The pleasant sav'ry smell  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various. Wond'ring at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep. But O how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream.
- ROMAN-  
TIC ima-  
GINAT.**
- Joy.**

## XLIX.

*ANGUISH followed by TRANSPORT.*

The scene of Indiana's being found to be Mr. Sealand's daughter. [CONSC. LOV.]

Ind. I AM told, Sir, you come about business, CIVIL-  
ITY. which requires your speaking with me.

Seal. Yes, Madam. There came to my hands a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-morrow; and as I have *caſh* of his, I have made bold to bring you the money myself.—

A—a—a— and, to be free, Madam, the *fame* CONFU-  
SION. of your *beauty*, and the *regard* which Mr. Bevil is but *too well known* to have for you, excited my *curiosity*.

Ind. Too well known to have for me! Your OFFEN-  
sober appearance, Sir, made me expect no rudeness, or absurdity from you—Who waits?—Sir, if you pay the money to a servant it will be as well.

[Going.]

Seal. Pray, Madam, be not offended. I came hither with an *innocent*, nay, a *virtuous* design. And, if you will have patience to bear me, it may be of service to you, as well as to my *only daughter*, on whose account I come, and whom I was this day to dispose of.

Ind. [Aside.] In marriage with Mr. Bevil, APPRE-  
HENS. I fear. What I dreaded, is come. But I must

## LESSONS.

RECOL-  
LECT.

CONFU.

AROL.

WORD.  
with  
DISAP.

VINDIC.

ENQU.  
with  
APPRE-  
HENS.DISTR.  
AROL.PITY  
with  
DISAP.  
VINDIC.

PRAISE.

ENQU.  
with  
APPRE-  
HENS.

*compose myself, if possible.* [To him.] Sir, you may suppose I shall desire to know any thing, which may be interesting to Mr. Bevil, or to myself. As appearances are against me with regard to his behaviour, I ought to forgive your suspicion, Sir. Be free then; I am composed again. Go on, Sir.

Seal. I feared indeed, an unwarranted passion here. But I could not have thought any man capable of abusing so much loveliness and worth, as your appearance, and behaviour, bespeak. But the youth of our age care not what excellence they destroy, so they can but gratify.—

Ind. [Interrupting.] Sir, you are going into very great errors. But please to keep your suspicions, and acquaint me, why the care of your daughter obliges a person, of your seeming rank, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[Weeps.] I beg you pardon, good Sir, —I am an orphan, who can call nothing in this world my own, but my virtue—Pray, good Sir, go on.

Seal. How could Mr. Bevil think of injuring such sweetness!

Ind. You wrong him, Sir. He never thought of injuring me. His bounty he bestows for my support, merely for the pleasure of doing good. You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is designed by his worthy father; and he has consented, perhaps, to the proposal.

Seal.

# LESSONS.

179

Seal. I own, such a match was proposed; but CAUT:  
It shall not proceed, unless I am satisfied, that your RESOL.  
connexion with him may be consistent with it.

Ind. It is only, Sir, from his actions and his looks, that I have had any reason to flatter myself into the notion of his having any particular affection for me. From them, I own, I was led into the hope of what I earnestly wished, that he had thoughts of making me the partner of his heart. But now I find my fatal mistake. The goodness and gentleness of his demeanour, with the richness of his benevolence, made me misinterpret all—

'Twas my own hope, my own passion, that deluded me—He never made one amorous advance to me—His generous heart and liberal hand meant only to help the miserable. And I—O fool that I was!—I fondly suffered myself to be drawn into imaginations too high, and too ambitious for my lowly wretchedness—Oh—oh—oh!

[Weeping.]

Seal. Make yourself easy, Madam, upon the score of my daughter, at least. The connexion between Mr. Bevil and her is not gone so far as to render it necessary that your peace should be destroyed by such a marriage. Depend upon it, Madam, my daughter shall never be the cause of your disappointment.

COM-  
PORT:

Ind. Sir, your speaking so, makes me still more wretched. Shall I be the cause of injury to my noble benefactor? Shall I, who have no pre-

DISTRESS  
RESCUE:  
INED.

PERSU.

tensions to him, be the hindrance of his happiness? Heaven forbid! No, Sir; give your daughter to the worthiest of men. Give her to my generous Bevil — They may be happy, though I should run distract. And, whilst I preserve my senses, I will weary Heaven with my prayers for their felicity.

DISTR.

with  
GRAT.

LAMEN.

As for my own fate, it is likely to hold on as it begun, a series of wretchedness — 'Twas Heaven's high will that I should be wretched — Taken captive in my cradle — — tossed on the seas — — there deprived of my mother — — that I should only hear of my father; but never see him — — that I should then be adopted by a stranger — — then lose my adopter — — that I should then be delivered from the very jaws of poverty by the most amiable of mankind — — that I should give my fond unthinking heart to this most charming of his sex — — and that he should disappoint all my romantic hopes, without leaving me the right, or the pretence of blaming any one, but myself. For, oh, I cannot reproach him, though his friendly hand, that raised me to this height, now throws me down the precipice.

Oh!

[Weeping.]

COMP.

Seal. Dear lady! Compose yourself to patience, if possible. My heart bleeds for your distress — — And there is something in your very strange story, that resembles — Does Mr. Bevil know your history particularly?

PITY.

ENQU.

LAMEN.

Ind. All is known to him perfectly. And it is my knowledge of what I was by birth, and what I should

*Should be now, that embitters all my misery. I'll  
tear away all traces of my former self; all that can put me in mind of what I was born to, and am miserably fallen from.* [In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.]

Seal. *Ha! what means this? Where am I? It is the same! the very bracelet, which my wife wore at our last mournful parting.*

Ind. *What said you, Sir? Your wife! What may this mean? That bracelet was my mother's. But your name is Sealand. My lost father's name was—*

Seal. [Interrupting.] *Danvers, was it not?*

Ind. *What new amazement! That was his name.*

Seal. *I am the true Mr. Danvers, though I have changed my name to Sealand—O my child, my child!* [Catching Indiana in his arms.]

Ind. *All-gracious Heaven! Is it possible? Do I embrace my father?*

Seal. *O my child, my child! My sweet girl! My lost Indiana! Restor'd to me as from the dead! I now see every feature of thy lamented mother in thy lovely countenance! O Heaven! how are our sorrows past o'erpaid by such a meeting! To find thee thus, to have it in my power to bestow thee on thy noble lover, with a fortune not beneath his acceptance.*

## LESSONS.

Ind. O it is more like a dream, than reality !  
Have I then a father's sanction to my love ! His  
bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a pre-  
sent worthy of my generous Bevil ?

Seal. Let us send immediately to him, and in-  
form him of this wondrous turn ; which shews,  
that

Whate'er the gen'rous mind itself denies,  
The secret care of Providence supplies.

## L.

## REPROOF.

Calisthenes's honest speech in reproof of Cleon's  
flattery to Alexander, on whom Cleon wanted  
divinity to be conferred by vote. [Q. CURT.  
VIII.]

DIS-  
PLEAS.

RE-  
PROOF.

**I**F the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed. He would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you in his name, that no praise is lasting, but what is rational ; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death. And, whatever may

may be *your way* of thinking, Cleon, for *my part*, I wish the king may not, for *many years* to come, obtain that honour. You have mentioned, as *REMON.* precedents of what you propose, *Hercules*, and *Bacchus*. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his *divinity* from *you* and *me*, who are his *subjects*? First try your power, whether you can make a *king*. It is, surely, easier to make a *king*, than a *god*; to give an *earthly dominion*, than a *throne* in *Heaven*. + I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the *arrogant proposal* you have made, of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the *continuance* of that *success* to our *affairs*, with which they have hitherto favoured us. \* For *my part*, I am not ashamed of my *country*; nor do I approve of our adopting the *rites* of *foreign nations*, or learning from *them* how we ought to reverence our *kings*. To receive *laws*, or *rules* of *conduct*, from *them*, what is it, but to confess *ourselves inferior* to *them*?

CHAL-  
LENGE.+ APPRE-  
HEND.\* HONEST  
PRIDE.

## LI.

**INCOLCATING. COMMANDING. INTREATING.  
WARNING.**

The dying charge of Micipsa, king of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint-heir to his kingdom, with his two sons Adherbal and Hiempsal.

EXCIT-  
ING TO  
GRATI-  
TUD.

**Y**OU know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless, and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom; in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them, what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war, has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguish'd glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties;

COMMEN-  
DATION.

ties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha, by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connexion with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom, I leave you, is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases: by division, a great one goes to ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years, than your brothers, to provide, that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers, (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you

IN-  
TREAT.WARN-  
ING.TEACH-  
ING.

REMON-

WARN-  
ING.IN-  
CUL-  
CAT.

DEVOT.

HOPE.

*you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your distinguished virtue deserves.*

### DRUNKENNESS.

[*Shakespear's OTHELLO.*]

Cassio. I'LL be ha— [hiccoughs] I'll be ha—  
I hang'd, if these fellows han't given me  
a fil— a fil— a fillip on the brain-pan— a  
little one.

Montano. Why, good master lieutenant, we  
are not beyond pints a-piece as I'm a fo— as  
I'm a fo— as I'm a soldier. And that is a shal-  
low brain-pan, which will not hold a poor pint of  
good liquor.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Sings.]

And let me the cannakin clink, clink,  
And let me the cannakin clink,

A soldier's

It may, perhaps, seem strange to some, that such a lesson  
as this should have a place. But, besides the diversion of  
seeing drunkenness well imitated, the moral is good. For  
this very frolick costs Cassio his place.

It is needless to mark the emphatical words in this passage.  
For drunkenness destroys all emphasis and propriety.

## LESSONS.

287

A soldier's a man, and man's life's but a span,  
Why then let a soldier have drink, drink,  
Why then let a soldier have drink,

Some wine, boy!

Cassio. I'll be shot for a cow— for a cow—  
for a coward, if that ben't an excellent song.

Iago. I learnt it in England, where indeed  
they are most potent at the pot. Your Dane,  
your German, and your swag-belly'd Hollander,  
are nothing to your freeborn Englishman. Did  
you ever hear an Englishman reckon up the pri-  
vileges he has by birth-right?

Cassio. No, good Iago. What are they,  
pray?

Iago. Why, to say what he pleases of the go-  
vernment; to eat more roast beef, and drink  
more port, than any three subjects of any other  
country; and to do whatever he pleases, wherever  
he is. Therefore he raves at the best king,  
while your Frenchman worships the worst; he  
breaks this week, the law he voted for last week;  
and in all countries, he is winked at, when he  
does what would send a native to a mad-house;  
he eats you up the whole ox in less time than  
your Frenchman swills the soup he makes of the  
shins; and as to drinking, he lays you France,  
Austria, and Russia, among the table's feet, with  
no more conscience at the tavern, than in the field  
of battle.

Cassio.

## LESSONS.

Cassio. Here is our noble go— our noble go— our noble general's health for ever.

Montano. Ay, ay, good master lieutenant, and as much longer as you please.

— Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen he was and a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him a whole crown,  
He held them sixpence all too dear;  
With that he call'd his taylor down.  
He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree,  
'Tis pride, that pulls the country down,  
So take thy old cloke about thee.

## LIII.

## VEXATION. SPITEFUL. JOY.

"The scene between Shylock and Tubal. [Shakesp.

MERCH. OF VEN<sup>1</sup>.]

QUEST.  
with  
ANXIETY.

Shyl. HOW now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Have you heard any thing of my backsliding daughter?

Tub.

<sup>1</sup> The pupil must, if he does not know it, be told a little of the plot, viz. That Shylock had sent Tubal in search of his daughter, whom his ill usage, and the importunity of her lover, had occasioned to elope from his house. And that Antonio

Tub. I often came where I heard of her; but DISAPP.  
could not find her.

Shyl. Why, there, there, there! A diamond gone, that cost me two thousand ducats at Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now. I never felt it before. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious jewels! I wish she lay dead at my foot, with the jewels in her ear. I would she were bears'd with the ducats in her coffin. No news of them! And I know not what spent in the search. Loss upon loss. The thief gone with so much; and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge, no ill luck stirring, but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. NARRA-  
Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—TION.

Shyl. What! Has he had ill luck?

[Earnestly.]

Tub. Has had a ship cast away coming from Tripoli.

Shyl. Thank God; thank God. + Is it true? Is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors, that 'scaped from the wreck.

Shyl.

Antonio was a merchant, mortally hated by Shylock, who had borrowed a sum of money of Shylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his flesh, wherever Shylock pleased to cut it, in case of his failing to discharge the debt on the day it was due.

SPITEF.

JOY.

\*QUES.

Shyl. I thank thee good Tubal, good news, good news. \*What in Genoa, you spoke with them?

NARRA-  
TION.

Tub. Your daughter spent, in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, twenty ducats.

ANGU.

Shyl. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Twenty ducats at a fitting! Twenty ducats! — O father Abram!

NARRA-  
TION.

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that say, he cannot but break.

SPITEF.  
JOY.

Shyl. I'm glad of it. I'll plague him. I'll torture him. I'm glad of it.

NARRA-  
TION.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, he had of your daughter for a monkey.

ANGU.

Shyl. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my ruby. I had it of Leab. I would not have given it for as many monkeys as could stand together upon Realto.

NARRAT.

Tub. Antonio is certainly undone.

SPITEF.

JOY.

||DIREC.

\*CRUEL.

RESOL.

Shyl. Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that. || Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him to be ready. \* I will be revenged on Antonio. I will wash my bands, to the elbows, in his heart's blood.

[Exit.]

LIV.

## LIV.

## SELF-VINDICATION. REPROOF.

The speech of C. Marius to the Romans, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of general in the expedition against Jugurtha, merely on account of his extraction.

[*Sallust. Bell. JUGURTHIN.*]

**I**T is but *too common*, my countrymen, to EXPLAINING.  
observe a *material difference* between the behaviour of those, who stand *candidates* for places of power and trust, *before*, and *after* their obtaining them. They *solicit* them in *one manner*, and *execute* them in *another*. \* They set SNEER.  
+ REP.  
HUMILITY.  
out with a great appearance of *activity*, *humility*, and *moderation*; + and they quickly fall into *slack*, *pride*, and *avarice*. It is, undoubtedly, no *easy matter* to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in *troublesome times*. I am, I hope, *duly sensible* of the ANXIETY.  
*importance* of the *office* I propose to take upon me, for the service of my country. "To carry on,

\* This speech begins *calm* and *cool*. See *Tranquillity*, pag. 14. *Teaching*, pag. 19, &c.

+ "To carry on," &c. The *antitheses*, in this sentence, must be carefully marked in pronouncing it.

CON-  
TEMPT.SELF-  
DEFEN.  
ANXI-  
ETY.PRO-  
MISING.

with effect, an *expensive war*, and yet be *frugal* of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be *delicate* to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a *complicated variety* of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of *opposition* from the *envious*, the *factions*, and the *disaffected*; to do all this, my countrymen, is *more difficult*, than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, *peculiarly hard*; that, whereas a commander of patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great *connexions*, the *antiquity* of his *family*, the important services of his *ancestors*, and the multitudes he has by *power* engaged in his *interest*, to screen him from condign punishment: my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care, that my conduct be *clear* and *unexceptionable*. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the *real advantage* of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my *pretensions*, the patricians want nothing so much, as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my *fixed resolution*, to use my best endeavours, that you be not *disappointed* in me, and that their indirect

indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toil, and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable slaves, but—of no experience. What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that, the acting commander would still be a plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those, who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then betrothed themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it. I submit to your judgment, Ro-

SELF-DE-  
FENCE.

TEMPT.

GRATI-  
TUDE.CON-  
TEMPT.

TEMPT.

MOD  
ESTY  
HUM  
ILITY  
TERRA

O

mans,

~~CON-~~  
~~TEMPT.~~

~~QUEST.~~

~~CON-~~  
~~TEMPT.~~

ARGU.  
with  
REPR.  
ANTITH.

~~CON-~~  
~~TEMPT.~~

mans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between patrician haughtiness, and plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me: want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such patricians, as *Albinus*, and *Besitz*, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire *sons* of their character, or of mine; what would they answer; but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my countrey; by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards

rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish, than they are, in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers. Whereas they do the very contrary. For, by how much their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, by so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity: but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers: but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors."—What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by his own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the van-

LAUD.  
PRIDE°.

ARGU.  
with  
CONT.

AFFEC-  
TATION.

COUR.  
CONT.

SELF-  
VINDICA-  
TION.

O 2 quished:

\* LAUD. PRIDE. See Courage, pag. 18.

*quished: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.*

CONT.

## L.V.

## PLOTTING. CRUELTY. HORROR.

Macbeth, full of his bloody design against good king Duncan, fancies he sees a dagger in the air.

START.  
COUR.

I S this a dagger, which I see before me, w' yon?  
The handle tow'r'd my band? — Come, let me clutch thee —

WOND.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

HORROR.

Art thou not, fatal vision! sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

Reaching out his hand, as to snatch it. The first eight lines to be spoken with the eyes staring, and fixed on one point in the air, where he is supposed to see the dagger. See Despair, pag. 17. Malice, 24. Obstinacy, 18. Fear, 17. Plotting, 16.

## L E S S O N S.

197

START-  
ING.

HORROR.

START.

HORROR.

DOUBT.

HORROR.

PLOT-  
TING.

GITT.

HORROR.

GITT.

I see thee yet, in form as palpable,  
 \* As this which now I draw.—

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
 And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' th'other senses,  
 Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still,  
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, drops of blood,  
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—

It is the bloody business, which informs  
 This to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world  
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
 The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
 Pale Hecate's offerings: and midnight murder,  
 (Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,  
 Like Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'r'd his design  
 Moves like a ghost—Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones should prope of royal blood  
 Soon to be spilt.      [Shakesp. MACBETH.]

\* Drawing his dagger, and looking on it, and then on that  
 in the air, as comparing them.

\* A long pause. He recollects and composes himself a  
 little, and gives over fixing his eyes upon the air-drawn  
 dagger.

\* Plotting is always to be expressed with a low voice.  
 Especially such a passage as this, to the end.

## LESSONS.

LVI.

**AFFECTION. JOY. FEAR OF OFFENDING,****GRATITUDE.****A speech of Adam to Eve. [Milt. PARAD. LOST.****B. IV. l. 411.]**

TEND.

AWE.

PIETY.

GRATI-  
TUDE.SERI-  
OUSNESS.  
APPRE-  
HENDS.

GRAT.

**SOLE** partner, and sole part of all these joys,  
**Dearer** thyself than all. Needs must the Pow'r,  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good,  
 As liberal and free, as infinite ;  
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Ought whereof he hath need ; he who requires  
 From us no other service, than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In paradise, that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge planted by the tree of life,  
 So near grows death to life ; whate'er death is ;  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt ; for well thou  
 know'st

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left,  
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule

Conferr'd

Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given  
 Over all other creatures, that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited, of manifold delights.  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and 'tend these Joy.

*flow'rs,*  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee---were PIETY.  
TEN-  
DERN.  
*sweet.*

## LVII.

INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUELTY.

FORCED SUBMISSION.

Duke. **M**AKE room, and let him stand before AUTH.  
 our face---

Sbylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
 To the last hour of all; and then, 'tis thought  
 Thou'l shew thy mercy and remorse more strange  
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.  
 And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh',

PLEAD-  
ING.

PITY.

O 4

Thou

<sup>1</sup> See the note, p. 188, 189.

PLEAD-  
ING.

PITY.

OBSTIN.

HYP.

CRU-

THREAT-  
ENING.

MALICE.

OBSTIN.

MALICE.

OBSTIN.

REPK.

MALICE.

DEJET.

Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But, touch'd with human gentleness, and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal,  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late brought down such ruin on him,  
Enough to make a royal merchant bankrupt.  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shyl. I have confess'd your Grace of what I  
purpose,

"And by our holy sabbath have I sworn

To have the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light

Upon your charter, and your city's freedom--

You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have

A weight of carion flesh, than to receive

Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that.

But say, it is my humour? Is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats,

To have it bane'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Bassanio. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,  
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shyl. I am not bound to please thee with my  
answer.

Antonio. I pray you, think, you question with  
a few.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;

You

\* See afflation, hypocritical, p. 22.

You may as well plead pity with the wolf,  
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb,  
As try to melt his Jewish heart to kindness.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats, here INTRATE.  
are six. INTERMEDIATE.

ShyL. If ev'ry ducat in six thousand ducats QUEST.  
Were in six parts, and ev'ry part a ducat, INTERMEDIATE.  
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, ren- GRAVE.  
d'ring none? REB.

ShyL. What judgement shall I dread, doing OBER.  
no wrong?

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, CRAVEN.  
Is dearly bought: 'tis mine; and I will have it.

Enter Portia disguised like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. Give me your hand. You come from WELC.  
learn'd Bellario?

Portia. I do, my Lord.

Duke. You're welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the cause in question?

Port. I am informed thoroughly of the case.  
Which is the merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and Shylock; both stand forth.

Port. [To Shylock.] Is your name Shylock?

ShyL. Shylock is my name.

Port. [To Antonio.] You are obnoxious to  
him, are you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Port. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

QUEST.

ANSWER.

QUEST.

AUTH.

QUEST.

OBER.

QUEST.

DEJECT.

QUEST.

DEJECT.

Port.

## LESSONS.

INTR.

Port. Then must the Jew be *merciful.*

OBST.

Shyl. On what *compulsion* must I? Tell me  
that.

ADVIS.

Port. The quality of *mercy* is not *strained.*

PLEAS.

It *droppeth* as the gentle rain from *Heav'n*  
Upon the *happy* soil. It is *twice blest,*In him, who *gives* it, and in him, who *takes.*

REVER.

'Tis *mightiest* in the *Mightiest.* It becomesThe *throned* monarch better than his *crown.*

Itself enthroned in the hearts of kings.

It is the *loveliest* attribute of *Deity;*And *earthly* pow'r shews likest to *divine,*

ADVIS.

When *mercy* seasons *justice.* Therefore, Jew,Tho' *justice* be thy *plea*, consider this,That in the course of *justice* none of usSERIOUS  
REFLEC.Should see *salvation.* We do *pray* for *mercy,*And that same *pray'r* doth teach us all to *render*The *deeds* of *mercy.*

OBST.

Shyl. My *deeds* upon my *head.*I crave the *legal* *forfeit* of my *bond.*

INTREAT.

Bass. For once I beg the court to bend the law

To *equity.* 'Tis worth a little wrongTo curb this cruel *devil* of his *will.*

FORB.

Port. It *must not be.* There is no *pow'r* in

Venice,

Can alter a *decree* established.'Twill be recorded for a *precedent,*And many an error by the *same example*Will rush into the *state.* It *cannot be.*

Shyl.

# LESSONS.

203

Shyl. A Daniel come to judgment ! Yea a  
*Daniel.*

AP-  
PLAUSE.

O wise young judge ! How do I honour thee !

CURIOS.

Port. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

APPL.

Shyl. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor ! Here it is.

ADVIS.

Port. Shylock ! — there's thrice thy money  
offer'd thee.

HYPOC.

Shyl. An oath ! An oath ! I have an oath in  
*Heav'n !*

Shall I lay *perjury* upon my soul ?

DEC'L.

No, not for *Venice*.

Port. \* Why, this bond is forfeit,  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful.

ADVIS.

Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

Shyl. When it is paid according to the tenor  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me. I stay upon my bond.

DEJECT.

Anton. Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

PASS.

Port. Why then, thus it is ;  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SENT.

Shyl. Ay, his breast ;  
So saith the bond ; doth it not, noble judge ?  
Nearest his heart. These are the very words.

THIRST

of

BLOOD.

Port.

\* Portia speaks all, to " Stop him, guards," without  
looking off the bond.

**QUEST.** It is so. Are there scales to weigh the flesh?

**ANSW.** I have them ready.

**INTERC.** Have here a surgeon, Shylock, at your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

**CRUEL.** Is it so nominated in the bond?

**INTERC.** It is not so expressed: but what of that?

Twere good you do so much for charity.

**CRUEL.** I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.

**SENT.** A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

**APP.** Most righteous judge!

**SENT.** And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

**APP.** Most learned judge! A sentence! \* Come, prepare.

**DIR.** Port. Tarry a little. There is something else—

his bond—doth give thee here—no jot of blood.

**THREAT.** The words expressly are a pound of flesh; then take thy bond. Take thou thy pound of flesh;

**ENING.** But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed one drop of christian blood, thy lands and goods Are, by the laws of Venice, forfeited.

Grat.

## LESSONS.

205

Grat. O upright judge! Mark, Jew! O learned judge!

APPL.

Shyl. Is that the law?

CONFUS.

Port. Thyself shall see the act.

PORT.

For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,

POSIT.

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

REFR.

Grat. O learned judge! Mark, Jew! A learned judge!

TACHT.

Shyl. I take his offer then. Pay the sum thrice,

CONFUS.

And let the Christian go.

YIELD.

Bassan. Here is the money.

GIV.

Port. Softly. No haste. The Jew shall have strict justice.

FORZ.

His claim is barely for the penalty.

CONFUS.

Grat. A second Daniel! Jew,

APPL.

Now, infidel, I have full hold of thee,

TRIUM.

Port. Why doth the Jew pause? Take this thy forfeiture.

EST.

Shyl. Give me my principal, and let me go.

CONFUS.

Bassan. I have it ready for thee. Here it is.

GIV.

Port. He hath refused it in the open court.

TRIAD.

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

FORB.

Grat. A Daniel still, say I; a second Daniel!

REFR.

I thank thee Jew, for teaching me that word.

APPL.

Shyl. Shall I not barely have my principal?

REFR.

Port. Thou shalt have nothing but the for-

SNEAK.

feiture,

REFR.

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shyl.  
R. J. B. Grat. D.

**DISAP.** Shyl. Why then the Devil give him good  
of it.

**SPITE.** I'll stay no longer question.

**FORB.** Port. Stop him, guards.

**COND.** The law hath yet another hold on you.

**TEACH.** It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempt,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods. The other half

Goes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

**CON-** In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.

**DEMN.** For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; so that thou incur'st

The danger formally by me rebearst.

**ADVISE.** Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

**GRANT.** Duke. That thou may'st see the difference  
of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it.

**DESP.** Shyl. Nay, take my life and all. Pardon not  
that.

You take my life, taking whereon I live.

**QUEST.** Port. What mercy can you render him, An-  
tonio?

Grat.

Grat. A balter's price, and leave to hang him- TRIUM.  
self.

Anton. So please my Lord the Duke, and GRAN<sup>m</sup>  
all the court,

To quit their right in one half of his goods,  
I shall be well contented, if I have  
The other half in use, until his death,  
Then to restore it to the gentleman,  
Who lately stole his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant THREAT.  
The pardon, I had promis'd to bestow.

Port. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost QUEST.  
thou say?

Shyl. I pray you give me leave to go from DESP.  
beyne.  
I am not swell. Send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone. But do it.

[Exeunt omnes.]

## LVIII.

## Conjugal AFFECTION with DISTRESS.

The scene between Hector and his wife Andromache. [Pope's Hom. IL. VI. v. 428.]

PRESNT  
NARRA-  
TION.

HASTE.

TENDER.  
DE-  
SCRIPT.

\* SOFT.

† COUR.

DESCR.

of

BEAUT.

in

DISTR.

COMP.

with

AFFECT.

FEAR.

**H**ECTOR, this heart, return'd without delay,  
Swift through the town he took his former way,  
Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state,  
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.  
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair  
His blameless wife, Action's wealthy heir.  
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest  
His only hope hung smiling at her breast;  
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd, resign'd  
To \* tender passions all his + mighty mind.  
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look;  
Hung on his hand, and then, dejected spoke.  
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.  
“ Too daring prince! Ab whither dost thou run?  
“ Ab too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
“ And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
“ A widow I, an helpless orphan he!

“ For

" For sure such courage length of life denies,  
 " And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
 " Greece in her single heroes strove in vain:  
 " Now hosts oppose thee; and thou must be slain.  
 " O grant me, gods! e'er Hector meets his doom,  
 " All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!  
 " So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
 " And end with sorrows, as they first begun.  
 " No parent now remains, my griefs to share,  
 " No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
 " The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
 " Laid Thebe waste, and flew my warlike fire.  
 " His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
 " Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead;  
 " His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,  
 " And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile.  
 " By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,  
 " In one sad day they view'd the gate of hell.  
 " While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
 " Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled.  
 " My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
 " The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands.  
 " Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
 " Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,  
 " When ah! opprest by life-consuming woe,  
 " She fell, a victim to Diana's bow.  
 " Yet while my Hector still survives, I see  
 " My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.  
 " Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,  
 " Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.

DEPRE-  
CATION.

LAMEN.

COMF.

APPRE-  
HEN.

INTR.  
 APPRE-  
 HENS.  
 IN-  
 TREAT.  
 COUR.  
 AVERS.  
 COUR.  
 APPRE-  
 HENS.  
 PATR.  
 GRIEP.

“ Thy wife, thy infant, in the danger share ;  
 “ O prove a husband’s, and a parent’s care.  
 “ That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
 “ Where yon’ wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.  
 “ Thou from this tow’r defend th’ important post,  
 “ There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
 “ That pass Tydides, Ajax, strives to gain,  
 “ And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
 “ Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv’n,  
 “ Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav’n.  
 “ Let others in the field their arms employ ;  
 “ But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.”  
 The chief reply’d, “ That post shall be my  
 “ care ;  
 “ Nor that alone ; but all the works of war.  
 “ How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown’d,  
 “ And Troy’s proud dames, whose garments  
 “ sweep the ground,  
 “ Attain the lustre of my former name,  
 “ Should Hector basely quit the field of fame ?  
 “ My early youth was bred to warlike pains ;  
 “ My soul impels me to the martial plains.  
 “ Still foremost let me stand to guard the throne,  
 “ To save my father’s honours, and my own.  
 “ Yet come it will ! the day decreed by fates !  
 “ (How my heart trembles, while my tongue re-  
 “ lates !)  
 “ The day, when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend ;  
 “ Must see thy warriors fall ; thy glories end.

# LESSONS.

211

GRIEVE  
with  
AFFECT.

"And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
 "My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
 "Not Priam's hoary bairns defil'd with gore,  
 "Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,  
 "As thine, Andromache! — Thy griefs I dread!  
 "I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,  
 "In Argive looms our battles to design,  
 "And woes, of which so large a part was thine,  
 "There while you groan beneath the load of life,  
 "They cry," — "Behold the mighty Hector's INSULT,  
     "wife!"  
 "Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
 "Embitters all thy woes by naming me.  
 "The thoughts of glory past, and present shame, PITY,  
 "A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!  
 "May I lie cold, before that dreadful day,  
 "Press'd with a load of monumental clay!  
 "Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
 "Shall neither bear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy, NARRA-  
 Stretch'd his fond arms, to clasp the lovely boy.  
 The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,  
 Scar'd with the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child;  
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,  
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.  
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,  
 Thus to the gods prefer'd a parent's pray'r.

TENDER-  
NESS.

## LESSONS.

INTER-  
CESS.

" O Thou, whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,  
 " And all ye deathless Pow'rs!— Protect my son!  
 " Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
 " To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
 " Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
 " And rise the Hector of the future age!  
 " So, when triumphant from successful toils,  
 " Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,  
 " Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,  
 " And say"— " This chief transcends his father's  
 " fame."  
 " While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of  
 " Troy,  
 " His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

TEN-  
DERNESS.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
 Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;  
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
 Husb'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
 The troubled pleasure soon chafis'd with fear,  
 She mingled with the smile a falling tear.

APPRE-  
HENSION.

LIX.

## LIX.

**REMORSE.** Attempt toward **REPENTANCE.** **OB-**  
**DURACY.** **DESPAIR.**

The wicked king's soliloquy expressing his remorse for the murder of his brother Hamlet, king of Denmark. [Shakesp. HAMLET.]

King. *O* *H* my offence is rank! It smells to heav'n! *Com-*  
*It hath the eldest curse of heav'n upon it.* — *FUNC-*  
*TION.*

*A brother's murder!* — *Pray, alas! I cannot:*

*Though sore my need of what the guilty pray for;* *HARD-*  
*My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,* *NESS OF*  
*And, like a man to double bus'ness bound,* *HEART.*

*I stand in pause, where I shall first begin,*

*And both neglect.* — \**What if this cursed band*

*Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?*

*Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns*

*To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,*

*But to confront the visage of offence?*

*And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,*

*To be fore-stall'd, e'er yet we come to fall,*

*Or pardon'd, being down?* — Then I'll look up.

*My fault is past.* — || *But oh! what form of pray'r* || *GUILT.*

*Can serve my turn?* — + “*Forgive me my foul* + *DEPR.*

“*murder!*”

*That cannot be, since I am still possest*

## LESSONS.

Of those effects, for which I did the murder ;  
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world,  
 Offence's gilded hand may shew by justice ;  
 Nay, oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself

\*TERR. Buys out the law. \*But 'tis not so above :  
 There is no ~~shuffling~~ : There the action lies  
 In his true nature ; we ourselves compell'd,  
 Ev'n to the tooth and forehead of our faults,

†ANX. To give in evidence — +What then? — What

Hope, Try what repentance can. — What can it not? —

OBDUR. Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

DESP. Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!  
 Oh limed soul! that struggling to be free,

ANGU. Art more engag'd! § Help, Angels! Make assay,  
 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

HOPES. All may be well.

[The king kneels, and, by his looks and gestures,  
 expresses great agony and horror ; but no pe-  
 nitential melting of heart ; after continuing a  
 short time in that posture, he rises in despair,  
 and speaks the following.]

DESP. My words fly up — My thoughts remain below —  
 Words without thoughts never to Heav'n go.

## LX.

**REPROACHING.** EXCITING to Self-defence.

The Speech of T. Q. Capitolinus to the Roman people, when the *Aequi* and *Volsci*, taking the advantage of the animosities then prevailing between the patricians and plebeians, joined their forces, and, after plundering the Roman territories, advanced, in a hostile manner, to the very walls of the city. [T. LIV. Hist. Rom.]

**T**HOUGH I am not conscious to myself, VEXATION.  
to Romans, of any offence I have committed against my countrey; it is with confusion, that I address you thus publicly on such an occasion. For what can be imagined more shameful, than that it should be known to the world—that it should be known to ourselves!—and must be handed down to posterity—that in the fourth consulship of Titus Quintius Capitolinus, the *Aequi* and *Volsci*, so lately found scarce a match for the *Hernici*, advanced, in arms—uninterrupted, and unpunished—to the very walls of *Rome*! Had I imagined, that such a disgrace, as this, would have come upon my countrey in the year of my fourth consulship (though our affairs h<sup>t</sup> to late gone in such a way, that every thing <sup>c</sup> to be feared)

feared) I would have avoided the consular honour— \*the shame rather— by banishment, or even by death. How much more desirable to have died in my third consulship, than to live to see the dishonours, which the times are like to bring upon us. But whom does the insolence of so contemptible an enemy disgrace? Is it us, the consuls? Or is it you, Romans? If the fault be in us; take from us that authority, we are so unworthy to enjoy. And if that be not enough, inflict on us the punishment we have deserv'd, || If it is owing to you, my countreymen, that the enemy have thus dared to insult us, § all I beg of the gods is, that they will forgive you; † and I wish no other punishment to come upon you, than repentance for your misconduct. + Our enemies have not presumed upon any want of bravery in you, Romans; nor upon any imagined superiority in themselves. They know both you, and themselves too well. They have not forgot how often they have been routed in battle, how often put to shameful flight, deprived of their lands, and even made to pass under the yoke, by the Romans. It is the fatal dissension between the patricians and plebeians, that gives courage to the enemies of the Roman name. Our quarrels amongst ourselves are the poison of our state. While you are dissatisfied with the powers enjoyed by the patricians, and we are jealous of the plebeians; the enemy, seeing their time, have surprised us.

But

REMON.  
with  
VEXAT.

||KIND-  
NESS.

§ INTER-  
CESSON.  
† KIND.

+ COUR.

CON-  
TEMPT.

VEXAT.

But what (in the name of all the gods!) will REMON.  
satisfy you. You demanded plebeian tribunes. For the sake of peace, we, patricians, consented. You then called for decemviri. We agreed, that the decemvirial power should be established. You were quickly tired of this form of government. We obliged the decemviri to abdicate. Your resentment pursuing them even to their retirement, we gave our consent to the exile and death of some of GRIEF. the first men of Rome for birth and merit. Then REMON. you insisted, that the tribunitial authority should be re-established. You did accordingly re-establish it. We bore with the innovation of conferring the consular power upon men of plebeian rank, though we saw how injurious it was to our own. We bore patiently, and do still bear, with the tribunitial power; with the right of appeal to the people; with the obligation upon the patricians to submit to the popular decrees; and with the alienation of our peculiar rights and privileges, under pretence of equalising the different ranks, and reducing things to order in the commonwealth. But, my countrymen, when will you put an end to these wranglings? When shall this unhappy state be united? When shall we look upon Rome as our common country? We, of the patrician rank, though losers, are more disposed to peace, than you, who have gained all your ends. Is it not enough, that you have made yourselves formidable to your superiors? Now you assemble, in a seditious

**Rous.** tious manner, on the Mount Aventine; then on the Mons Sacer; and against us your vengeance is always directed. You were in no haste to prevent the enemy from seizing on the Esquiline, or from mounting our works. It is only against the patricians, that you dare to shew your valour. Go on, then, if you are so determined; and when you have surrounded the senate-house, made the forum dangerous for any of patrician rank to be seen in, and got the prisons filled with persons of the first eminence; keep up the same heroic spirit, you shew against your own countrymen; sally out at the Esquiline gate, and repulse the enemy. Or if your valour is not sufficient to enable you to do this, at least shew, that you have the heroism to view from the walls, your lands wasted by fire and sword, and plundered by the irresistible army of the *Aequi* and *Volsci*.

**REMON.** Will any one pretend to answer to this, that it is only the public that suffers by the inroads of the enemy, and that the main of the loss will be only that of a little national honour? Were that the case, what Roman could think of it with patience? But, besides the loss of our honour, what effect, do you think, these ravages will have upon private property? Do you expect anything else, than that every individual of you should quickly have accounts of what he himself has lost? And how are those losses to be made up? Will your darling tribunes make good the damages? They will be active

tive enough in inflaming you with their speeches; they will commence suits against the principal men in the state; they will gather seditious assemblies, and multiply laws on laws, and decrees on decrees. But which of you, my countrymen, has gained any thing by such proceedings? Has any Roman carried home to his family, from those tumultuous meetings, any thing, but bated quarrels, and mischiefs, public and private? The case was, in former happier times, very different, when you submitted to the rightful authority of the consuls, and were not, as now, the dupes of your tribunes; when you exerted yourselves in the field of battle, not in the forum; when your shouts of courage struck terror into your enemies; not your seditious clamours into your countrymen. Then you used to return home enriched with spoils, and adorned with trophies: instead of which you now ingloriously suffer the enemy — and that enemy a contemptible one — to go off unmolested, and loaded with your substance. But go on with your seditious assemblies, as long as you can. The time is approaching, when you will find yourselves obliged to quit them, though so agreeable to you, and to betake yourselves to what you have the greatest reluctance to, I mean your arms. You thought it a mighty hardship to be obliged to march against the Aequi and Volsci. They have spared you that trouble. They are now at your gates. And if you don't drive them

REMON.

REGRET.

RE-  
PROACH.

REMON.

ALARM.

RE-  
PROACH.

ALARM.

**REGR.** them from thence, they will soon be in the city, in the capitol, and in your houses. Two years ago, an order was given by authority of the senate, that levies should be made, and that the army should march. Instead of executing this salutary order, we have been loitering at home, unemployed, except in wrangling; forgetful, while our peace was undisturbed from abroad, that this long indolence would probably be the very cause of troubles coming upon us from various quarters at once.

**PROF.** I know full well, my countrymen, that there are many subjects more agreeable to you than those I have now spoken to you upon. But the necessity of the times obliges me (if I were less inclined of myself) to lay truth before you, rather than to tickle your ears. I wish, I could humour your inclinations: but I had rather secure your safety, than gain your good-will. It is commonly observed, that those who address the public from selfish views, are more acceptable, than those, whose sole disinterested aim is the general advantage. And I think you can hardly imagine, that those flatterers of the plebeians, who neither suffer you to rest in peace, nor in war, mean your good by continually exciting you to tumult and sedition. When they work you up to discontent and rage, they are sure to gain their avaritious or their ambitious ends. And, as in times of peace they find themselves to be of no consequence, rather

than be undistinguished, they set themselves to promote mischief.

If you are at last, (as I am sure you have reason to be) sick of such absurd and ruinous proceedings, and have a mind to resume your own characters, and to act agreeably to that of your ancestors; I am myself ready now to head you, and am willing to undergo any penalty, if I do not, in a few days, force these plunderers of our lands to abandon their camp, and if I do not carry the terror of war, which now alarms you, from our gates, to those of the enemy.

EXCIT.

SELF-DE-FENCE.

COVR.

## LXI.

## DOUBTING. VEXATION. SERIOUS REFLEXION.

Hamlet's soliloquy upon his finding, that the king his father was murdered by his uncle; in which he considers of the consequence of putting an end to a burdensome life. [Shakesp. HAMLET.]

Ham. **T**O be,— or not to be,— that is the question—

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The

"To be,— or not to be,—," The thought, at length, would run thus, "Is death the total destruction of consciousness?

"Or

## LESSONS.

COUR.

• DEEP  
THO'T-  
FULNESS.  
VEXAT.§ THO'T.  
+ APPRE-  
HENS.VEXA-  
TION.

ANGU.

§ MEEK.

|| AVERS.

† COUR.

COMPL.

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
 Or to take arms against a host of troubles,  
 And by opposing, end them.— \*But to die—  
 To sleep— No more— \*And by a sleep to end  
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks,  
 That flesh is heir to— 'Tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd.— To die— To sleep—  
 To sleep— +Perchance to dream— A startling  
 thought—

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of love despis'd, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns,

That patient § merit of the unworthy || takes;  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? † Who would bend to earth,  
 And groan and sweat under a weary life?

But

\* Or do the dead still continue to think and act, though in a  
 " different manner from that of the present state?" The  
 thought in the second line is different, viz. " Whether is it  
 " truly heroic to put an end to life, when it becomes irksome?"

\* "—But to die— To sleep— No more." The pauses must  
 be equal. The sense, at length being, " Is dying only  
 " falling asleep, and nothing else?"

" Devoutly to be wish'd." To be spoken with the eyes  
 raised earnestly to heaven. See Veneration, p. 20.

## LESSONS.

423

FEAR.

But that the dread of something after death,  
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn<sup>e</sup>  
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others, which we know not yet?  
Thus conscience makes cowards of us all:  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought,  
And enterprizes of great strength and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn away,  
And lose the name of action.

TART

ATM

COT

ATM

GRD

ATM

MOS

ATM

ATM

## LXII.

EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING.

Ghosts of various characters press to be admitted into Charon's boat. Are repulsed by him and Mercury, on account of their coming loaded with their vices, follies, and wrong attachments. [Lucian. DIAL. MORT. CHART. MERC. &c.]

Charon. LOOK you, gentlemen and ladies, CHIDING.  
this will never do. My boat is but small; and old, and leaky into the bargain; so that, if it be either in the least over-loaded, or not exactly trimmed,

BORE — "whose bourn<sup>e</sup>." That is, border, or coast.

**THREATENING.**

2d Ghost. *Trimmed*, you will be among the Stygian frogs presently, every single ghost of you. You come pushing and crowding in such shoals, and I know not how much luggage along with you, that you are like to repent of your being in such a burry, at least those of you, who cannot swim.

**INTR.**

1st Ghost. But you don't consider, Mr. Ferryman, how much we are tired of dodging about here, where we have neither house nor home, where there is nothing but mud, in which we sink over shoes, over boots, nor so much as a tree to hang a dog upon. *Pray, good Charon, push us over as fast as you can.*

**CHID.**

Char. What a plague ails the brainless ghost? Would you have me do impossibilities? Do, Mercury, bear a hand a little. Push them back. Don't let above one come into the boat at a time; that you may examine them ghost by ghost, and make them strip, and leave their luggage, before they set a foot in the boat.

**FROM.**

Merc. Ay, ay, I'll take care of that, Charon.

**REFUS.**

—Hold. Who are you?

**SUBM.**

2d Ghost. My name is Menippus, by trade a cynic philosopher. And to shew you how willing I am to be conformable, look you there, away go my wallet and my staff into the Styx. And as for my cloke, I did not bring it with me.

**APP.**

Merc. That's my honest cynic. Come into the boat, Menippus. Here is a ghost of sense for you.

you. Go, go forward by the helm, where you may have good sitting, and may see all the passengers.—Your servant, Madam. Who may you be, if a man, I mean, if a god may be so bold?

3d Ghost. Sir, I am the celebrated beauty, who rated my favours so high, as to receive a talent for a kiss. It is true, a certain philosopher did grudge my price, saying, he had no notion of paying an exorbitant sum for so unpleasant a bargain as repentance. But my comfort is, that it was a poor, old fellow, and a philosopher, that made this clownish speech, so different from what I was used to.

Merc. Look you, Madam, this country is not famous for gallantry. And, as you will make nothing of your beauty, where you are going, I must desire you to leave it all behind, or you don't set a foot in the Stygian ferry-boat.

3d Ghost. Pray, Sir, excuse me. Why must one be ugly, because one is dead?

Merc. Come, come, Madam, off with your whole apparatus of temptation, if you mean to cross the Stygian pool. You must not only lay aside the paint on your cheeks, but the cheeks themselves. You must throw off not only the gorgeous attire of your head, but the hair, and the very skin, to the bare skull. So far from granting you a passage with all your finery about you; we shall expect you to strip off both skin and flesh to the very bones. So, Mrs. Beauty, if

Q

you

AFFECT.

BEAUT.

REFUS.

CON-  
TEMPT.

REFUS.

INSIST.  
with  
BLAME  
and  
SNEER.

you please to step aside, and *dispose* of your tackle, and present yourself by and by, in the plain dress of a *skeleton*, we shall perhaps carry you over the water.

VEXAT.

3d Ghost. It is *deadly bard*; and—

INSIST.

Merc. *This is our way, Madam—|| Stop—*  
who are you? You seem to brush forward, as  
who should say, “I am no small fool.”

REFUS.

4th Ghost. Why, Sir, I am *no less person*, than  
*Lampicbus the tyrant.*

SNEER.

Merc. *Pray, good Mr. Lampicbus the tyrant,*  
where do you intend to stow all that luggage?

REFUS.

4th Ghost. Consider, Mercury, it is not proper  
that a *king* should travel without his *conveniences*  
about him.

REFUS.

Merc. Whatever may be proper for you in  
quality of a *king*, you must allow *me* to deter-  
mine of the necessaries of life requisite for you  
in quality of a *ghost*. I shall therefore desire, that  
your *tyrants*hip will be pleased to leave your  
*bags of gold*, your *pride*, and your *cruelty*, behind.  
For, if you were to go into our *poor crazy wherry*  
with them, you would *sink* it, if there were *no*  
*passenger* but *yourself*.

INSIST.

4th Ghost. *Pray, good Mercury*, let me carry  
my *diadem*<sup>\*</sup>. It is not much heavier than an old-  
fashioned *wedding ring*. How will the *ghosts*  
know,

BLAME.

APPRE-

HENS.

\* Diadems are thought to have been only a sort of ring to go round the head, like a wreath.

know, that I am a *king*, without something of a *royal ensign* about me?

Merc. There is no difference, where you are REFUS. going, between a *king*, and a *cobbler*, unless the *cobbler* has been the *better man*, which happens commonly enough.—But who are you, with your QUEST. *rosy gills*, and your *round paunch*?

5th Ghost. I am only a *harmless good-natured* INTR. fellow, known by the name of *Damasias*, the *parasite*. You see I am *naked*. I hope, therefore, you will let me into the *boat*.

Merc. I like such *naked* passengers as you. REFUS. Pray, do you think, you can cross the *Styx* with such a load of *flesh* about you? \*One of your legs APPRE- HENS. would *sink* the *boat*.

5th Ghost. What, must I put off my very VEXAT. *flesh*?

Merc. Yes, surely. INSIST.

5th Ghost. If I must, I must. \*Now then, VEXAT. \*INTR. let me come.

Merc. Hold. What have you got under REFUS. your arm?

5th Ghost. It is only a little book of *com-* INTR. *pliments and poems*, in praise of *great folks*, which I have *writ out*, and keep *ready* by me, to put *any name* at the head of them, as *occasion offers*, you know.

Merc. You *filly fellow*! Do you think you CONT. QUEST. will have occasion for *panegyricks* on the *other side* of the *Styx*?

**DISAP.** 5th Ghost. *What, are there no great folks there?*

**CONT.** Merc. Why, you simpleton, don't you know, that those, who were greatest in t'other world, are meanest in that you are going to? Besides, there are neither places nor pensions to give there.—

**QUEST.** *Who are you, pray?*

**CHID.-THI.  
BOAST.** 6th Ghost. A conqueror. I am the famous—

**RESOL.** Merc. You shan't conquer me, I can tell you, Mr. Famous; and, therefore, if you don't throw your sword, and your spear, and all these trophies, into the Styx, you shan't set a foot in the boat.

**VEXAT.** 6th Ghost. What, must not my immortal honours accompany me? If I had not thought of enjoying them in the other world, I had not taken the pains I did about them.

**TREAT-  
ENING.** Merc. You will see presently what honours judge Minos will confer on you for ravaging mankind, and deluging the world with blood.—Stop, *Who are you?*

**QUEST.** 7th Ghost. Sir, I am an universal genius.

**AFFEC.** Merc. + That is to say, in plain English, a *Jack of all trades, and good at none.*

**LEARN.** 7th Ghost. Why, Sir, I have writ upon all manner of subjects. I have published ten volumes in folio, sixteen quarto's, thirty-five octavo's, nineteen volumes in twelves, and twenty-two pamphlets. I am a standard-author in astronomy, in natural bi-

*story,*

story, in physic, in criticism, in history, in epic,  
tragic, and comic poetry, in metaphysics, in grammar, in —

Merc. Plague on thy everlasting tongue; is it **CONT.**  
never to lie still any more. What mountain of a **QUEST.**  
**folio** is that, thou hast got under thy arm?

7th Ghost. Sir, it is only my **common-place** **INTR.**  
**book.**

Merc. Well, if you will go and **dispose** **of** **it,** **CONT.**  
and of your learned pride, and your scurrility to  
all your cotemporary authors, and of your arrogance  
in pretending to be master of so many different sub-  
jects, and of your ostentation in giving yourself so  
many silly airs of learning needlessly; and come  
back in the dress and disposition of a modest well-  
behaved skeleton, we shall think of giving you your  
**passage** — Now, who are you?

8th Ghost. Sir, I am worth a plumb, as I can  
shew you by my *Ledger*. **Look** **you** **here.**

"**BALLANCE** *Dr.* **Per** *Con.* **Cr.**"

Merc. What, in the name of *Plutus*, has the  
silly ghost got in his pericranium? Dost think,  
friend, that there is cheating, and usury, and stock-  
jobbing, in the lower regions? Stand out of the  
way.—Who are you?

9th Ghost. Sir, I am a gentleman, rat me.

Merc. Ay, there's little doubt of your rotting, **CONT.**  
now you are dead. You was half-rotten before  
you died.

**Q** 3

9th Ghost.

13th Ghost

\* The God of riches.

FOPPERY.

BOAST.

9th Ghost. Sir, I have been the happiest of all mortals in the favour of the ladies, *split me*. The tender creatures could refuse me nothing. I conquered wherever I tried, *slap my vitals*.

CHIDING.

Merc. I cannot but admire your impudence to tell me a lie. Don't you know, sirrah, that Mercury is a god? No lady, whose favours were worth having, ever cared a farthing for you, or any pig-tail'd puppy of your sort. Therefore let me have none of your nonsense; but go and throw your snuff-box, your monkey airs, your rat m's, and your *split me's*, your pretensions to favours you never received, your foolish brains, and your chattering tongue; throw them all into the Styx, and then we shall perhaps talk to you.

BOAST.

with  
INTR.

AFFEC.

with  
INTR.

AFFEC.

of

PIETY.

SELF-

VINDICA-

TION.

10th Ghost. I am an emperor, and could bring three hundred thousand men into the field, and—

11th Ghost. I am a female conqueror, and have had princes at my feet. My beauty has been always thought irresistible, nor has—

12th Ghost. I am a venerable priest of the temple of Apollo, and you know, Mercury, whether the report of the Delphic oracle's being only a contrivance among us, be not a malicious fiction; and whether the priests in all ages, and in all places, have not been, and will not always be, eminent for their artless, undesigning simplicity, their contempt of riches, their honest opposition to the vices of the great, and their zeal in promoting truth and liberty of conscience, and—

13th Ghost,

13th Ghost. I have the honour to tell you, Sir, FAWN.  
I am the darling of the greatest prince on earth. I  
have kept in favour five and twenty years in spite  
of the hatred of a whole nation, and the arts of  
hundreds of rivals. There is not, I will take upon  
me to say, Sir, a fetch in politics, nor a contrivance  
for worming in, and screwing out, that I am not  
master of. I had, I assure you, Sir, (a word in WHISP.  
your ear) I had my king as much at my command  
as a shepherd has his dog. Sir, I shall be proud to  
serve you, Sir, if you—

14th Ghost. I presume, illustrious, Sir, you STIFF  
AFFEC.  
won't binder me of my passage, when I inform  
you, I only want to carry with me a few nostrums,  
a little physical Latin, and a small collection of  
learned phrases for expressing common things more  
magnificently, which if they were put into a vernacular  
tongue, would be too easily understood.  
Besides, I have, I believe—

15th Ghost. Great god of eloquence, you will AFFEC.  
with  
WHEED.  
BOAST.  
not, I am persuaded, stop a famous lawyer and  
orator. I am master of every trope and figure that  
ever was heard of. I can make any cause good.  
By the time I have talked half an hour, there is  
not a judge on the bench, that knows which side  
the right is on, or whether there be any right on  
either side. And then, for brow-beating, and  
finding useful and seasonable demurs, quirks, and  
the like, I dare challenge—

Q 4

16th Ghost.

HYPNAT.  
and  
FAWN.

16th Ghost. Mercury, I do intreat you to let me come into the boat. I am sure, judge Minos will pass a very favourable sentence on me. For it is well known, that no body ever was a more exact observer of the religious ceremonics appointed by authority, and established by custom, than myself. And what was alledged against me, of my being given to censoriousness, pride, and private sins, is all false — almost — and —

CONFID.

17th Ghost. I am sure, Mercury, I shall be very well received by judge Minos; judge Rhadamanthus; and judge Eacus. For I never did harm to any body; but was always ready to do any kindness in my power. And there is nothing can be alledged against me, worth naming. For it is not true, that I believed neither god, nor future state. I was no atheist, as has been alledged, but only a free-thinker.

INTR.

PITY.

18th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let a brave soldier come into the boat. See what a stab in my back I died of.

19th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, don't keep out an industrious citizen, who died of living too frugally.

20th Ghost. Pray, Mercury, let an honest farmer pass, who was knocked on the head for not selling corn to the poor for a song.

IMPATI-  
ENCE.

Merc. Hoity, toity! What have we got? Why don't you all bawl together? Now, in the name of the three Furies, Aleæto, Tysiphone, and Megara,

of

of the *Vejoves*, the *Numina lœva*, and all the *Robigus's* and *Averruncus's* that stand on *Aulus Gellius's* list of mischievous deities, what must we do, Charon?

Char. *Puff them away. Puff them into the ANGER.*

Styx. There is not one of them fit to be carried over. One comes loaded with pride of beauty and lust, another with arrogance and cruelty, another with falsehood and flattery, another with love of fame, and desire of boundless dominion, another with false learning, another with learned pride, another with spiritual pride and hypocrisy, another with avarice and churlishness, another with soppiness and false pretensions to ladies favours, another with political craft, bribery and corruption, another with law quirks, another with quackish nostrums, and another with priestcraft; and they expect, that my poor little old half-rotten woberry should carry them and all their nasty luggage over at one lift. Why Mercury, it would require such a vessel, as those they will build at the island of Albion, two thousand years hence, which will be called first rate men of war, to carry such a cargo. Therefore we must even put off, with this half dozen of passengers, and, perhaps, by the time we come back, some of them will be stripped to the buff, I mean to the bones, and dismembered of their respective appartenances, so as to be fit for the voyage.

Merc. We have nothing else for it, Charon. *Again.* Therefore, gentlemen and ladies, if you won't clear away, hold on to your hats, and for the

the

## LESSONS.

THREA.  
COMM.

the way, I must be rude to you. Fall back, fall back. I have not room to push the boat off—

DOUBT.

[Standing a tiptoe, and looking as at a distant object] O—Methinks I see a couple of modest-

INVIT.

looking ghosts whom I should know, standing at a distance. Ay, ay, it is the same. Hark ye, you

APPRO-  
BATION.

good people, come this way. You seem to have shaken off all your useless lumber. I remember you.

KINDN.

You lived in a little cottage on the side of a hill in the *Cibersonesus Cimbrica*. You were always good, honest, contented creatures.

Char. Take them in, Mercury. They are worth an hundred of your cumbrous emperors, conquerors, beauties, and literati. Come, let us push off.

## LXIII.

**ACCUSATION,**

**From Cicero's ORATION against Verres, entitled**

**DIVINATIO.**

APOLO-  
GY.

HAVING formerly had the honour of being quæstor in Sicily, and leaving that people with such grateful impressions of me on account of my behaviour, while I was among them, as, I hope, will not soon be effaced, it appeared, that, as they had great dependence upon their former patrons for the security of their properties, they

## LESSONS. 235

they likewise reposed some degree of confidence in me. Those unhappy people being plundered and oppressed, have made frequent and public applications to me, intreating, that I would undertake the defence of them, and their fortunes; which, they told me, they were encouraged to request of me, by promises I had given them (of the sincerity of which they had had several substantial proofs) PROM. that if ever they should have occasion for my friendship, I would not be wanting in any respect, in which I could be useful to them. The time was now INT. come, they told me, when they had but too much occasion to claim my promise; for that they were now in want of protection, not for their property only, but even for their lives, and for securing the very being of the province. That for three ACCUS. years they had suffered, by the injustice of Caius Verres, every hardship, with which daring impiety, rapacious insolence, and wanton cruelty could distress a miserable and helpless people. It gave me no VEXAT. small concern, to find myself obliged either to falsify my promise to those, who had reposed a confidence in me, or to undertake the ungrateful part of an accuser, instead of that which I have always chosen, I mean of a defender. I referred them to the patronage of Quintus Cæcilius, who succeeded me in the questorship of the province. I DECLIN. was in hopes, I should thus get free of the disagreeable office, they had solicited me to engage in. VEXAT. But to my great disappointment, they told me, so far

Accus. far from their having any *hope* from *Cecilius*,  
their distresses had been heightened by him; and  
that he had, by his conduct, during his *questorship*,  
made their application to me more necessary, than,  
*otherwise*, it would have been. You see, therefore,  
APOL. Fathers, that I am drawn to engage in this cause  
by *duty*, *fidelity*, and *commiseration* for the distressed;  
and that, though I may seem to take the *accusing*  
side, it is, in fact, the *defence* of the oppressed;  
that I undertake, the defence of many thousands,  
of many great cities, of a whole province. And  
indeed, though the cause were of less consequence  
than it is, though the Sicilians had not requested  
my assistance; and though I had not been by my  
promise, and my connivance with that unfortunate  
people, obliged to undertake their defence;  
though I had professedly commended this prosecu-  
tion with a view to the service of my country  
merely; that a man infamous for his *avarice*, *im-  
pudence*, and *villainy*, whose *rapaciousness*, and other  
crimes of various kinds, are notorious, not in Sicily  
only, but in *Aetaria*, *Asia Minor*, *Cilicia*, *Pam-  
phylia*, and even here at *Rome*; that such a man  
might, at my instance, be brought upon his trial,  
and receive the punishment he deserves; though I  
had had no other view in this prosecution, than  
that justice should be done upon a cruel oppressor,  
and the distressed be delivered; what Roman could  
have blamed my proceeding? How could I do a  
more valuable service to the commonwealth? What  
ought

ought to be more acceptable to the *Roman people*, to our allies, or to foreign nations? What more desirable towards securing the properties, privileges, and lives of mankind, than exemplary justice, inflicted on notorious abusers of power? Deplorable <sup>Pittus</sup> is the situation of the tributary states and provinces of the commonwealth. Oppressed, plundered, ruined, by those who are set over them, they do not now presume to hope for deliverance. All they desire, is a little alleviation of their distresses. They are willing to submit their cause to the justice of a *Roman senate*. But they, who ought to undertake their vindication, are their enemies. They, who ought to commence the prosecution against their oppressors, deserve, themselves, to be brought upon their trial for their own mal-administration.

Accus.

It is sufficiently known to you, Fathers, that the law for recovery of tributes unjustly seized, was intended expressly for the advantage of the allied, and tributary states. For in cases of injustice done by one citizen to another, redress is to be had by action at common law. The present cause is, therefore, to be tried by the law of recovery. And, under the umbrage of that law, and in hopes of redress by it, the province of Sicily, with one voice, accuses *Verres* of plundering her of her gold and silver, of the riches of her towns, her cities, and temples, and of all she enjoyed under the protection of the *Roman commonwealth*, to the value of many millions, &c.

TACIT.  
or  
EXPL.

Accus.

From

## From his other Orations against Verres.

TEACH.  
or  
EXPL.

AWE.  
INFLU.

ACCUS.

APOL.

EXCIT.

The time is come, Fathers; when that which has long been *wished for*, towards allaying the *envy*, your order has been *subject to*, and removing the *imputations* against trials, is (*not by human contrivance, but superior direction*) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both *dangerous to you*, and *pernicious to the state*, viz. That, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always *safe*, however *clearly convicted*. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the *confusion*, I hope, of the propagators of this *slanderous imputation*, one, whose *life* and *actions* condemn him in the opinion of all *impartial persons*; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependance upon his *riches*, is already *acquitted*; I mean *Caius Verres*. I have undertaken this prosecution, Fathers, at the *general desire*, and with the *great expectation* of the *Roman people*, not that I might draw *envy* upon that *illustrious order*, of which the *accused* happens to be; but with the *direct design* of *clearing your justice* and *impartiality* before the *world*. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose *conduct* has been *such*, that, in passing a *just sentence* upon him, you will have an opportunity of *re-establish-*

MORI

ing

ing the credit of such trials ; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favour of the Roman people ; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand INSIST. justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the Accus. public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphyllia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him, which his crimes DESERVE, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. To make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal, nor a prosecutor ; but justice, and adequate punishment. And, to confess the APPRE- very truth, Fathers, though various snares have HENS. been laid for me, by sea and land, by Verres, which I have partly avoided by my own vigilance, partly baffled with the help of my friends ; I have never been so apprehensive of danger from him, as now. Nor does my anxiety about my own insufficiency for conducting such a trial, nor the awe, with which so great a concourse of people strikes me, alarm my apprehensions so much, as the wicked arts and designs, which I know he has framed, against Marcus Glabrio the prætor, against the allied and tributary states, against the whole senatorial rank, and against myself. For he makes no Accus. scruple publicly to declare, " That in his opinion, " they

CONT.

ACCUS.

Is *they* alone have reason to fear being called to account, who have only amassed what is sufficient for themselves. That, for his part, he has prudently taken care to secure what will be sufficient for himself and many others besides. That he knows there is nothing so sacred, but it may be made free with, nothing so well secured, but it may be come at by a proper application of money." It is true, we are so far obliged to him, that he joins with his daring wickedness, such bare-faced folly, that it must be our own egregious and inexcusable fault, if we are deceived by him. For, as those acts of violence, by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were done openly, so have his attempts to pervert judgment, and escape due punishment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was, when he found the prosecution commenced against him by me; lest he should not have time enough to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whose whole life has been a continued series of the most atrocious crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employments he held, what does it exhibit, but one

continued

continued scene of villainies ; Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer ; a consul stripped and betrayed ; an army deserted and reduced to want ; a province robbed ; the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries ; in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. There he acted over again the scene of his quaestorship, bringing, by his bad practices, Cneius Dolabella, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him ; not only deserting, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home ? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge ? Let those, who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his praetorship in Sicily, crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy countrey, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of praetors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition, in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the

## LESSONS.

Accus.

Roman scupto, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either escaped the rapaciousness, or been neglected by the satiety of that universal plunderer. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The antient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such, as decency forbids to describe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain,

pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one, who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.

Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome;" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier, and more severe punishment upon them.

DEPRE-  
CATION.  
ACCUS.

I ask, now, Verres, what you have to advance CHALL. against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked *prætor*, who dared, at no greater distance, than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, *Publius Gavius Cosanus*, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared

REMON.

ACCUS.

PITY.

## LESSONS.

**Accus.** his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man arrested, as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked praetor.

**Accus.** With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain, that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty praetor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, \* "I am a Roman citizen." With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

**LAMEN.** O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate,

**PITY.**

**DEPRECATION.**

**HORROR.**

**EXCIT.** to ~~excite~~

**VINDIC.**

*magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?*

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

## R. 3 LXIV.

## LESSONS.

## LXIV.

TERROR. DISCOVERY of secret Wickedness.

The ghost of Hamlet king of Denmark, murdered by his brother, in concert with his queen, appears to Hamlet his son. [Shakesp. HAMLET.]

ALARM.

START.

TREMB.

Horatio. LOOK, my lord, it comes!

Hamlet. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us! —

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;  
Bring with thee airs from Heav'n, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable<sup>1</sup> shape,  
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

King.

\* Hamlet, standing in conversation with Horatio and Marcellus, is supposed to be turned from the place where the ghost appears, and is seen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word, that the ghost appears, Hamlet turns hastily round toward it in great consternation, and expresses his fear in the first line, "Angels and ministers, &c." Then, after a long pause, looking earnestly at the spectre, he goes on, "Be thou a spirit," &c. See Fear, p. 17.

<sup>1</sup> Questionable, means inviting question. The ghost appeared in a shape so interesting to the young prince, viz. That of his father, that he could not help venturing to speak to it, though with great reluctance from fear.

# LESSONS.

247.

EARN.

*King, Father, Royal Dane! O answer me,  
Why thy bones, bears'd in canonized earth,  
Have burst their carments<sup>\*</sup>? why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath op'd his pond'rous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee forth again? What may this mean,  
That thy dead corse again in warlike steel  
Revists thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night bideous?*

*Say, why is this? What wouldst thou have done for QUEST.  
thee?*

*Ghost. <sup>b</sup>I am thy father's spirit, to earth HORROR:  
return'd*

*Foul murder to disclose— Lift then, O Hamlet!—  
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden,  
A serpent stung me. So the ear of Denmark  
Is, by a forged process of my death,  
Groily abused. But know, thou princely youth,  
The serpent, that did sting thy father dead,  
Now wears his crown. Sleeping within an alcove,  
On my security thy uncle stole  
With juice of cursed hebenon distill'd,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The lep'rous poison, whose contagious nature*

COMPL.  
of  
INJURY,

R 4

Holds

\* Carments are the medicated swathings put about a dead body, to preserve it longer from putrefaction; from *cera*, wax.

<sup>b</sup>The speech of the ghost to be spoken without action, very slow and solemn, with little variation of voice, and in a hollow dreary tone.

## LESSONS.

Holds such an enmity with the life of man,  
 That with a sudden vigour it doth curdle  
 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,  
 And instantly a tetter bark'd about,  
 Most lazarike, with vile and loathsome crust,  
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft,  
 Cut off ev'n in the blossom of my sins ;  
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account,  
 With all my imperfections on my head.

**Excit.** If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

**Avers.** A couch for filthiness, and beastly incest,  
 But howsoever thou pursu'st redress,

**Caut.** Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
 Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heav'n,  
 And to those thorns, that in her bosom lodge,  
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once.  
 The glow-worm shews the morning to be near ;  
 His ineffectual fire begins to pale.

**Answ.** Farewel. Remember me.

## LXV.

## EXHORTATION. REPROACHING.

The Athenians, being unsuccessful in the war against Philip of Macedon, assembled, in great dejection, in order to consult what measures were to be taken to retrieve their seemingly desperate affairs. Demosthenes endeavours to encourage them, by shewing them, that there was nothing to fear from Philip, if they prosecuted the war in a proper manner. [Demost. PHILIP. ORAT.]

## ATHENIANS!

HAD this assembly been called together on APOL. *an unusual occasion*, I should have waited to hear the opinions of *others*, before I had offered my *own*; and if what *they proposed* had seemed to me *judicious*, I should have been *silent*; if *otherwise*, I should have given my *reasons for SUBMIS.* differing from those, who had spoken *before me*. But as the subject of our present deliberations APOL. has been *often treated by others*, I hope I shall be excused, though I rise up *first* to offer my opinion. Had the schemes, *formerly proposed*, been *successful*, there had been *no occasion for the present consultation.*

First,

## LESSONS.

EXCIT.

First, then, my countrymen, let me intreat you not to look upon the state of our affairs as *desperate*, though it be *unpromising*. For, as on one hand, to compare the *present* with times *past*, matters have indeed a very *gloomy aspect*; so, on the other, if we extend our views to *future times*, I have good hopes, that the *distresses*, we are now under, will prove of greater advantage to us, than if we had *never fallen* into them. If it be asked, what probability there is of this; I answer; I hope it will appear, that it is our *egregious misbehaviour alone*, that has brought us into these *disadvantageous circumstances*. From whence follows the necessity of *altering* our conduct, and the prospect of *bettering* our *circumstances* by doing so. If we had *nothing* to accuse ourselves of; and yet found our affairs in their *present disorderly condition*; we should not have room left even for the *hope* of recovering ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from others, how *gloriously* the *Lacedæmonian war* was *sustained*, in which we engaged in defence of our own rights, against an enemy powerful and *formidable*; in the *whole conduct* of which war *nothing* happened *unworthy* the *dignity* of the *Athenian state*; and this within these few years past. My intention, in recalling to your memory this part of our history is, To shew you, that you have no reason to fear any enemy, if your operations be *wisely*

CONCERN.

HOPE.

DOUBT.

REPR.

DIREC.

HOPE.

APPREHNS.

EXCIT.

COUR.

APPROBATION.

EXCIT.

wisely planned, and vigorously executed ; as, on the contrary, APPRE-  
that if you do not exert your natural strength in a proper manner, you have nothing to look for, but disappointment and distress ; and to suggest to you, that you ought to profit by this example of what has actually been done by good conduct against the great power of the Lacedæmonians, so as, in the present war to assert your superiority over the insolence of Philip ; which it is evident from experience, may be effected, if you resolve to attend diligently to those important objects, which you have, of late, shamefully neglected. The enemy has indeed gained considerable advantages, by treaty, as well as by conquest. For it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those, who, by their counsels and arms, seem likely to procure for themselves, and their confederates, distinguished honours and advantages. But, my countrymen, though you have, of late, been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly ; if you will even now, resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities, and circumstances ; the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army, and navy ; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, || with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and ¶ to inflict the just vengeance

APPRE-  
HENS.

EXCIT.

COUR.

REPR.

ENCOU.

REGN.

ENCOU.

EARN.

ENCOU.

|| REVER.

REPR.

COUR.

## LESSONS.

*vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal.*

EXCIT.

*He cannot, like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those, who hate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him.*

REPR.

*These, your inactivity, obliges, at present, to stifle their real sentiments,*

EXCIT.

*which are in your favour. (But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bewail yourselves of what is to be done?)*

APPE-  
NENS.

*When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you?*

ROUS.

*What think ye of the disgraces, which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity?*

SHAME.

*Or do ye wait for somewhat, yet to come, more forcible and urgent?) How long will you amuse yourselves with enquiring of one another, after news, as you ramble idly about the streets?*

ROUS.

*What news so strange ever came to Athens, as, That a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What, is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered, "but he is very ill?"*

CONT.

*How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you, whether Philip is sick, or well? Suppose he were dead. Your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead.*

CHID.

*For it is not his strength, that has made him what he is; but your indolence; which has, of late, been such, that you seem neither*

REPR.  
with  
CON-  
TEMPT.

ROUS.

SHAME.

CONT.

## LESSONS.

253

ther in a condition to take any advantage of the enemy, nor to keep it, if it were gained by others for you.

But what I have hitherto observed to your reproach, will be of no service toward retrieving the past miscarriages, unless I proceed to offer a plan for raising the necessary supplies of money, shipping, and men.

RECOL.

The orator then goes on to treat of ways and means. But that part of his speech being less entertaining, and his demands of men, money, and shipping, being pitiful, compared with the immense funds, and stupendous armaments, we are accustomed to, I leave it out. Afterwards he shews Philip's insolence by producing his letters to the Eubœans; and then makes remarks on them.

The present disgraceful state of your affairs, RECVR.  
my countrymen, as it appears from the insolent strain of the letters I have just read, may not, perhaps, be a very pleasing subject, for your reflexions. And if, by avoiding the mention of disagreeable circumstances, their existence could be prevented, or annihilated, there would be nothing to do, but to frame our speeches so, as to give the most pleasure to the bearers. But, if the unseasonable smoothness of a speech tends to lull a people into a fatal security, how shameful is such self-deceit!

RELUC.

APPRE-  
HENS.

## LESSONS.

REPR.

APPRE-  
HENS.

COUR.

CONT.

COUR.

REPR.  
with  
INDIGN.

ROUS.

SHAME.

CHID.

CONT.

APPRE-  
HENS.

deceit! How contemptible the weakness of putting off the evil day, and through fear of being shocked at the sight of what is disordered in our affairs, to suffer the disorder to increase to such a degree, as will soon be irretrievable! Wisdom, on the contrary, directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take. Superiority of genius shews itself by taking the start of others; as in marching to battle, it is the general, who leads, and the common soldiers, that follow. Whereas you, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages; but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear, that Philip is in the Cersonesus; you order troops to be sent thither. If at Pyle; forces are to be detached to secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general. But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being beforehand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time: but, in the critical circumstances, you are now in, utterly ruinous. However you might trifle, so long as things were in a tolerable state of safety, you will not, I hope, think of going on in the same

same way, now that the very being of the state is come to be *precarious*. I would willingly flatter myself with the hope, that things being come to a *crisis*, the hasty *strides* made by Philip toward the conquest of this *commonwealth*, will prove the means of *defeating* his *design*. Had he proceeded *deliberately* and *prudently*, you seem so disposed to *peace*, that I do not imagine, you would have troubled yourselves about his taking a few towns and provinces, but would have given him leave, without *molestation*, to affront your *standards* and *flags* at his pleasure. But now, that you see him making *rapid advances* toward your *capital*, perhaps you may at *last* be *alarmed*, if you be not *lost* to all sense of *prudence*, *honour*, or *safety*.

O *shame* to the *Athenian name*! We undertook *REVS.* this war against Philip, in order to obtain *redress* *SHAME.* of *grievances*, and to force him to *indemnify* us for the *injuries* he had done us. And we have conducted it so *successfully*, that we shall, by and by, think ourselves *happy*, if we escape being *defeated* *SARCASM.* and *ruined*. For, who can think, that a prince, of his *restless* and *ambitious temper*, will not improve the *opportunities* and *advantages* which our *indolence* and *timidity* present him? Will he give *REMON.* over his designs against us, without being obliged *ALARM.* to it? And who will oblige him? Who will restrain his *fury*? Shall we wait for *assistance* from some *unknown country*? In the name of all that is *sacred*, *SOL.* and *INTR.*

IN DESIGN.  
CHARGE  
WITH  
REPR.  
APPRE-  
HENS.

and all that is dear to us, let us make an attempt with what forces we can raise, if we should not be able to raise as many as we would wish. Let us do somewhat to curb this insolent tyrant of his pursuits. [Let us not trifle away the time in bearing the ineffectual wranglings of traitors, while the enemy is strengthening himself, and we are declining, and our allies growing more and more cold to our interest, and more apprehensive of the consequences of continuing on our side.]

## LXVI.

## Villainous SURMISING. JEALOUSY.

Iago artfully endeavours to excite Othello to jealousy against his innocent wife Desdemona, to be revenged on Othello for a supposed injury. [Shakesp. OTHEL.]

QUEST. Iago. DID Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

CRAFT. Know of your love?

INDIFF. Othello. He did from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

INSIN. Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,  
No farther harm.

DOUBT. Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

INSIN. Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.

Oth.

# LESSONS.

257

DECL.

SURMIS.

ANXIETY.]

Oth. O yes ; and went between us very often.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught from  
that ?

Is he not honest ?

Iag. Honest, my Lord ?

Oth. Honest ! ay, honest !

Iag. My Lord—for aught—for aught—

SURMIS.

ANX.

SURMIS.

I know.

Oth. What dost thou think of ?

ANX.

Iag. Think of, my Lord !

SURMIS.

Oth. Think of, my Lord ! Why dost thou  
echo me,

ANX.

As if there were some monster in thy thought

SUSP.

Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean some-  
thing.

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that ;  
When Cassio left my wife : What didst not like ?  
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,  
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, " In-  
" deed ! "

QUEST.

SUSP.

And didst contract and purse thy brows together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Shew me thy thought.

EARN.

Iag. My Lord, you know I love you.

FAWN.

Oth. I think thou dost.

SUSP.

And as I know, thou'rt full of honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words, before thou giv'st them  
breath,

S

Therefore

## LESSONS.

APPRE-  
HENS.

VIRGINIA.

EARN.

CHARG.

PRET.

RELUCT.

QUEST.

PRET.

RELUC.

CONT.

Conc.

CHARG.

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :  
 For such things in a false disloyal knave  
 Are tricks of custom ; but in a man, that's just,  
 They're distillations working from the heart,  
 Which passion cannot rule. Therefore I tell thee  
 Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
 If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his  
 ear

A stranger to thy thought.

Iago. I do beseech you,  
 From one, that so imperfectly conceits,  
 Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble  
 Out of my scattering and unsure observance.  
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,  
 To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean ?

Iag. Good name in man, or woman, dear my  
 Lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something —  
 nothing —

'Twas mine — 'tis his — it has been slave to thousands :

But he who filches from me my good name,  
 Robs me of that, which makes me not the  
 richer,

And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts.

2

Iag.

LESSONS.

259

Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your REFUS.  
band.

Beware, my Lord, beware of jealousy,  
That ghastly green-ey'd monster, which doth make CAUT.  
HORROR.  
The meat it feeds on. The injur'd husband's  
happy,

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his traitress :  
But, oh, what cruel minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves. ANGU.

Oth. O misery! [Aside.]

Iag. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich  
enough :

But wealth unbounded is as poor as winter,  
To him, who ever fears, he shall be poor.— PRET.  
SYMP.  
I doubt, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot ; not a jot. Farewell.  
If thou dost more perceive, let me know more. PRET.  
INDIFF.

[Exit Iago.]

Why did I marry ? This honest fellow, doubtless,  
Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.  
He knows all qualities, with a learned spirit  
Of human dealings<sup>1</sup>—Should I prove her faithless, ANGU.  
S 2 Tho'

<sup>1</sup> Iag. You cannot, &c.] That is " I hardly know, myself, what to think ; and yet I cannot help suspecting Cassio."

[—doth make the meat it feeds on.] That is, " Jealousy creates to itself, out of nothing, grounds of suspicion."

<sup>1</sup> He knows all qualities, &c.] That is, " He knows the characters of men and women, and is learned in human nature."

THERE. Tho' that her charms were bodied with my heart,  
I'd rend it into twain, to throw her from me.

## LXVII.

## COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Adherbal, son of Micipsa, king of Numidia, complaining to the Roman senate, and imploring assistance against the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipsa, with himself and Hiempal, which last Jugurtha had procured to be murdered. [Sal. BELL. JUGURTHIN.]

THE I  
EXPLAIN-  
ING.

SUBMIS.

**FATHERS,** IT is known to you, that king *Micipsa*, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to *Jugurtha*, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother *Hiempal*, and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us to consider the senate and people of *Rome*, as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth in peace and war; assuring us, that your protection would prove, to us, a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While

GRIEF.

TIBXII

SIGMIV

COMPL.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing, but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father;—*Jugurtha*,—the most *infamous* of *Mankind*! — breaking through all ties of *gratitude*, and of *common humanity*, and trampling on the authority of the *Roman commonwealth*, procured the *murder* of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my *throne*, and *native country*, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather *Massinissa*, and my father *Micipsa*, the *friendship* and *alliance* of the *Romans*.

For a prince to be reduced, by *villainy*, to my *distressful circumstances*, is *calamity* enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, That I find myself obliged to solicit your *assistance*, Fathers; for the *services* done you by my *ancestors*; not for any I have been able to render you in my *own person*. *Jugurtha* has put it out of my *power* to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be *burthensome*, before I could be *useful*, to you. And yet, if I had *no plea*, but my *undeserved misery*, who, from a *powerful prince*, the *descendant* of a *race* of *illustrious monarchs*, find myself, without *any fault* of my *own*, *destitute* of *every support*, and reduced to the *necessity* of begging *foreign assistance* against an *enemy*, who has seized my *throne* and *kingdom*; if my *unequalled distresses* were all I had to plead, it would become the *greatness* of the *Roman com-*

GRIEF.

COMPL.

SURMIS.

INTR.

EXCIT.  
to  
VINDIC.

the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from whence my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax, and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated, and Jugurtha in injuring me throws contempt on you.

LAMEN.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! Is this the consequence of your generosity; that he, whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children! Must then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of bavock and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves

HORROR.

LAMEN.

on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking the safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

GLIM.  
HOPE.

HORROR.

Whittem

*Whither - O whither shall I fly? If I return* ANGU.  
*to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's* DISTR.  
*throne is seized by the murderer of my brother.*  
*What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should* DREAD.  
*hasten to imbrue in my blood, those bands which*  
*are now reeking with my brother's?* If I were HORROR.  
*to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other* DISTR.  
*court, from what prince can I hope for protection,*  
*if the Roman commonwealth gives me up?* From  
my own family or friends, I have no expectations. GRIEF.  
My royal father is no more. He is beyond the  
reach of violence, and out of bearing of the com-  
plaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother  
alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alle-  
viation. But he is burried out of life in his early  
youth, by the very hand, which should have been  
the last to injure any of the royal family of Nu-  
midia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all,  
whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some  
have been destroyed by the lingering torment of  
the cross; others have been given a prey to wild  
beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men  
more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet  
alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag  
out a life more intolerable than death.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome, from SUBM.  
that height of power, to which you are raised, on INTR.  
the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the  
cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast SUBM.  
from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations CAX.  
of

**HORROR.** of him, who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending, that I magnify my distress, and might, for him, have staid, in peace, in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance, from above, shall overtake him, he will then dissemble in the very same manner as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

**LAMEN.** O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight.—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person, who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family: but, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries, which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which

**HORROR.**

**ANSW.**

rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up a spectacle, to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers ! Senators of Rome, the arbitres of the world ! To you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children, by your love for your countrey, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you ; deliver a wretched prince from undeserved unprovoked injury ; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

VEHEM.  
SOLICIT,

The piece of Drapery the Griffins are upon  
W<sup>m</sup> L<sup>xviii.</sup>

## LXVIII.

## ACCUSATION. PITY.

Pleadings of Lyrias the orator in favour of certain orphans defrauded by an uncle, executor to the will of their father. [Dion. Halicarn.]

## VENERABLE JUDGES!

SUBM.

APOL.

AVERS.

SUBM.

PITY.

AVERS.

PITY.

APOL.

PITY.

If the cause, which now comes under your cognisance, were not of extraordinary importance, I should never have given my consent, that it should be litigated before you. For it seems to me shameful, that near relations should commence prosecutions against one another; and I know, that, in such trials, not only the aggressors, but even those, who resent injuries too impatiently, must appear to you in a disadvantageous light. But the plaintiffs, who have been defrauded of a very large sum of money, and cruelly injured by one, who ought to have been the last to hurt them; have applied to me, as a relation, to plead their cause, and procure them redress. And I thought, I could not decently excuse myself from undertaking the patronage of persons in such distressful circumstances, with whom I had such close connections. For the sister of the plaintiffs, the niece of Diogiton the defendant, is my wife.

When

When the plaintiffs intreated me, as they did APOL. often, to undertake the management of the suit, I advised them to refer the difference, between them and their uncle the defendant, to private arbitration; thinking it the interest of both parties to conceal, as much as possible, from the knowledge of the public, that there was any dispute between them. But as Diogiton knew, that it was easy ACCUS. to prove him guilty of detaining the property of the plaintiff's his nephews, he foresaw, that it would, by no means, answer his purpose, to submit his cause to the decision of arbitrators. He has, therefore, determined to proceed to the utmost extremity of injustice, at the hazard of the consequences of a prosecution.

I most humbly implore you, venerable judges, SUBM. to grant the plaintiff's redress, if I show you, as I INTR. hope I shall in the most satisfactory manner, that the defendant, though so nearly related to the PITY. unhappy orphans, the plaintiffs, has treated them BLAME. in such a manner, as would be shameful among absolute strangers.

I beg leave to lay before you, venerable SUBM. judges, the subject of the present prosecution, as follows.

Diodotus and Diogiton were brothers, the children of the same father and the same mother. NARRA- Upon their father's decease, they divided be- TION. tween them his moveables; but his real estate

I [they]

they enjoyed conjunctly. Diodotus growing rich, Diogiton offered him his only daughter in marriage<sup>m</sup>. By her Diodotus had two sons and a daughter. Diodotus happening afterwards to be enrolled, in his turn, to go to the war under Brasyllos, he called together his wife, his brother's daughter, and his wife's brother, and his own brother, who was likewise his father-in-law, and both uncle and grandfather to his children. He thought, he could not trust the care of his children in properer hands, than those of his brother. He leaves in his custody, his will, with five talents<sup>n</sup> of silver. He gives him an account of seven talents, and forty minæ besides, which were out at interest, and a thousand minæ, which were due to him by a person in the Chersonesus. He had ordered in his will, that, in case of his death, one talent, and the household furniture, should be his wife's. He bequeathed, farther, to his daughter, one talent, and twenty minæ, and thirty Cyzicenian stateres, and the rest of his estate equally between his sons. Setting his affairs thus, and leaving a copy of his will, he sets out along with the army. He dies at

Conc.

Accus.

Ephestus. Diogiton conceals from his daughter the death of her husband. He gets into his bands

<sup>m</sup> Among the ancients, marriage was allowed between persons very nearly related.

<sup>n</sup> See, for the value of talents, minæ, drachmæ, and stateres, Gronov, DE PEÇUN. VET.

the will of his deceased brother, by pretending, that it was necessary for him to shew it as a voucher, in order to his transacting some affairs for his brother, during his absence. At length, when he thought the decease of his brother could not much longer be concealed, he formally declares it. The family goes into mourning. They stay one year at Piræum, where their moveables were. In this time the produce of all that could be sold, of the effects, being spent, he sends the children to town, and gives his daughter, the widow of his brother Diodotus to a second husband, and with her five thousand drachmæ, of which the husband returns him one thousand as a present. When the eldest son came to man's estate, about eight years after the departure of Diodotus, Diogiton calls the children together; tells them, that their father had left them twenty minæ of silver, and thirty stateres. "I have laid out" (says he) "of my own money, for your maintenance and education, a considerable sum. Nor did I grudge it, while I was in flourishing circumstances, and could afford it. But, by unforeseen and irre-~~mediable~~ mediable misfortunes, I am reduced to an incapacity of continuing my kindness to you. Therefore fore as you" (speaking to the eldest son) "are now of an age to shift for yourself, I would advise you to resolve upon some employment, by which you may gain a subsistence."

PITY.

NARRA-  
TION.

ACCUS.

PRET.

CONC.

ADVIS.

IN-  
SPECTA-

SHOCK.

DISTR.

INTR.

ACCUS.

REMON.

NAZ.

ACCUS.

The poor fatherless children were thunderstruck upon hearing this barbarous speech. They fled in tears, to their mother, and, with her, came to request my protection. Finding themselves stripped of the estate left them by their father, and reduced by their hard-hearted uncle and grandfather, to absolute beggary, they intreated, that I would not desert them too ; but, for the sake of their sister, my wife, would undertake their defence. The mother begged, that I would bring about a meeting of the relations, to reason the matter with her father ; and said, that though she had never before spoke in any large company, especially of men, she would endeavour to lay before them the distresses and injuries of her family.

Diogiton, being, with difficulty, brought to the meeting, the mother of the plaintiffs asked him, how he could have the heart to use her sons in such a manner. "Are you not, Sir," (says she) "the uncle and the grandfather of the two fatherless youths? Are they not the children of your own brother, and of your own daughter? How could they be more nearly related to you, unless they were your own sons? And, though you despised all human authority, you ought to reverence the gods, who are witnesses of the trust reposed in you by the deceased father of the unhappy youths."

She then enumerated the several sums, the property of the deceased, which had been received by

Diogiton,

Diodotus, and charged him with them, producing authentic evidence for every particular. " You have driven" (says she) " out of their own bosome, the children of your own daughter, in rags, unfurnished with the common necessaries of life. You have deprived them of the effects, and of the money left them by their father. But you want to enrich the children you have had by my step-mother; which, without doubt, you might lawfully and properly do, if it were not at the expence, and to the utter ruin of those, whose fortunes were deposited in your bands, and whom, from affluence, you want to reduce to beggary; impiously despising the authority of the gods, injuring your own daughter, and violating the sacred will of the dead."

REMON.

SEV.

CHARG.

The distressed mother having vented her grief in such bitter complaints as these, we were all, by sympathy, so touched with her afflictions, and the cruelty of her injurious father, that, when we considered, in our own minds, the hard usage, which the young innocents had met with, when we remembered the deceased Diodotus, and thought how unworthy a guardian he had chosen for his children, there was not one of us who could refrain from tears. And I persuade myself, venerable judges, that you will not be unaffected with so calamitous a case, when you come to consider, attentively, the various aggravations of the defendant's proceedings. Such unfaithfulness, in so solemn a trust, were it to

NARR.

PITY.

BLAME.

PITY.

Accus.

pass

WONDER.

pass unpunished, and, consequently, to become common, would destroy all confidence among mankind, so that nobody would know how, or to whom, he could commit the management of his affairs, in his absence, or after his death. The defendant, at first, would have denied his having had any effects of his brother's left in his hands. And when he found, he could not get off that way, he then produced an account of sums, laid out, as he pretended, by him for the children, to such a value, as is beyond all belief; no less, than seven talents of silver, and seven thousand drachmæ. All this, he said, had been expended in eight years, in the clothing and maintenance of two boys, and a girl. And when he was pressed to shew how their expences could amount to such a sum, he had the impudence to charge five oboli a day for their table; and for shoes, and dying their cloaths<sup>o</sup>, and for the barber, he gave in no particular account, neither by the month, nor by the year; but charged, in one gross sum, a talent of silver. For their father's monument, he pretends to have been at the expence of five thousand drachmæ, of which he charges one half to the account of the children. But it is manifest, that it could not cost twenty minæ. His injustice to the children appears sufficiently in the following article

In those simpler ages, the cloth, or stuff, of which the cloaths of persons even of high rank, were made, was commonly manufactured, from the wool to the dying, at home.

article alone, if there were no other proof of it. He had occasion to buy a lamb for the feast of Bacchus, which cost, as he pretends, ten drachmæ; and of these he charges eight to the account of his wards.

Had the defendant been a man of any principle, Accus. he would have bethought himself of laying out to advantage the fortune left in his hands by the deceased, for the benefit of the fatherless children. Had he bought with it lands or houses, the children might have been maintained out of the yearly rents, and the principal have been kept entire. But he does not seem to have once thought of improving their fortune; but, on the contrary, to have contrived only how to strip them.

But the most atrocious (for a single action) of all his proceedings, is what follows. When he was made commander of the gallies, along with Alexis, the son of Aristodicus, and, according to his own account, had been, on occasion of fitting out the fleet, and himself, at the expence of forty-eight minæ, out of his own private purse,— he charges his infant-wards with half this sum. Accus. Whereas the state not only exempts minors from public offices, but even grants them immunity, for one year, at least, after they come of age. And when he had fitted out, for a voyage to the Adriatic, a ship of burden to the value of two talents, he told his daughter, the mother of his wards, that the adventure was at the risque, and WOND.

T for

## LESSONS.

Accus.

for the benefit of his wards. But, when the returns were made, and he had doubled the sum by the profits of the voyage,— the gains were, he said, all his own.— The fortune of his wards was to answer for the damages;— but was not to be at all the better for the advantages! If, in this manner, one is to trade at the peril and loss of others, and engross to himself the whole profits; it is not difficult to conceive how his partners may come to be undone, while he enriches himself.

Avvers.

To lay before you all the particulars, which have come to our knowledge, of this complicated scene of wickedness, would but disgust and shock you. We have witnesses here to prove what we have alledged against this cruel invader of the property of helpless innocents, his own near relations, entrusted to his charge by his deceased brother.

AFFIR.  
PITY  
with  
BLAME.

[The witnesses examined.]

SUBM.  
AFFIR.

Accus.

GRANT.

You have heard, venerable judges, the evidence given against the defendant. He himself owns the actual receipt of seven talents and forty minæ of the estate of the plaintiffs. To say nothing of what he may have, or rather certainly has, gained by the use of this money; I will allow, what every reasonable person will judge more than sufficient for the maintenance of three children, with a governor and a maid; a thousand drachmæ a year, which is something less than three drachmæ a day. In eight

eight years, this amounts to *eight thousand drachmæ*. So that, upon balancing the account, there remain due to the *plaintiffs*, of the seven talents and forty minæ, *six talents and twenty minæ*. For the defendant cannot pretend, that the *estate* of the plaintiffs has suffered by *fire*, by *water*, or by *any other injury*, than what *himself* has done it.

AFFIR.

[The rest is wanting.]

## LXIX.

## CONSULTATION.

The speech of Satan, in his infernal palace of Pandæmonium, in which he proposes to the consideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in consequence of their defeat, and fall. [Milt. PARAD. LOST.  
B. II.]

*POWRS, and Dominions! Deities of Heav'n!*

MAJ.  
with  
DIS-  
TRESS.  
COUR.

For (since *no deep* within her gulph can hold  
*Celestial vigor*, though opprest and *fall'n*)  
I give not *heav'n* for *lost*. From this *descent*  
*Celestial virtues rising* will appear  
*More glorious*, and more *dread*, than from *no fall*,  
And trust themselves to fear no *second fate*.  
Me though *justright*, and the fix'd *laws* of *Heav'n*,  
Did first create your *leader*, next *free choice*,

AUTHO.

## LESSONS.

APPRE-  
MENS.COMPL.  
COUR.

CONFID.

With what *besides*, in council, or in fight,  
 Hath been atchiev'd of merit; yet this loss  
 Thus far, at least, recover'd, hath much more  
*Establish'd* in a safe, un-envied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In *Heav'n*, which follows dignity, might draw  
*Envy* from each *inferior*; but who here  
 Will *envy* whom the *biggest place exposes*  
*Foremost* to stand against the *Thund'rer's aim*  
*Your bulwark*, and condemns to greatest share  
*Of endless pain*. With this *advantage* then  
 To union, and firm *faith*, and firm *accord*,  
*More* than can be in *Heav'n*, we now return  
 To claim our just *inheritance* of old,  
*Surer* to *prosper*, than *prosperity*  
 Could have *assur'd* us; and by what *best way*,  
*Whether* of *open war*, or *covert guile*,  
*We now debate*. Who can advise, may speak.

**LXX.**

## LXX.

## FIERCENESS. DESPERATION.

The speech of the fallen angel Moloch, exciting  
the infernal crew to renew the war against the  
Messiah\*. [Ibid.]

*MY sentence is for open war. \*Of wiles COUR.  
More inexpert, I boast not. Them let those \*CONT..  
Contrive, who need; unworthy of our might.  
For while they fit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions, now under arms, who longing wait COUR.  
The signal to ascend, fit ling'ring here / CONT.  
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place RAGE.  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny, who reigns  
By our delay!—<sup>q</sup> No—let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once COUR.  
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resolute way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms FIERCE.*

## T 3 Against

\* The author represents Satan's hostility as directed against the Supreme Being. But this seems (with all deference) to be incredible. For no created being can, without losing all use of reason, imagine itself a match for Omnipotence.

<sup>q</sup> "No, let us," &c. to "But perhaps," can hardly be overacted, if the dignity of the speaker be kept up in pronouncing the passage. At the words, "But perhaps," &c. the angel composes himself again.

Against our torturer. When to meet the noise  
 Of his terrific engine, he shall hear  
*Infernal* thunder, and ~~for~~ lightning, see  
 Black fire, and horror, shot with equal rage  
 Amongst his angels; and his throne itself  
 Mixt with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments.— But perhaps  
 The way seems difficult, and steep, to scale  
 With adverse wing against a bigger foe.—

RECOL.

Let such besmink them, if the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That, in our proper motion, we ascend  
 Up to our native seat. Descent and fall  
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
 When our fierce foe hung oh our broken rear,  
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the deep;  
 With what compulsion, and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low?— \*Th' ascent is easy then.—  
 Th' event is fear'd.— Should we again provoke  
 Our enemy, some worse way he may find  
 To our destruction; If there be in hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd. What can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-  
 demn'd

COMP.

In this abhorred deep to utter woe,  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorable, and the tort'ring hour

Calls us to penance? — More destroy'd than thus  
We must be quite abolish'd, and expire.

What fear we then? — What doubt we to in- FIERCE.  
cense

His utmost ire; which, to the height enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential; happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being,  
Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,  
On this side nothing. And by proof we feel  
Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge<sup>1</sup>.

COMPL.  
COUR.

MALICE.  
FURY.

<sup>1</sup> The voice, instead of falling toward the end of this line, as usual, is to rise; and in speaking the word *revenge*, the fierceness of the whole speech ought, as it were to be expressed in one word.

LXXI. *With hardy foolish vent — i knowe of no alia  
angels has Alighted stipp'd from above  
soeill out of sw chace the world over*

**CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION. DIFFI-  
DENCE.**

*The speech of the fallen angel Belial, in answer  
to the foregoing. [Ibid.]*

DELIB.

*I Should be much for open war, O peers!  
As not behind in bate; if what was urg'd  
Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
When he, who most excels in feats of arms,  
In what he counsels, and in what excels  
Mistrustful; grounds his courage on despair,  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.*

ARG.

*But what revenge? — The tow'rs of Heav'n are  
fill'd*

APPRE-  
HENS.

*With armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable. Oft on the bord'ring deep  
Encamp their legions; or with flight obscure,  
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,  
Scorning surprize—Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection to confound*

AWE.

*Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy*

All

## LESSONS.

281

All incorruptible would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mold,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope HORROR.  
 Is flat despair. We must exasperate  
 Our conqueror to let loose his boundless rage,  
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,  
 To be no more.—Sad cure!—For who would lose,  
 Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 These thoughts, that wander through eternity,—  
 To perish utterly; for ever lost ARG.  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion?—But will be,  
 So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,  
 Belike through impotence, or unawares,  
 To give his enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless—“Wherefore cease we then,” COUR.  
 Say they, who counsel war; “we are decreed,  
 “Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe.  
 “Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?  
 “What can we suffer worse?” \*Is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 What, when we fled amain, pursu'd and struck DESP.  
 By Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us; this place then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.  
 What if the breath, that kindled these grim fires, APPRE.  
 Awak'd HENS.

## LESSONS.

*Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above  
Should intermitte vengeance arm again*

**HORROR.** *His red right hand to plague us? What, if all  
Her stores were open'd; and this firmament  
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening bideous fall  
One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps,  
Designing, or extorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd,  
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean wrapt in chains,*

**ANGU.** *There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreliev'd,*

**APPY.** *Ages of hopeless and? — This would be worse. —*

**DISSUAS.** *War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades. —*

**REMON.** *“ Shall we then live thus vile! The race of  
with “ “ Heav'n ”*

**CONT.** *“ Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here  
DISSUAS. “ Chains and these torments!” — Better these than*

*worse. —*

**ARG.** *By my advice. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust,  
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.*

**CONT.** *I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold,  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What*

What yet they know must follow; to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conq'ror. This is now  
Our doom; which if with courage we can bear,      Encou.  
Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit  
His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd  
Not mind us, nor offending, satisfy'd doth still  
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires  
Will staken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Their noxious vapour, or enur'd, not feel, or  
Or chang'd, at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper, and in nature, will receive,  
Familiar, the fierce beat, and void of pain.  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light.  
Besides what hope the never-ending flow  
Of future days may bring; what chance, what change,  
Worth waiting. Since our present lot appears,  
For happy, dismal; yet, for ill, not worst,  
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

## LXXII.

**SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT. INTREATING.**

The speech of Seneca the philosopher to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity.

[The substance is taken from *Corn. Tacit. ANNAL. xiv.*]

SUBMIS.

**M**AY it please the imperial *Majesty of Cæsar* favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak, though faithful guide of his youth<sup>b</sup>.

GRAT.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial Majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those

COMPL.

<sup>b</sup> Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors; and the emperor seemed, during the first part of his reign, to have profited much by his instructions. The egregious follies, and enormous, unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himself to death, is among the most flagrant, seem hardly otherwise accountable, than by supposing that he lost the use of his reason.

those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince, where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, *Augustus*, bestowed on his deserving favourites, *Agrippa*, and *Mæcenas*, honours and emoluments suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: Nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial Majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some, who do not seem to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous, and that the latter may be, to him, as valuable as the former.

APOL.

“ But what,” say my enemies, “ shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patriachs? Shall an upstart, of no name, nor family, rank with those, who can, by the statues, which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti? Shall a philosopher who has writ, for others, precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates, and

PRIDE.

REMON.

“ lay

<sup>1</sup> The Fasti, or Calendars, or, if you please, Almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our Almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

"lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces,  
plant gardens, and adorn a country, at his own  
expense, and for his own pleasure?"

GRAT.

APOL.

COMPL.

FATIGUE.

INTR.

GRAT.

INTR.

APOL.

Cæsar has given royalty, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed:

nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the anxious.

As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar would kindly

ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and burdensome. The time, and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa, and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life.

Long may he be equal to the toils of government.

His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant, leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness, to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

## LXXII.

## JEALOUSY.

Iago goes on to inflame Othello's jealousy (see pag. 256.) against his innocent wife. Othello is by him worked up to rage. [Shakesp. OTHEL.]

Iago. [Alone.] **I** Will in Cuffio's lodging drop this PROV-  
TING.

**I** bandkerchief,  
That he may find it; then persuade the Moor,  
His wife did give it.—Trifles light as air,  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong,  
As proofs from holy writ. This will work mischief. MALIC-  
OUS  
JOY.  
Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;  
But with a little action on the blood,  
**Burn**, like the mines of sulphur.

[Othello appears.]

'Tis as I said.

Look where he comes! Not all the drowsy potions,  
That e'er calm'd raging anguish to repose,  
Shall medicine thee to that blessed sleep,) TALENT  
CRIME  
Which thou ow'dst the past night.

Enter Othello. Does not see Iago.

Oth. Ha! False to me!

Iago. • PERTUR-  
BATION.

## LESSONS.

Sooth-saying.

Rage.

Pret.

Surpr.  
Repr.  
for lost  
Repose.Angu.  
of  
Grief.

Pret.

Surpr.

Rage.

Threat-  
ning.

Pret.

Surpr.  
with

Vexat.

• Pret.

Repr.  
of

Ingrat.

† Pret.

Self-

Accus.

Aston.

Moral

Iago. How now, noble general? No more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! Be gone! Thou'lt set me on the rack.

Better, unknowing, to be much abus'd,  
Than but to doubt the least.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her unfaithfulness?

I thought not of it; felt no injury;  
I slept untroubled; I wak'd free and cheerful.  
O now, farewell for ever, blessed peace  
Of mind! Farewell the tranquil breast,  
The plumed troops, the thunders of the war,  
The fire of valour, and the pride of triumph.

Othello is a wicked woman's mock'ry.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord, you should be thus...

Oth. Villain! Be sure thou prove my love a traitress, [Catching him by the throat.]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
'Twere better for thee to have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this! Good Heav'n defend me!

\*Are you a man? Have you a soul, or sense?

I've done. Take my office.— † Wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!

|| O monstrous world! What tigres are we fall'n upon?

To

# LESSONS.

289

REPR.  
OF  
INGRAT.

To be direct and honest, is not safe;  
I thank you for this profit, and henceforth  
I'll love no friend; since love breeds such offence.

[Going.]

Oth. Nay stay—thou should'st be honest.  
Iag. I should be wise; for honest's a fool,  
That loses what it works for.

RECOL.  
PRET.  
sense of  
INJURIES

Oth. In my anguish  
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not.  
I think that thou art just, and that thou art not.  
I'll have some proof. \* Her name, "that was as  
fresh

APOL.  
PER-  
TURB.  
• REGR.

As Diana's <sup>x</sup> visage, is now begrimed, and black,  
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it. Would I were but satisfy'd.

FORT.

Iag. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion.  
I do repent me, that I ever started it.

PRET.  
CONC.

Oth. Give me a living reason, she's disloyal.  
Iag. I do not like the office:  
But since I'm enter'd in this cause so far,  
Urg'd on by foolish honesty of friendship,  
I must go on, or bear the name of flanderer.  
I lay in the same room with Cassio lately,  
And being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep. There is a kind of men

ANX.  
PRET.  
RELUC.  
APOL.  
NARRA-  
TION.

EXPL.

U

So

\* "Her name," that is, her character, or reputation.

<sup>x</sup> "Diana's visage." Diana is represented in the heathen mythology, as a goddess of extraordinary purity.

## LESSONS.

So loose of soul, that, in their sleep, will mutter  
All their affairs. One of this kind is *Cassio*.

LOVE.

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet *Desdemona*!

CAUT.

"Let us be wary; let us bide our loves.

VEXAT.

"O cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor."

RAGE.

Oth. O monstrous! I will tear her limb from  
limb.

SOOTH.

Iag. Nay; but be calm. This may be nothing  
yet.

QUEST.

She may be honest still. But tell me this,  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

ALARM.

Oth. I gave her such a one. 'Twas my first  
gift.

ACCUS.

Iag. That I knew not. But such a handkerchief  
(I'm sure, it was the same) did I to-day  
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

DESPE-  
RATION.

Oth. O that the slave had twenty thousand  
lives!

One is too poor—too weak for my revenge.

Iag. Yet be patient, Sir.

BOUND.

Oth. O blood, blood, blood,

FURY.

Hot, reeking blood shall wash the poi's'nous stain,  
Which foul mine honour. From this hour, my  
thoughts

HORROR.

Shall ne'er look back, nor ebb to bumble love,

'Till a spacious, and wide revenge,

Equal to their gross guilt, swallows them up.

PLOT-  
ING.

Come, go with me apart. I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death

For

For the fair forc'ress, and her smooth adulterer.—  
From hence, thou'rt my lieutenant.

Iag. As you will, Sir.

GRAT.

PRET.

ACKNOWL.

## LXXXIV.

## CRAFT. FOOLISH FEAR. VEXATION.

Mascarille, a crafty servant in the interest of Leander, his master's son, contrives to send his old master into the country, and, in the mean time, persuades his friend Anselm, that he is dead, suddenly; and, on that pretext, borrows of him a sum of money for Leander.

[See Moliere, L'ETOURDI.]

Anf. *WHAT*, my good friend Pandolf dead! SURPR.

Masc. I don't wonder the news CONC.  
surprises you.

Anf. To die so very suddenly!

Masc. It is a very burrying way of doing things, to be sure. But who can make people live, you know, if they will die?

SURPR.

CONC.

Anf. But how does your young master take it?

Masc. Take it! why worse, than he would a kicking. He welters on the ground, like a wounded adder, and says he will absolutely go into the same grave with his dear papa. If it were not, that they who take on so violently, do not, for the most part, hold it long, I should

QUEST.

WHIM.

GRIEV.

APOLO-  
GY.

Ask.

Fav.

Anx.

Avar.

Resol.

Anx.

Alarm.

Cour.

Haste.

expect him to go quite *compompous* about it.—But—a—you must know, Sir, that we are all in a *pucker* at our house. The old gentleman must be *buried*, you know, and that requires some of the *ready*. And my young master, if he were in his *best wits*, knows no more than a *broomstick*, where to find a *penny of money*. For you know, the *old one*, rest his soul, kept all that same as *snug*, as if he had thought the *day-light* would *melt* it. Now, Sir, you will do us a great *kindness*, if you will be so good as to help us with a *score*, or two, of *pieties*, till we can turn ourselves round a little.

Anf. Hum—[aside] He will have a *good estate*. And will not *grudge* to pay *handsome interest*. [To Masc.] I will come to him *immediately*, and bring the *money* with me ; and try to *comfort* him a little. [He goes. Gives the *money*. Is deceived by an *artificial corpse* laid out on the bed. Returns full of anxiety.] — *Lawkaday !* what a *sad thing this is*. He was but *sixty-eight*, or *sixty-nine* ; about the *same age* with myself. It *frightens* me to *think* of it. Suppose I should die *suddenly* too. I believe I had better think of *repenting*, and making my *peace*. It is true, he was a little *asthmatic*, and, thank God, no body has better *lungs*—hem—hem—hem—than myself.—Well, but I must go, and send neighbour *Cloak'um* the *undertaker*, as I promised. [Going. He meets the supposed dead man, who

who had been stopped on his way to his country-house, by persons, who informed him of the falsehood of the reports, which had occasioned his setting out.] *Ab ! mercy on my soul !*

SUD.

*What is that ! My old friend's ghost ! They say, none but wicked folks walk. I wish I were at the bottom of a coal-pit ! Low ! How pale, and how long his face is grown since his death. He never was handsome. And death has improved him very much the wrong way.—Pray, do not come near me. I wished you very well, when you was alive. But I could never abide a dead man cheek by jowl with me. Rest your soul ! Rest your soul, I pray ! Vanish, vanish, in the name of . . . .*

WONDER.

Pandolph. What the plague is the matter, old friend ! Are you gone out of your wits. I came to ask your advice ; but . . . .

Ans. Tell me, then, pray, without coming a step nearer, what you would have me do for the repose of your soul. *Ab, ab, eb, eb, mercy on us ! no nearer, pray ! If it be only to take your leave of me, that you are come back, I could have excused you the ceremony with all my heart.* [Pandolph comes nearer, to convince Anselm, that he is not dead. He draws back, as the other advances.] Or if you—mercy on us—no nearer pray,—or if you have wronged any body, as you always loved money a little, I give you the word of a frightened christian, I will pray, as long

PROTEST.

JUCY

U 3

as

## LESSONS.

**INTR.** as you please, for the deliverance and repose of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray, disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend Anselm, to come to his senses again.

**MIRTH.** Pand. [laughing.] If I were not most confoundedly out of humour, I could be diverted to a pitch. But prithee now, old friend, what is in the wind; that you will have me to be dead? This is some contrivance of that rogue Mascarille; I guess by what I have just found out of his tricks.

**[FEAR.]** Ans. Ah, you are dead, too sure. Did not I see your corpse laid out upon your own bed, and . . . .

**REMON.** Pand. What the duce! I am dead, and know nothing of it! But don't you see, that I am not dead?

**FEAR.** Ans. You are clothed with a body of air, which resembles your own person, when you was alive—only—you'll excuse me—a good deal plainer. But, pray, now, don't assume a figure more frightful. I am within a hair's breadth of losing my senses already; and if you should turn yourself into a giant with saucer-eyes, or a black horse without a head, or any of the ugly shapes—I ask pardon—you apparitions sometimes put on, I am sure I should go clean o' one side at the first glimpse of you. Pray, then, in the name of the blessed virgin, and all the saints, male and female, be so good as to vanish quietly, and leave your

**EARN.**

**INTR.**

your poor frightned old friend wit enough to keep him out of a mad-house.

Pand. This is undoubtedly that rogue Mascarille's manufacture. He has, for some gracious purpose, contrived to send me to the country on a fool's errant, and I suppose, in my absence, he has to answer some other pious end, persuaded you, that I am dead. Come, give me thy hand, and thou wilt be convinced, I am not dead, more than thyself.

Anf. [drawing back.] What was it I saw laid out upon the bed then?

Pand. How should I know? It was not I, however.

Anf. If I were sure, you are not dead, I should not be afraid to touch you: but the hand of a dead man must be so co—o—o—ld!

Pand. Prithee now, give over. I tell you, it is nothing but Mascarille's invention. [He seizes Anselm's hand, who screams out.]

Anf. Ab! Saint Anthony preserve me!—Ab—ab—eb—eb—Why—why—after all, your hand is not so co—o—o—ld, neither. Of the two, it is rather warmer than my own. Can it be, though, that you are not dead?

Pand. Not I.

Anf. I begin to question it a little myself. But still my mind misgives me plausibly about the corpse I saw laid out upon your bed. If I could but find out what that was—

**ENCOU.** Pand. *Pshaw, prithee, what signifies it what it was?* as long as you see plainly, I am not dead.

**RECOL.** Ans. Why yes, as you say, that is the point. But yet the *corpse* upon the bed haunts me. But — [pauses] I'll be hang'd, if it be not as you say.

**VEXAT.** Mascarille is a *rogue*. But, if you be not dead, I am in two *sweet* scrapes. One is, the danger of being dubbed Mascarille's *fool*. The other of losing fifty pieces, I furnished him for your *instrument*.

**DISCOV.** Pand, O, you have lent him money, have you? Then the secret is out.

**AROL.** Ans. Yes; but you know, it was upon the credit of your estate, and for your own personal benefit. For, if you had been dead, you must have been buried you know. And Mascarille told me, your son could come at no ready cash, you know. So that, I hope, you will see me paid, you know.

**REFUS.** Pand. I'll be hang'd if I do. I have enough to pay on that score, otherwise.

**VEXAT.** Ans. I'll pluck off every single grey hair, that is upon my old foolish head.—What! to have no more wit, at this time of life!—I expect nothing else, than that they should make a *farce* in praise of my wisdom, and *act* me, till the town be sick of me.

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

## LXXV.

## EXHORTATION.

The speech of Galgacus the general of the Caledonii<sup>r</sup>, in which he exhorts the army he had assembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly against their foes under Jul. Agricola. [Corn. Tacit. VIT. AGRIC.]

## COUNTRYMEN, and FELLOW-SOLDIERS!

WHEN I consider the cause, for which we COUR.  
have drawn our swords, and the necessity  
of striking an effectual blow, before we sheath  
them again, I feel joyful hopes arising in my mind,  
that this day an opening shall be made for the  
restoration of British liberty, and for shaking off  
the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia VEXAT.  
is yet free. The all-grasping power of Rome has COUR.  
not yet been able to seize our liberty. But it is  
only to be preserved by valour. By flight it  
cannot: for the sea confines us; and that the WARN.  
more effectually, as being possessed by the fleets of  
the enemy. As it is by arms, that the brave ac-  
quire immortal fame, so it is by arms, that the  
sordid

<sup>r</sup> The Caledonii were, according to Ptolemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of what before the union was called Scotland, now North-Britain.

**Eccou.** *Sordid* must defend their lives and properties, or lose them. You are the very men, my friends, who have hitherto set bounds to the unmeasurable ambition of the Romans. In consequence of your inhabiting the more *inaccessible* parts of the island, to which the shores of those countries on the continent, which are *enslaved* by the Romans, are *invisible*, you have hitherto been *free* from the common *disgrace*, and the common *sufferings*. You ly almost out of the reach of *fame* itself. But you *must not expect* to enjoy this untroubled security any longer, unless you bestir yourselves so effectually, as to put it out of the power of the *enemy* to search out your retreats, and disturb your repose. If you do not, *curiosity* alone will set them a prying, and they will conclude, that there is somewhat worth the labour of conquering, in the *interior parts* of the *island*, merely because they have never seen them. What is *little known*, is often *coveted*, because so *little known*. And you are not to *expect*, that you should *escape* the *ravage* of the general *plunderers* of mankind, by any sentiment of *moderation* in them. When the *countries*, which are more *accessible*, come to be *subdued*, they will then force their way into those, which are *barder* to come at. And if they should conquer the *dry land*, over the *whole world*; they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the *ocean*, to see, whether there be not certain *unknown regions*, which they may *attack*, and *reduce* under *subjection*.

**Warr.**

**Accus.**

jection to the *Roman empire*. For we see, that if a countrey is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame. The east and the west, the south and the north, the face of the whole earth, is the scene of their military achievements; the world is too little for their ambition, and their avarice. They are the only nation ever known to be equally desirous of conquering a poor kingdom as a rich one. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting, and shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive able to bear arms, they say, they have given peace to that countrey.

Nature itself has peculiarly endeared, to all men, their wives, and their children. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered youth are daily draughted off to supply the deficiencies in the *Roman army*. The wives, the sisters, and the daughters of the conquered are either exposed to the violence, or at least corrupted by the arts of these cruel spoilers. The fruits of our industry are plundered, to make up the tributes imposed on us by oppressive avarice. Britons sow their fields; and the greedy Romans reap them. Our very bodies are worn out in carrying on their military works; and our toils are rewarded by them

TEND.

HORROR.

Accus.

COMPL.

INDIGN.

ACCUS.

WARN.

COV.

COM.  
MEXD.

them with abuse and stripes. Those, who are born to slavery, are bought and maintained by their master. But this unhappy country pays for being enslaved, and feeds those who enslave it. And our portion of disgrace is the bitterest, as the inhabitants of this island are the last, who have fallen under the galling yoke. Our native bent against tyranny, is the offence, which most sensibly irritates those lordly usurpers. Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their suspicions: for they know, that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty; and they conclude, that we must be naturally led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation, to disengage ourselves, one time or other, from their oppression.

Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, suspected and hated, as we ever must be by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is sacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honour, at least in defence of our lives. How near were the Brigantines<sup>2</sup> to shaking off the yoke—led on too by a

<sup>2</sup> The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshire, the bishoprick of Durham, &c.

woman? They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business was done. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength entire, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may shew these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do, than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island?

REGA.

COUR.

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods; or mortal men, like ourselves? Do we not see, that they fall into the same errors, and weaknesses, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonness enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine, that they, who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their valour? What, then, do we dread? — Shall I tell you the very truth, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained so great advantages over us. They turn the mismanagements of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise, as to unite against them.

ROMAN.

COUR.

REGA.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries; some more, some less, disposed to military achievements;

CONT.

COUR.

REGR.

COUR.

CONT.

COUR.

CONT.

achievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship. They keep together, while they are successful.

Attack them with vigour: distress them: you will see them more disunited among themselves, than we are now.

Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and,—

with shame I must add, Britons, who basely lend,

for a time, their limbs, and their lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine, that these

will not be longer enemies, than slaves? or that such an army is held together by sentiments of

fidelity, or affection? No: the only body of union

among them is fear. And, whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude,

they, who now fear, will then hate, their tyrannical masters..

On our side there is every possible incite-

ment to valour. The Roman courage is not, as

ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and chil-

dren in danger of falling into the hands of the

enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have

to reproach them, if they should desert their infirm old age.

They have no country bere to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in

a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our bands,

without all possibility of escape. Let not the sound

of the Roman name affright your ears. Nor let

the glare of gold or silver, upon their armour,

dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold, or silver,

that

that men are either wounded or defended; though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble. We shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army. The degenerate Britons, who are incorporated into their forces, will, through shame of their country's cause deserted by them, quickly leave the Romans, and come over to us. The Gauls, remembering their former liberty, and that it was the Romans who deprived them of it, will forsake their tyrants, and join the assertors of freedom. The Germans who remain in their army, will follow the example of their countrymen, the Usipii, who so lately deserted. And what will there be then to fear? A few half-garrisoned forts; a few municipal towns inhabited by worn-out old men, discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their liberties, their lives. At the head of this army—I hope I do not offend against modesty in saying, there is a General ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory, and to freedom.

I conclude, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your behaviour this day depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical

COUR.

CONT.

COUR.

APOL.

EXCOUR.

## LESSONS.

*tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your ancestors—and think of your posterity.*

## LXXVI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. AFFECTATION of  
LEARNING. COMPULSION, &c.

[See *Moliere's MARRIAGE FORCE.*]

Longhead solus, with an open letter in his hand.

VEXAT.

APPRE-  
HENS.

APOL.

BLAME.

APPRE-  
HENS.

COUR.

RECOL.

DIZ.

DOUBT.

DES.

APPRE-  
HENS.

I WAS wrong to proceed so far in this matter so hastily. To fix the very day, and then fail. Her father will prosecute me, to be sure, and will recover heavy damages too, as he threatens me. But then, what could I do? Could I marry with the prospect I had before me. To tell me, she married to get free from restraint, and that she expected, I should make no enquiry into her conduct, more than she would into mine! If she speaks so freely before marriage, how will she act after? No, no, I'll stand his prosecution. Better be a beggar, than a cuckold.—But hold.—Perhaps I am more afraid than hurt. She might mean ~~only~~ innocent freedom.—She is a charming girl. But I am thirty years older than she is.—I would wish to marry her; but I should not like what I am afraid will be the consequence. What resolution shall

shall I take? I'll be hang'd, if I know what to do.  
On one hand, beauty inviting; on the other, cuck-oldom as ugly as the d—l. On one hand, marriage; on the other, a law-suit. I am in a fine dilemma.

ANXI.  
DES.  
APPR.  
VEXAT.

—*Lancelot Longbead!* *Lancelot Longbead!* [striking himself on the forehead.] I'll tell you what, old friend, I doubt you are but a simpleton all this while, that you have been thinking yourself a little *Solomon*. I'll e'en go and consult with some friends, what I must do. For I cannot determine, within myself, whether I had better try to make it up with the family, and go on with my intended marriage, or set them at defiance, and resolve to have nothing to do with matrimony.—If any body advises me to marry, I'll venture it, I think. Let me see, what wise, sagacious people are there of my acquaintance?—Oh—my two neighbours, Dr. *Neverout*, and Dr. *Doubtly*; men of universal learning! I'll go to them directly.—And here is Dr. *Neverout* coming out of this house very fortunately.

DOUTR.  
THINQ.  
LORIG.  
CONSID.  
RESOL.

Neverout, [talking to one in the house.] I tell you friend, you are a silly fellow, ignorant of all good discipline, and fit to be banished from the republic of letters. I will undertake to demonstrate to you by convincing arguments, drawn from the writings of Aristotle himself, the philosopher of philosophers, that, ignarus es, you are an ignorant fellow; that ignarus eras, you was an ignorant fellow; that, ignarus fuisti, you have been an ignorant

APPSC.  
OF  
LEARN.

ignorant fellow ; that, ignarus fueras, you had been an ignorant fellow ; and that, ignarus eris, you will be an ignorant fellow, through all the genders, cases, numbers, voices, moods, tenses, and persons, of all the articles, the nouns, the pronouns, the verbs, the participles, the adverbs, prepositions, interjections, and conjunctions.

**WONDER.** Longh. Somebody must have used him very ill, to make him call so many bad names. Dr. Neverout, your servant. A word with you, if you please, Sir.

**CONT.** Nev. You pretend to reason ! You don't so much as know the first elements of the art of reasoning. You don't know the difference between a category and a predicament, nor between a major and a minor.

**CIVIL.** Longh. His passion blinds him so, he does not see me. Doctor, I kiss your bands. May one . . .

**LEARNED PRIDE.** Nev. Do you know, what a blunder you have committed ? Do you know what it is to be guilty of a syllogism in Balorão. Your major is foolish, your minor impertinent, and your conclusion ridiculous.

**ENGR.** Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that so disturbs your philosophy ?

**ANG. PRIDE.** Nev. The most atrocious provocation in the world. An ignorant fellow would defend a proposition the most erroneous, the most abominable, the most execrable, that ever was uttered, or written.

Longh.

# LESSONS.

307

Longh. May I ask, what it is?

ENQU.

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is ruined. The world is fallen into a general depravity. A degree of licentiousness, that is alarming, reigns universally; and the governors of states have reason to be ashamed of themselves, who have power in their hands for maintaining good order among mankind, and suffer such enormities to pass unnoticed.

APPRE-  
HENS.

REPR.

Longh. What is it, pray, Sir?

ENQU.

Nev. Only think, Mr. Longhead, only think, that in a christian country, a person should be allowed to use an expression publicly, that, one would think, would frighten a nation, an expression, that one would expect to raise the devil! Only think of—"The form of a bat!"—There, Mr. Longhead, there's an expression for you! Did you think you should have lived to bear such an expression as—"The form of a bat!"

ACCUS.

Longh. How, Sir? I don't understand wherein the barm of such an expression consists.

AMAZ.

Longh. How, Sir? I don't understand wherein the barm of such an expression consists.

ENQU.

Posit.

Disp.

Nev. I affirm, and insist upon it, with bands and feet, pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et rostro, that to say,

"The form of a bat," is as absurd, as to say,

that, datur vacuum in rerum naturâ, there is a vacuum in nature.

[Turning again to the person, with whom he had been disputing in the house.] Yes, ignorant creature, a bat is an in-

nimate substance, and, therefore, form cannot be predicated of it.

Go, illiterate wretch, and read Aristotle's

CONT.

LEARN.

PRIDE.

Aristotle's chapter of qualities. Go, study Aquinas, Burgersdicius, and Scheiblerus, of the ten predicaments. Go ; and then say, " The form of a " bat," if you dare.

SATISF.

APPRE-  
HENS.  
OSTEN.  
of  
LEARN.APPRE-  
HENS.CONS.  
INTR.ANG.  
INTR.ANG.  
INTR.

PRIDE.

Longh. O, I thought, Doctor, something worse, than all this, had happened.

Nev. What would you have worse, unless a comet were to come from beyond the orbit of Saturn, and either burn the world by its near approach ; drown it by attracting the sea, and raising a tide three miles high ; or force it from its orbit by impinging against it, and make it either fly out into infinite space, or rush to the sun, the centre of our system. Except this, what can be worse, than confounding language, destroying qualities, demolishing predicaments, and, in short, overturning all science from the foundation. For Logic is the foundation of science.

Longh. Why, it may be a bad thing, for what I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body speak with you.

Nev. [To the person in the house.] An impertinent fellow !

Longh. He is so ; but I want your advice, Doctor, in . . .

Nev. A blockhead !

Long. Well, I own, he is so ; but no more of that, pray, good Doctor.

Nev. To pretend to dispute with me !

Longh.

Longh. He is very much in the wrong, to be sure. But now let me ask you a question, Doctor. You must know, Sir, that I have been thinking of marrying. Only I am a little afraid of that, you know of; the misfortune, for which no body is pitied. Now, I should be glad, you would, as a philosopher, give me your opinion on this point.

Nev. Rather than admit such an expression, I would deny substantial forms, and abstract entities.

Longh. Plague on the man! He knows nothing of what I have been saying. Why, Dr. Neverout; I have been talking to you, this hour, and you give me no answer.

Nev. I ask you pardon. I was engaged in supporting truth against ignorance: but now I have done. If what I have said will not convince, let the ignorant be ignorant still. What would you consult me upon?

Longh. I want to talk with you about an affair of consequence.

Nev. Good. And what tongue do you intend to use in the conversation with me?

Longh. What tongue? Why, the tongue I have in my mouth.

Nev. I mean, what language; what speech? Do you intend to talk with me in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew?

Longh. Not I. I don't know one of them from another.

## LESSONS.

ENQU.

Nev. Then, you will use a *modern* language, I suppose, as the *Italian*, perhaps, which is *sweet* and *musical*.

VEXAT.

Longh. No.

ENQU.

Nev. The *Spanish*, which is *majestic* and *sonorous*.

VEXAT.

Longh. No.

ENQU.

Nev. The *English*, which is *copious* and *expressive*.

VEXAT.

Longh. No.

ENQU.

Nev. The *High Dutch* is but an *indifferent* language. You won't, I suppose, make use of it in this conversation.

VEXAT.

Longh. No.

ENQU.

Nev. And the *Low Dutch* is *worse still*. Will you talk to me in *Turkish*; it is a *lofty language*.

VEXAT.

Longh. No.

ENQU.

Nev. What think you of the *Syriac*, the *Arabic*, the *Chaldaic*, the *Persian*, the *Palmyrene*? Do you choose any of them?

VEXAT.

Longh. No.

ENQU.

Nev. What language then?

VEXAT.

Long. Why, the language we are talking now.

SATIS.

Nev. Oh! You will speak in the vernacular tongue?

LEARN.

If so, please to come on the *left side*. The *right ear* is for the *foreign*, and the *learned languages*.

PRIZE.

Longh. Here is a deal of ceremony with such sort of people. I want to consult you, Doctor, about an affair of consequence.

INTR.

Nev.

## LESSONS.

311

Nev. O! I understand you. You want my AFFECT. opinion upon some of the difficulties in philosophy, LEARN. as, for example, Whether substance, and accident, are terms synonymous, or equivocal, with regard to the being?

Longh. No; that is not it. VEXAT.

Nev. Whether Logic is an art, or a science. AFFECT.

Longh. No, no. I don't care a halfpenny, VEXAT. which.

Nev. If it has for its object the three operations of the mind, or the third only. AFFECT.

Longh. That is not the affair. VEXAT.

Nev. Whether, properly speaking, there are six categories, or only one? AFFECT.

Longh. I don't care, if there were six bushels of catechisms. That is not what I want. I am....

Nev. Perhaps you want to know, whether the conclusion is of the essence of the syllogism. AFFECT.

Longh. No, no, no. It is not about any such point; but.... VEXAT.

Nev. Whether the essence of good is appetibility, or suitableness? AFFECT.

Longh. I am going to tell you my business, if.... VEXAT.

Nev. You would know, perhaps, if the good, and the end are reciprocal? AFFECT.

Longh. Not a bit. VEXAT.

Nev. Whether the end influences us by its real essence, or by its intentional? AFFECT.

## LESSONS.

VEXAT.

Longh. No, no, it is quite another affair, I tell you.

AFFECT.

Nev. You must explain yourself, then; for I have mentioned the most difficult points, and those, that are commonly agitated in the schools in our times.

VEXAT.

Longh. I should have told you my business an hour ago, if you would have heard me.

AFFECT.

Nev. Pronounce then.

INTR.

Longh. { The affair, I want to consult Nev. together. { Speech was given to man on { you about, Dr. Neverout, is this; I have had { purpose, that by it he might express his thoughts: { thoughts of marrying a young lady, who is very { and as the thoughts are the images of things, so { handsome, and much to my liking. I have asked { words are the images of our thoughts. Make { her father's consent, and he has granted it. Only { use, therefore, of words to explain to me your { I am afraid . . . . { thoughts.

IMPAT.

Longh. Plague on this everlasting talker. Who is like to be the wiser for him; if he will not so much as bear what one has to say to him? I'll go to Dr. Doubt. Perhaps he will be more reasonable.—And, very fortunately, here he comes. I will consult him at once.—Dr. Doubt, I beg your wise advice about a matter of great concern to me.

JOY.

CIVIL.

Doubt.

## LESSONS.

313

Doubt. Be pleased, good Mr. Longhead, to AFFECT. alter your phraseology. Our philosophy directs to LEARN. give out no *decisive propositions*; but to speak of *all things* with *uncertainty*; and always to *suspend our judgment*. Therefore you ought not to say, — “I beg your advice,” but, — “I seem to DESEA. ‘beg it.’” DESEA.

Longh. I *seem*! What signifies talking of SURPR. A *seems*; when I am here on the *spot with you*?

Doubt. That is *nothing to the purpose*. You AFFEC. may imagine a *thousand things*, in which there is *no reality*.

Longh. *What!* is there *no reality* in my WOND. being *here talking with Dr. Doubt*?

Doubt. It is *uncertain*; and we ought to *doubt* AFFEC. of *every thing*. You *appear* to my *external senses* to be *here*, as I, perhaps, to *yours*. But *nothing* is *certain*. *All things* are *doubtful*.

Long, Sure, Dr. Doubt, you are disposed WOND. to be *merry*. Here am I: there are you: here is *no seem*; *no uncertainty*; *nothing doubtful*; but all as plain, as the *nose* on your *face*. Let us, for CHID. *shame*, drop these *whims*, and talk of my *business*. INTL. You must know, Dr. Doubt, that I have had thoughts of *marrying*, and should be glad of your *opinion* and *advice*.

Doubt. I don’t *know*, that you have had AFFEC. thoughts of *marrying*.

Longh. But I tell it you. VEXAT.

Doubt. That may be, or it may not be. AFFEC.

Longh.

## LESSONS.

**Anx.** Long. The young lady I had made choice of, is very young, and very handsome.

**Affec.** Doubt. That may be, or it may not be.

**Anx.** Longh. Do you think, I shall do wisely in marrying her?

**Affec.** Doubt. You may do wisely, for aught I know, or you may do unwisely for aught I know.

**Anx.** Longh. I am very much in love with the young lady.

**Affec.** Doubt. That is not impossible.

**Anx.** Longh. But, as she is much younger than me, I am afraid of, you know what.

**Affec.** Doubt. You may be afraid, for aught I know.

**Anx.** Longh. Do you think, I should run the hazard of being a cuckold, if I should marry her?

**Affec.** Doubt. There is no natural impossibility in it. But, if you should, you may, perhaps, not be the first, nor the last. But all things are uncertain.

**Anx.** Longh. But what would you do, if you were in my place, Dr. Doubt?

**Affec.** Doubt. It is uncertain, as all things are.

**Anx.** Longh. But what do you advise me to do?

**Indiff.** Doubt. What you please.

**Vexat.** Longh. I shall go mad.

**Indiff.** Doubt. I wash my hands of it.

**Ang.** Longh. A plague on the old dreamer!

**Indiff.** Doubt. Happen what will, I am clear.

**Pass.** Longh. I'll make you change your cuckow-

*note*, you old philosophical bumdrum, you—

[beats him]—I will—[beats him] I'll make you

lay

*say somewhat else, than "All things are doubtful; all things are uncertain—"* [beats him] I will, you old *fusty* pedant.

Doub. *Ab!—ob!—eb!*—What beat a phi-  
losopher!—*Ab!—ob!—eb!*

Longh. Be pleased, Dr. Doubtly, [mimicking the Doctor,] to alter your *phraseology*. Your *phi-*  
*losophy* directs you to give out no *decisive propositions*; but to speak of all things with *uncertainty*, and always to *suspend* your judgment. Therefore, you ought not to say,—“I have been beaten;” but—“I seem to have been beaten.”

Doub. I will have you prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.

Longh. I wash my bands of it.

Doub. I will shew the marks of the blows I have received from you.

Longh. You may imagine a thousand things, in which there is no reality.

Doub. I will go directly to a magistrate, and have a warrant for you. [Exit Doubtly.]

Longh. There is no natural impossibility in it.

Enter Captain Pinkum, with two swords in one hand, and a cane in the other.

Pink. Mr. Longbead, I am your most obedient, most bumble servant.

Longh. Sir, your servant.

Pink. Sir, I have the honour of waiting on you, to let you know, that, as you was pleased

STATE  
STIFF.

ANG.  
THREAT.  
INDIFF.

ANG.

INDIFF.

INDIFF.

RESP.

to

to disappoint us yesterday, which was the day fixed by yourself for your marriage with my sister, you and I must settle that affair in an honourable way.

VEXAT. Longh. Why, Sir, it is with regret, that I failed you; but . . .

RESP. Pink. Oh! Sir, there is no harm as we shall order matters.

VEXAT. Longh. I am sorry it so happens. But some little scruples chanced to come into my mind about the difference between our ages, which, you know, is pretty considerable. And I put off the marriage for a little time, only that I might consider of it, and advise with my friends. And now, that the day is past, I think it may be better for us both, that it be let alone, altogether.

RESP. Pink. Sir, as you please. You know it is not an object of any consequence. But, Sir, what I have done myself the honour of waiting on you for, is, only to beg the favour of you, Sir, to choose which you please of these two swords. They are both good, I assure you, Sir, and as fairly matched, as I could. If my judgment deserves any regard you need not hesitate long. Either of them is very fit for a gentleman to be run through with.

SURPR. Longh. Sir, I don't understand you.

RESP. Pink. O, Sir, I wonder at that. The thing is not hard to be understood. It is no more than this, Sir, that if a gentleman promises a lady mar-

riage,

## LESSONS.

317

ridge, and, especially, if he fixes the day, and fails of performing his contract, the relations of the lady (whose character, and fortune in life are injured by it, you know, Sir) generally think it proper to commence a prosecution against the gentleman; and the law gives, in those cases, heavy damages. My father had thoughts of prosecuting you, Sir, as he wrote you. But as law is tedious, we chose rather, Sir, upon second thoughts, to vindicate the honour of our family in a more expeditious way. Therefore, if you please, Sir, I will endeavour to whip you through the lungs in the neatest manner now practised in the army. And I offer you your choice of one of these two swords to defend yourself with. This, you must own Sir, is treating you genteelly. For, you know, I could run you through the body now, without giving you the opportunity of defending yourself.

—Please, Sir, to make your choice.

Longh. Sir, your bumble servant. I shall REFUS. make no such choice, I assure you.

Pink. Sir—you must, if you please, fight me. RESP. You shall have fair play, upon my honour.

Longh. Sir, I have nothing to say to you. REFUS. [Going.] Sir, your bumble servant.

Pink. O dear Sir [stopping him] you must. RESP. excuse me for stopping you. But you and I are not to part, till one or t'other drops, I assure you, Sir.

Longh.

Longh. *Mercy on us! Was ever such a bloody-minded fellow!*

Pink. Sir, I really have a little *business* upon my hands; so that I must beg, you will give me leave to *run you through* as soon as possible.

REFUS.

Longh. But I don't intend, that you shall *run me through at all*. For I will have *nothing to say to you*.

RESP.

Pink. If you mean, Sir, that you *won't fight me*, I must do myself the honour of telling you, that you are in a little *mistake*, Sir. For the *order* of such things is *this*, Sir. First, a *gentleman* happens to *afront another gentleman or a family*, as you have done *ours*, Sir. Next, the *gentleman affronted*, or *some one of the family*, in order to *vindicate their honour*, challenges to *single combat*, the *gentleman* who did the *injury*, as I have done *you*, Sir. Then the *gentleman* who did the *injury*, perhaps, *refuses to fight*. The other proceeds to take the *regular course* of *beating*, [counting on his fingers] *bruising*, *kicking*, *cuffing*, *pulling by the nose and ears*, *rolling in the dirt*, and *stampeding* on him, till the *breath* be fairly *out of his body*, and there is an *end of him*, and of the *quarrel*, you know. Or if the *gentleman*, who happened to do the *injury*, *will fight*, which, to be sure, is doing the thing *genteelly*, you know; why then, *one, or t'other*, is decently *run through the body*, and there is an *end of the matter another way*,  
you

EXPL.

## LESSONS.

379

R.E.P.

you know. Now, Sir, you see plainly, that my proceedings are *regular*, and *gentleman-like*—gentleman-like—*absolutely*. So, Sir, once more, and but once more, will you be pleased to accept of one, or t'other, of these two swords?

Longh. *Not I*, truly.

R.E.P.

Pink. Why then, Sir, the first step I am to take, you know, is, to cane you, which I humbly beg leave to proceed to accordingly. [Canes him.]

Longh. *Ab!—eb!—ob!*

C.O.M.P.L.

Pink. Then, Sir, the next operation is *cuffing*—no, I am *wrong*; *kicking* is *next*. [Kicks him.]

R.E.P.

Longh. *Hold, bold*. Is the *d—l* in you? Oh! C.O.M.P.L.  
I am bruised all over!

Pink. Sir, I ask you pardon, if I have offended R.E.P.  
you: I did not mean it, I assure you, Sir. All  
I want, is to vindicate the honour of our family.  
If you had fulfilled your contract, you had spared H.A.S.T.E.  
me all this trouble. Besides, I am really pressed  
for time; therefore must take the liberty of pro-  
ceeding, as expeditiously as possible, to the remaining  
operations of cuffing you, pulling you by the nose,  
and ears, rolling you in the dirt, and stamping the  
breath out of your body. Come, Sir, if you please. R.E.P.

Longh. Hold a little, pray,—Ob!—my bones INTR.  
are bruised to jelly.—Is there no way of compound- C.O.M.P.L.  
ing this affair but by blood and murder? INTR.

Pink. O yes, Sir. You have only to fulfil R.E.P.  
your contract, and all will be well.

I

Longh.

## LESSONS.

DISTR. Longh. [aside.] What the *duce* must I do?—  
 I had better be *cuckolded*, I believe, than *trod to death*.—[To him] I am *willing*—I am *willing*—  
 RELUC. —to perform the *contract*.—Oh! my poor bones!  
 Ob!

RESP. Pink. Sir, you are a *gentleman* every *inch* of  
 JOY. you. I am very *glad* to find you are come to a  
 COM- right way of thinking. I *assure* you, Sir, there is  
 PLAIS. no man in the *world*, for whom I have a greater  
 INVIT. regard, nor whom I should *rather* wish to have  
 for a *brother-in-law*. Come, Sir, the *ceremony*  
 shall be *performed immediately*. [Exeunt.]

## LXXVII.

WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION.  
 INSTRUCTION.

The substance of Isocrates's Areopagitic oration,  
 which is celebrated by Dion. Halicarn. Tom. II.

P. 40.

APOL. I DOUBT not, Athenians, but many of you  
 will wonder what should excite me to address  
 you upon public affairs, as if the state were in  
 immediate danger, whilst, to you, we seem to be in  
 perfect safety, a general peace prevailing, and the  
 commonwealth secured by formidable fleets and  
 armies, and strengthened by powerful allies, and  
 tributary

tributary states, to support the public expences, and co-operate with us in every emergency. All which circumstances seeming to be in our favour, I suppose most of those who now hear me, imagine, we have nothing to do, but congratulate ourselves on our happiness, and enjoy ourselves in peace; and that it is only our enemies, who have any thing to fear.

TRI-  
UMPH.

I, therefore, take for granted, Athenians, you do, in your own minds, despise my attempt to alarm you; and that, in your imaginations, you already grasp the empire of all Greece. But what would you think, my countrymen, if I should tell you, it is on account of the seemingly favourable circumstances, I have mentioned, that I am apprehensive. My observation has presented me so many instances of states, which at the very time they seemed to be at the height of prosperity, were in fact upon the brink of ruin; that I cannot help being alarmed at the security, in which I see my country at present sunk. When a nation is puffed up with an opinion of her own strength and safety; it is then that her counsels are likely to be rash and imprudent, and their consequences fatal. The condition of kingdoms, as of individuals, is variable. Permanent tranquillity is seldom seen in this world. And with circumstances the conduct both of individuals, and of nations, is commonly seen to change. Prosperity generally produces arrogance, rashness, and folly. Want, and distress, naturally suggest prudent and moderate re-

PRIDE.

ALARM.

CAUT.

INSTR.

## LESSONS.

ARG.

APPRE-  
HENS.

ARG.

CONT.

*Solutions.* Therefore it is not so *easy*, as at first view it may seem, to determine, *which condition is*, for the purpose of *real happiness*, the *most to be desired* for *individuals*; or, with a view to *national prosperity*, *which state one should wish public affairs to be in*, during his *own life*, and that of his *children*; whether of *perfect superiority to danger and fear*, or of *circumstances requiring caution, frugality, and attention*. For *that condition*, which is *most desired by mankind*, I mean, of *perfect prosperity*, generally brings with it the *causes and the fore-runners of misfortune*; whilst *narrower circumstances* commonly lead on to *care, prudence, and safety*. Of the *truth of this observation*, better *proofs* cannot be *desired*, than those, which the *histories* of our *own commonwealth*, and of *Lacedæmon*, furnish. Was not the *taking* of our *city*, by the *barbarians*, the *very cause* of our applying, with such *diligence*, to the *arts of war and government*, as set us at the *head of Greece*? But, when our *success* against our *enemies* *misled us into the imagination*, that our *power* was *unconquerable*, we soon found ourselves on the *verge of destruction*. The *Lacedæmonians*, likewise, from inhabiting a few *obscure towns*, came, through a *diligent attention to the military art*, to *conquer Peloponnesus*. And, upon this, *increasing* their *power* by *sea and land*, they were soon *puffed up* to such a *height of pride and folly*, as brought them into the *same dangers*, which we had

had run into. Whoever attends to these particulars, and yet thinks our commonwealth in a *safe condition*, must be extremely *thoughtless*; especially as our affairs are now in a *worse state*, than at the period I refer to: for we have both the *envy* of the other states of *Greece*, and the *bosility* of the king of *Perſia*, to fear.

A.R.C.

APPRE-  
HENS.

When I consider these things, I am in doubt, whether I should conclude, that you have *lost all care* for the public safety; or that you are, *not indifferent*, but wholly *ignorant* of the present *dangerous state* of our affairs. May it not be said, that we have *lost* the cities of *Thrace*; that we have *squandered* above a *thousand talents* in *military pay*, by which we have got *nothing*; that we have drawn upon ourselves the *suspicion* of the other states of *Greece*, and the *enmity* of the *barbarous king*<sup>2</sup>; and that we are necessitated to take the side of the *Thebans*, and have *lost* our own *natural allies*? And for these signal *advan-* BLAME,  
*tages*, we have twice appointed public *thanksgivings* to the gods; and shew, in our deliberations, the *tranquillity*, which could only be proper, if all were in *perfect safety*. Nor is it to be *wondered*, that we fall into *wrong measures*, and consequent *misfortunes*. Nothing is to be *expected* to INSTR.,  
go right in a state, unless its governors know how, by *prudence* and *sagacity*, to *consult* the general *advantage*. Fortune may, occasionally, bring

CONT.  
ALARM.

Y 2

partial

<sup>2</sup> Of Persia.

## LESSONS.

BLAME.

*partial success, and temporary prosperity : but upon this there can be no dependence. When the command of all Greece fell into our hands, in consequence of the naval victory gained by Conon and Timotheus, we could not keep what we were in actual possession of. The very constitution of our commonwealth is gone wrong, and we have not the least thought of entering upon ways and means to set it right ; whilst we all know, that it is not the surrounding of a city with big and strong walls, nor assembling together a multitude of people, that makes a great and flourishing state ; but wholesome laws, a wise police and a faithful administration.*

DESIR.

*How much, therefore, is it to be wished, that the commonwealth could be brought back to the condition, in which the wise legislation of Solon placed it (than whom no one ever had the good of the people more at heart) and to which Cleisthenes restored it, when enslaved by the thirty tyrants, whom he expelled ; re-establishing the commonwealth in the hands of the people, according to the original constitution. It is notorious, that, in the happier times, when the republic was administered according to the original constitution, there*

INSTR.

*was not, as since, a nominal liberty, with a real tyranny ; but that the people were accustomed to other principles, than those, which now lead them to consider democracy as the same with anarchy, liberty with licentiousness ; and that their happiness consists*

BLAME.

consists in the *unpunished violation of the laws*. In  
*those times*, the *equal distribution of justice*, which  
prevailed, brought adequate *punishment* upon  
those, who deserved it, and conferred the due  
*honours* upon such as had *earned them by their  
virtue*. *Preferment*, to stations of *power and trust*,  
was not, in *those days*, open to *all promiscuously*.  
*They*, who appeared to the public to have the *best  
claim by merit and character*, obtained them. For  
they wisely considered, that to promote to *high  
stations* men of *superior eminence for virtue*, was  
the likeliest means to excite a *general emulation*  
among persons of *all ranks*, even to the *lowest*; as  
the people are constantly observed to *form their  
manners upon the model of their superiors*. In  
stead of the *public treasures plundered to fill the  
coffers of private persons*; it was common to see  
large sums of *private wealth voluntarily contributed* INSTR.  
for defraying the *public expence*. In *those times*,  
the *difficulty* was, to prevail with the persons qua-  
- lified for filling important stations, to *assume them*:  
whereas in *our days*, all are *aspiring to preferment*,  
*worthy and unworthy, qualified and unqualified*. In  
*those times*, they, who *refused*, were the *most soli-  
cited*, to assume high stations; as it was considered,  
that *merit is commonly diffident of itself*. In *our  
days*, they, who *elbow others, and thrust themselves  
forward*, obtain the most readily what they, by this  
*very conduct, shew themselves the most unworthy  
of*. Our ancestors did not look upon a place of  
COM-MEND.  
BLAM.  
COMM.  
BLAM.  
COMM.  
BLAM.  
COMM.  
BLAM.  
COMM.  
BLAM.  
COMM.  
CONT.  
COMM.

## LESSONS.

CONT.

COMM.

authority as an *emolument*; but as a *charge*: the successor did not enquire what his predecessor had *gained*, while he held his employment; but what he had left *undone*, that the *deficiency* might be *supplied*, as soon as possible. They held it proper, that the administration should be trusted to those, who had the *most* to *lose*, in case of a subversion of the state; but so, that *no riches*, or *power*, should *screen* any person from an *enquiry* into his *conduct*, nor from *suffering adequate punishment*, in case of *delinquency*. The *rich* thought *extreme poverty* in the *lower people* a *reflexion* upon *them*, as having *failed* in their *patronage* of *them*; and the *poor*, far from *envying* the *wealth* of their *superiors*, *rejoiced* in it; considering the *power* of the *rich* as *their protection*. Sensible of the supreme *importance* of right *education* toward the happiness of a state, they bestowed the *strictest attention* upon forming the *manners* of the *youth*, to *modesty*, *truth*, *valour*, and *love* of their *country*. Nor did they think it sufficient to lay a *foundation* of *good principles* in the minds of *young people*, and *leave them*, after they were *grown up*, to *act* as *they pleased*: on the contrary the *manners* of *adult persons* were more strictly *inspected*, than those of the *youth*; and the general *censorship* was *vested* in this very *court* of *Areopagus*, of which *none* could be *members*, but persons *eminent* for their *birth*, and their *virtues*; so that it is not to be wondered, that

tis

this court bore, at that time, a character superior to that of all the other councils of Greece.

b It is from ignorance, that they speak, who CONT.  
would persuade us, that there is nothing more necessary toward making a state great and happy, than a body of good laws. The laws, by which our commonwealth was governed in her most flourishing times, were known to all the other

states of Greece, and they might adopt as many of them, as they pleased. But were all the other states of Greece— was any of them— upon as advantageous a foot as the Athenian republic? What chiefly tends to the establishment of a state, is, a police founded in habitual modesty, temperance, integrity, valour, and patriotism. The general prevalence of these dispositions in a people, is not brought about by laws or sanctions; but by education, example; and a judicious exertion of the discretionary power, which is, and ought to be, in the hands of magistrates; whereby they discountenance vice, without directly punishing it, and draw the subjects into that voluntary rectitude of behaviour, which force will never produce. Laws CONT.

heaped upon laws, and sanctions added to sanctions, shew an unruly and perverse disposition in the people, who would not otherwise require such various terrors to restrain them. The sagacity of governors appears in their shewing, that they have the address to plant their laws in the hearts of a tractable and obedient people. The COMM.

INSTR.

most tremendous sanctions will be incurred by men of ungovernable dispositions; but those, whose minds have received, from education, and good police, a proper bent, will behave well, though left to themselves. The business, therefore, is not so much, to find ways of punishing offenders, as to form the minds of the people so, that they shall have no disposition to offend.

SPEECH.  
DEF.  
APOL.

I hope no Athenian, who hears me this day, will shew such malice, as to accuse me of attempting to promote innovations. To advise, that we should return to the institutions of our ancestors, is, surely, a very different matter from proposing innovations. And to propose the re-establishment of those arts of government, which we know to have been judicious, from their producing the most desirable effects, is far enough from shewing a love of novelty. Experience may teach us, if we be disposed to learn, what we have to expect, if we go on in the track, we are now in;

ALARM.  
ENCOUR.

and what the consequences will be, if we restore the commonwealth to the condition in which our wise ancestors established and maintained it. Let us attend to the effects which our conduct will have upon those, we are most concerned with, viz. the other states of Greece, our rivals, and the Persians our enemies.

INSTR.  
RER.

(The truth is too notorious to be dissembled: we have, by our misconduct, and neglect of the public concerns, brought matters to such a pass, that part of the rival states despise, and part hate us.)

us. And, as for the Persian monarch, we have his sentiments of us in his letters.

I have in perfect sincerity declared to you, APol. Athenians, as far as my judgment reaches, the precarious state of the commonwealth at present; with its causes, and cure. You will shew your wisdom, and your patriotism, by taking into your serious consideration these important objects; and setting yourselves with speed and diligence to find out, and carry into execution, the most proper and effectual means of redressing those evils, which, otherwise, will draw after them the most ruinous consequences.

ADVIS.

ALARM.

## LXXVIII.

**BLUNT REPROOF. WARNING. OFFERING  
FRIENDSHIP.**

The speech of the Scythian ambassadors to Alexander, who was preparing war against them.  
[*Q. Curt. xii.*]

**I**F your person were as gigantic, as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia: from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage

RESP.

war

WARN.

war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years a growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour.

CONT.

WARN.

It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care, lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches, you have laid hold on. The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what is weak.

REMON.

It will, therefore, be your wisdom, to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why should you attack Scythia?

COUR.

We inhabit vast deserts, and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends, and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered

quered

quered those, who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own countrey, and likewise the kings of the *Medes* and *Perians*, when they made unjust war upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into *Egypt*. You pretend to be the *punisher of robbers*; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken *Lydia*: you have seized *Syria*: you are master of *Peria*: you have subdued the *Bactrians*; and attacked *India*. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable bands upon our flocks and our herds.

Accus.

How imprudent is your conduct? You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the *Bactrians* detained you. While you were subduing them, the *Sogdians* revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is two-fold; to win, and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect, that the nations, you conquer, will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the *Tanais*, you may travel over *Scythia*, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous spoils

REMON.

INSTR.

WARN.

COUR.

WARN.

- THREA.**      spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The desarts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns, or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, "That fortune has no feet; and is furnished only with bands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those, to whom she has been bountiful." You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Hammon. It suits the character of a god, to bestow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects, which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have, in us, a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is
- REMON.**
- ADV.**
- WARN.**
- REPR.**
- CONT.**
- ADV.**
- REPR.**
- OFF.**
- FRIEND:**
- INITI:**

is *nothing* between us and *Bactria*, but the river *Tanais*; and our territory extends to *Tbrace*, which, as we have heard, borders on *Macedon*. If you decline attacking us in a *hostile* manner, you *Off.* may have our *friendship*. *Nations*, which have never been at *war*, are on an *equal footing*. But *WARN.* it is in *vain*, that *confidence* is reposed in a *conquered* people. There can be no *sincere friendship* between the *oppressors* and the *oppressed*. Even in *peace*, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of *war* against the former. We will, *Off.* if you think good, enter into a *treaty*, with you, according to *our manner*, which is, not by *signing*, *sealing*, and taking the gods to *witness*, as is the *Grecian custom*; but by doing *actual services*. The *Scythians* are not used to *promise*; but to *per-* *form* without *promising*. And they think an *ap-* *peal* to the gods *superfluous*; for that those, who have *no regard* for the esteem of *men*, will not *desist* to offend the gods by *perjury*. You may *Adv.* therefore *consider* with *yourself*, whether you had better have a people of *such a character* (and *so situated*, as to have it in their power either to *serve* you, or to *annoy* you, according as you *treat* them) for *allies*, or for *enemies*.

## LXXIX.

**OUTCRY.** EXAMINATION. SELF-DEFENCE.  
**CHIDING.** LAMENTATION. THREATENING.  
**REFUSAL.** RELUCTANT COMPLIANCE.

[See Moliere's *L'AVARE*.]

**OUTCRY.** Scrapely. *T'HIIEVES! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Traitors!*

**LAMEN.** *Murderers! Justice! Help! I am robbed! I am ruined! I am dead! I am buried! O my money, my money! My guineas! My golden guineas! My thousand guineas! My precious treasure! My comfort! My support! My life! My all is gone, plundered, robbed, carried off, strong-box and all! O that I had never been born! O that the earth would open, and swallow me up alive!* [Throws himself down on the floor. Lies sometime, as stupified with the fall. Then gathers-himself up.] *Ob! ob! ob!*

**EXTR.** *Who has done this? Who has robbed me? Who has got my money? Where is the thief? the murderer, the traitor? Where shall I go to find him? Where shall I search? Where shall I not search? Is he gone this way?* [Running to the right.] *Is he gone that way?* [Running the contrary way.] *Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief. Here is nobody. Are they all gone out of the house? They have robbed me, and*

**OUTCRY.** *way?* [Running to the right.] *Is he gone that*

and are all gone off. My son, my daughter, my servants, are all concerned; they have conspired together to ruin me.— *Heb* [List'ning] what do *List*. you say? Is he caught. *Villain!* [Catching himself.] I have you.— *Alas*, I have caught myself. *LAMENT*. I am going out of my senses; and that is not to be wondered at.— I will go to a magistrate. I will have every body examined, that ever was in *DISTR*. my house. I will have half the town imprisoned, tried, and hanged; and if I cannot, with all this, recover my money, I will hang myself.

## Returns with Justice Nosewell.

*Just.* Nosewell. Let me alone. I know what *AFF*. I have to do, I'll warrant you. This is not the *WISD*. first piece of roguery I have found out. If I had but a purse of ten guineas for every fellow, I have been the hanging of, there are not many of his Majesty's Justices of the peace, would carry their heads bigger. There were, you say, in your *QUEST*. strong-box?

*Scr.* A thousand guineas well told.

*LAM.*

*Nose.* A thousand guineas! A large sum!

*WOND.*

*Scr.* A thousand guineas of gold. *Hoo, boo,* *WEEP.* *boo!* [Weeps.]

*Nose.* Have you any suspicion of any particular person?

*QUEST.*

*Scr.* Yes, I suspect every body.

*LAM.*

*Nose.* Your best way, Sir, will be, to keep very quiet, and not to seem to suspect any one, till you can

*AFF.*

*WISD.*

can lay hold of some proof, or presumption, at least. Then you may proceed to the rigor of the law. [While they are talking without the door of Scrapely's house, James, the cook, comes out, and speaks with his face from them, leaving dissections with the scullion boy.]

DIREC. I James. You understand me, Jack. I shall be back presently. Kill him directly. Put him in boiling water. Scrape him, and bang him up.

ANC. Scr. What, the rogue who has robbed me? Do bang him, drown him, burn him, slay him alive.

SUBM. James. I mean a pig, Sir, that is come from Mr. Rackum, your honour's worship's steward in the country.

ANC. Scr. Pig me no pigs, Sir. I have other things to think of than pigs.— You may be the rogue, for what I know of. A cook may carry off a strong-box, as soon as another man. Examine him, pray, good Mr. Justice Nosewell.

APP. Nose. Don't frighten yourself, friend. I am not a man, who loves to blaze things abroad.

WISD. James. Sir, your honour, I ask your honour's pardon; I am a little hard of bearing, your honour. Often hot, and often cold, your honour. Your honour's worship sups this evening with my master's honour's worship, I suppose, and your honour's worship would, mayhap, like to have a little plate of something tossed up to your honour's

## LESSONS. 337

honour's worship's *liking*, mayhap. If your FLAT.  
honour's worship pleases to let me *know* what  
your honour's worship *fancies*, I will do my best  
to *please* your honour's worship.

Nosew. No, no, my business with you is quite AFF.  
*another matter*. Friend, it will be your WISD.,  
not to conceal any thing from your master. It  
will be the better for you.

James. Sir, your honour, I assure your ho- FLAT.  
nour's worship, I will do my very best to please  
your honour's worship upon my honour. If there  
is a better way than another, I will use it, as far,  
as I have minterials and ingratitudes. I wish my DES.  
master's honour's worship would go to the ex-  
pence of a few morrels and truffles, and a little  
right East India catchup. There's your high fla- FLAT.  
avour, your honour. And our niggardly steward,  
hang him, downright spoils my master's honour's  
worship. I could engage to send up as pretty a FLAT.  
little collation, as your honour's worship could  
wish to sit down to, if that narrow-hearted soul, Accus.  
Rackum, our steward, did not clip my wings with  
the scissars of his niggardliness.

Scr. Hold your tongue, you scoundrel. We ANC.  
don't want to hear your nonsense about eating.  
Hold your tongue, and answer to the questions,  
which Justice Nosewell is going to put to you  
about the money, I have lost, and which I suppose  
you have taken.

Z

James.

SURPR.

James. *I take your honour's worship's money,*  
*Sir ! Mercy defend me from thinking of such a*  
*thing ! I did not so much as know, that your*  
*honour's worship had lost any money.*

SELF-  
DEF.

THREAT.

Scr. *Yes, you rogue, I have lost money, and I'll*  
*have you and twenty others, hang'd, if I don't*  
*recover it.*

ANX.

SELF-  
DEF.

James. *Mercy defend me, your honour. Why*  
*should your honour's worship suspect me of such*  
*a thing ? Did your honour's worship ever know*  
*me rob your honour's worship of a farthing, or*  
*a farthing's worth ?*

APP.  
WISD.

DIR.

Nosew. *Hold, Mr. Scrapely. There is no*  
*need of scolding. My clerk shall administer to*  
*him the oath. Here, Mr. Longscroll, administer*  
*the oath to this man. Not the common oath. No*  
*body minds kissing the book now-a-days. Give him*  
*the great oath. [Clerk comes forward.]*

APP.

AUTH.

AUTH.

FEAR.

AUTH.

TREM.

AUTH.

TERR.

AUTH.

FRIGHT.

INTR.

Clerk. Fall down on your knees before his  
*worship*, and say after me. [James kneels before  
the Justice, in great trepidation.] *May the d—l.*

James. *May the d—l.*

Clerk. *The great d—l.*

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l.*

Clerk. *The great d—l of d—ls.*

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l of d—ls.*

Clerk.. *With his great iron claws.*

James. *With his gre—e—e—at iron—Ab !*

*Mercy defend me, your noble honour's worship, I—*

am

am frightned out of my wits! I can't say any more of this dreadful oath. I expect the d—l to come up through the ground before my very nose in a minute. I'll tell your honour's worship all the whole truth without the oath, if your honour's worship will but give me a little time to fetch breath.

Nosew. *Rise then, James. Don't frighten yourself; but frankly confess the foul fact like an honest christian.* [To Scrapely.] I knew he would not trifle with the great oath. We shall have a full confession presently.

AFF.  
WISD.

James. Why then—why then—I confess the foul fact frankly, and like an honest christian, that I do not know, who has taken my master's worship's money, no more than the child that was unborn forty years ago, as I am a sinner to be saved for ever and ever and amen.

SELF-  
DEF.

Nosew. O that won't do, James. You must kneel down again, and take all the whole great oath. And, if you won't give up the truth, my clerk shall write your mittimus to prison, James.

AFF.  
WISD.

THR.

James. O mercy defend me! O your noble FRIGHT, honour's worship, have mercy on a poor harmless criminal, that is as innocent of the fact he is convicted of, as your honour's worship, or your honour's worship's clerk, there where he stands. If I ever do such a thing again, your worship shall hang me twenty times over. For I am sure, I never touched my master's honour's worship's money, nor

SELF-  
DEF.

any man's money, in all my born days, in an *unfair* or *unconscionable* way, saving your honour's worship's presence, and my master's honour's worship's presence, and . . . .

Enter Smoothly leading in Mariana, Scrapely's daughter.

SUBM.

Smooth. *Behold, Sir, your son and daughter present themselves to beg your pardon, favour, and blessing.*

ANG.

Scr. *My son (if you be my son) and my daughter may hang themselves. That is all the blessing I have to bestow on them, or myself. O my dear strong-box! O my lost guineas! O poor, ruined, beggared old man! Hoo, boo, boo!* [Weeps.]

LAMEN.

Smooth. Sir, if you please to look upon our union with a favourable eye, no uneasiness about your strong-box need trouble your repose. It shall be forth-coming immediately.

WEEP.

Scr. *What do you say? My strong-box? With all that was in it? The thousand guineas? The whole thousand? Shall it be forth-coming? If you make your words good, you shall eat my daughter, if you please, and my son too.*

SUBM.

James. *I told your honour's worship, I knew nothing of your honour's worship's money.*

PROM.

Scr. *Where is my precious, precious treasure, my life, my joy, my all?*

SURPR.  
and  
JOY.

Mar. *Sir, your unreasonable anxiety about money, which appears on the present, as on many*

SELF-  
DEF.

DES.

JOY.

BLAM.  
with  
SUBM.

many former occasions, in your lamentations about what, to a man of your fortune, are trifles, has been the cause of constant anxiety to yourself, and all your family, and has forced me upon what I am APOL. ashamed of. This worthy gentleman has long had a GRAT. regard for me, much above my deserving. He has EST. always declared, that he desired no fortune with me. Your excessive penury denied me the decencies of dress suitable to your daughter. I thought myself entitled to some part of what you can very well spare. I took the liberty of having your strong-box seized, that I might have wherewith to furnish myself suitably to the daughter of a man of fortune, and the bride of a man of fortune. His generous heart could not bear the thought of my taking any thing from you, which you did not choose to give me. He therefore insists upon my delivering you up the strong-box, if you require it. But I am in hopes, Sir, you will not only grant me the trifling sum contained in it, but allow me a fortune suitable to your estate, and to the gentleman's, who is so kind as to marry me without the prospect of any. INTR.

Scr. Where must I have it? Can I make PEEV. money? Where is my strong-box? If this gentleman has married you without a fortune, let him keep you without a fortune. Where is my strong-box? He cannot say, I ever promised him a fortune with you. Where is my strong-box?

## LESSONS.

Enter Mr. Sagely.

**P.M.** Sage. Mr. Scrapely, this gentleman, my nephew, has, in consequence of a long mutual affection between him and your daughter, married her this day. He has a fortune sufficient to maintain his lady and family without any addition by marriage; and he desires nothing with your daughter. But it is well known, you can afford to give her a fortune, I insist upon it, though he is indifferent about the matter, that you sign this bond, which is ready filled up, for twenty thousand pound, which is much less than you ought to give with your daughter to such a son-in-law.

**AFFEC.  
SURPR.  
MIS.** Scr. Mr. Sagely! are you out of your wits? I twenty thousand pound! Where should I have the tenth part of twenty thousand pound?

**THREAT.** Sage. Harkye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aside] I know enough of your tricks, your smuggling, your extortion, and the like (you know, I know enough of them) to hang you. If, therefore, you don't directly sign this bond, I will go and lay the informations against you before the proper persons; so that before you be a day older, you may depend on being safe in custody.

**VEXAT.  
FEAR.  
MIS.** Scr. [Aside.] O d—l on him. He has me, I feel the noose under my left ear already. [To him.] Why, Mr. Sagely, twenty thousand pound is a great sum. How should I raise twenty thousand pound?

## LESSONS. 343

pound? I believe I might, with the help of some friends, raise two thousand; but . . . .

Sage. Will you sign and seal directly; or shall I go, and inform directly? I ask you only this once. [Going.] THREAT.

Scr. Hold; you are so hasty. Let me see the bond. [Aside.] I wish I had you in a private place, and a knife at your throat; I'd soon spoil your informing. [To him.] I will sign and seal. But I know not where the money is to come from.

FEAR.  
MADNESS.

VEXAT.  
COMPL.

SELF-  
DEF.

James. Now, Sir, I hope you are satisfied I am entirely conscious of meddling with your honour's worship's money; that I am a conscientious man, and not such a rogue, as your honour's worship [makes a long pause] was pleased to take me for.

## LXXX.

### DISSUASION.

The wise advice of Charidemus, an Athenian exile at the court of Darius, when he was asked his opinion of the event of the warlike preparations making by Darius against Alexander. [Q. Curt. L. III.]

PERHAPS your majesty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian and an exile; and if I do not declare it now, I never will;

Z 4 perhaps

APOL.

WARN.

perhaps I may never have another opportunity. Your majesty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the east, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries.

CONT.

The gold, the purple, and the splendor of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders, make a shew, which surpasses the imagination of all, who have not seen it.

ALARM.

The Macedonian army, with which your majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in iron.

COMM.

The irresistible phalanx is a body of men, who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear, so that a brazen wall might as soon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army.

CONT.

Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your majesty's troops are so vain of, I mean, gold and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds.

COMM.

Whatever will satisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the

the Macedonian phalanx,—an army, that has, in spite of all opposition, over-run half the world,—  
are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with *Adv.* *Alexander*, your majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops. And they are no where to be had, but in the same countries, which produced those conquerors of the world. It is therefore my opinion, that, if your majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorns your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from *Greece*, to contend with *Greeks*, you might have some chance for success; otherwise *ALARM.* I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been, who have encountered the irresistible *Macedonians*.

## LXXXI.

A SERMON<sup>b</sup>.TEACH-  
ING.

**T**H E end of preaching is twofold; To instruct mankind in the sacred truths contained in scripture; and, To persuade them to live agreeably to the laws of the Christian religion. It is, therefore, my present purpose, my brethren, to endeavour, with the Divine assistance, to promote your spiritual and temporal happiness, by desiring your attention to what shall be spoken to you from the following passage of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Titus, the second chapter, and eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses.

“ The grace of God, which bringeth salvation,  
 “ hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that,  
 “ denying

<sup>b</sup> I did not know where to find a single sermon containing a sufficient variety of species of matter, for exercising, generally, the talents of a preacher. The reader will perceive, that this discourse is composed with a direct view to expression or delivery. And whoever has considered the strain of the popular addresses of the prophets and apostles, and of the Fathers, and best French preachers, to say nothing of the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero, and the rest, will not, I hope, be offended at a vivacity of remonstrance, and description, unusual in our English sermons; which are, otherwise, the best.

"denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we  
"should live soberly, righteously, and godly,  
"in this present world, looking for the blessed  
"hope, and glorious appearance of the great  
"God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

We may represent to ourselves the great *Apostle of the Gentiles* speaking as follows: for it is, I think, probable, he meant what follows:

"The favour of God, to which we owe all,  
"that we enjoy, or hope for, particularly our  
"deliverance from Heathen ignorance and immo-  
"rality, and the prospect of future rescue from  
"the tyranny of Satan, and from death"; this  
"Divine goodness is, in the Christian revelation,  
"gloriously displayed before mankind; the new  
"religion being established upon the unequa-  
"litable evidence of miracles, prediction, and  
"its own internal character, and that of its di-  
"vine Author, and of its propagators, who are COUR.  
"ready to lay down their lives in attestation of  
"the truth of his resurrection from the dead";  
"of the reality of which they are sure beyond a  
"possibility of mistake, and cannot be suspected  
"of a design to deceive others, having no worldly  
"temptation to propagate, but much to conceal, or  
"deny the fact.

"And

<sup>a</sup> Acts xxvi. 18,

<sup>b</sup> Heb. ii. 14, 15,

<sup>c</sup> Acts i. 3.

“ And this heavenly religion giveth full satisfaction to the anxious and inquisitive mind upon the most interesting subjects ; where the light of nature, and the sagacity of philosophers had left men in great uncertainty, as, Wherein the chief good of man consisteth : Who is the only Object of worship, and how he is to be acceptably worshipped : Of the other orders of beings, inferior to the one indivisible and unoriginated Supreme, but superior to us ; and how we are concerned with them : How evil, and, particularly, death, came into God’s world : Of the future redress of the disorderly state, in which this world is at present : The will of God, or duty of man, fixed by laws authoritatively promulgated : What will be the effect of repentance and reformation : How, and when, the good, and the wicked are to receive their respective retributions of reward and punishment : The possibility of rising from the dead, demonstrated by actual resurrections, especially that of Christ himself : That the whole human species is to be raised from the dead, in bodies, and that the heathen notions of Elysian fields, and of Tartarus, as well as of transmigration of some souls into other bodies, without end, and of the re-union of others to the Deity, are fables and fictions ; and that all mankind are to be judged at one time, and that this is to be done by Christ : That the retribution

" retribution for the *virtuous* is *glory, honour,*  
" and *immortality*; and of obdurate *wickedness*,  
" final *destruction* from the presence of God,  
" and the *glory* of his power; *both* sentences  
" *irreversible*.

" And the new religion inculcates in the most  
" powerful manner, the necessity of *forsaking* the  
" *impious superstitions*, and *vicious abominations*,  
" allowed, or not reformed, by the beaten religions,  
" as the *worship* of *deified men*, and of innumerable  
" *imaginary gods and goddesses*, *celestial, terrestrial,*  
" and *infernal*, with *rites absurd, obscene, and*  
" *cruel*; the *promiscuous, excessive, and unnatural*  
" *indulgence* of *fleshy lust*; the arbitrary violation  
" of the matrimonial union by causeless separa-  
" tion; the horrid practices of *exposing children*;  
" of *self-murder*; of inflicting *arbitrary revenge*,  
" and the like<sup>1</sup>. And this blessed religion doth  
" also prohibit, in general, the indulgence of  
" every *wicked disposition* (for its authority  
" reacheth to the heart) and every *wicked pract-*  
" *ice*; all *malice, hatred, envy, injustice, selfishness,*  
" *pride, covetousness, intemperance, lasciviousness,*  
" *anger, revenge, backbiting, lying, craft, unchari-*  
" *table zeal, impiety, profane swearing, blasphemy,*  
" *obscenity, idleness, sedition, rebellion, and neglect of*  
" *public and private religion*. The Christian law  
" forbiddeth all *unwarrantable pursuit* of the  
" three great objects of the desires of wicked and

AVERS.

TEACH.

" *worldly*

<sup>1</sup> Rom. 1.

" worldly men, viz. *riches, power, and pleasure* ;  
" and it requireth the *faithful and unreserved*  
" performance of our whole threefold duty.

" First, That which respecteth *ourselves*, The  
" due regulation of every *passion, appetite, and in-*  
" *cination* of our nature ; and a proper attention  
" to, and careful cultivation of, all our *powers,*  
" *bodily, and mental*, so that the wise ends of the  
" beneficent *Giver* of them may best be an-  
" swered, and the *last disappointed* : therefore no  
" one can justly pretend to be a *sincere proselyte*  
" to the new religion, who does not study to be  
" *bumble, meek, forgiving, pure in heart, sincere,*  
" *diligent in improving his knowledge and virtue,*  
" *courageous in the cause of truth, temperate, fru-*  
" *gal, industrious, decent, cautious, fearful of offend-*  
" *ing, penitent for his weaknesses, heavenly-minded,*  
" *and richly furnished with every grace and virtue,*  
" *flourishing, and growing, and rising to bigger and*  
" *bigger degrees of perfection continually.*

" The second head of duty required by the  
" new religion, is, That which respecteth our  
" fellow-creatures, viz. The conscientious ob-  
" servance of justice, negative and positive, as to  
" the interests of the body, the soul, the reputation,  
" and the *worldly estate* of our neighbour ; and  
" over and above mere justice, a generous dispoli-  
" tion to shew *kindness* on every proper occasion,  
" and in every prudent manner, to all within  
" our reach ; and the discharge of every relative  
" duty

" duty according to our respective situations of  
" governors, subjects, countrymen, parents, children,  
" husbands, wives, masters, servants, and the rest.

" The third head of duty required by the  
" new religion, is, That which respecteth our  
" Creator, viz. Thinking, and speaking and acting  
" in the constant fear, and sense of the universal  
" presence, of Almighty God; with love and grati-  
" tude to Him for all his goodness to us, especially  
" for his last and best gift, the Christian religion;  
" worshipping Him in spirit and truth, both pub-  
" licly and privately; obedience to all his laws;  
" acceptance, upon due examination, of the blessed  
" religion of his Son, and adherence to it in spite  
" of the terrors of persecution, with an unreserved  
" submission to its heavenly precepts; sincerely  
" repenting of, and thoroughly reforming all our  
" faults; with gratitude to our illustrious Deli-  
" verer from Satan, sin, and death, and observance  
" of his institution for commemorating his suffer-  
" ings and death.

" And this heavenly religion teacheth us to  
" expect the future glorious appearance of its  
" divine Author, to restore this ruined world, to  
" put an end to the tyranny of Satan<sup>b</sup>, to abolish  
" death,

<sup>a</sup> The gospels, and particularly that by St. Matthew, in  
the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of which we have the peculiar  
laws of christianity summed up, was not, probably, at this  
time, written.

<sup>b</sup> Rev. xxi.

*death, and to judge the whole human race, both those, who shall then be alive, and also all, who have lived in all parts of the earth, from the creation of man; who shall universally be restored to life, by the same power, which first gave them life; and to reward them according to their respective characters, to fix the penitent and virtuous in a state of safety and everlasting happiness, and condemn the obdurate to utter destruction.*

**ALARM.** This is, in part, the vast and weighty sense of the passage of Scripture, from which I have chosen to speak to you at this time. And what is there, my Christian brethren, of consequence to us, with regard either to our *peace of mind here*, or our *happiness hereafter*, that is not virtually comprehended in this short passage of three verses? What various matter for consideration is here suggested?

**FEAR.** To think of the state we are at present in, and of the task prescribed us, of which you have heard only the principal heads, which task if we do not labour to perform, with the fidelity which becomes those, who know, that the all-piercing eye is upon them, it were better we had never been born—to think of this, is it not enough to make us tremble at ourselves?—To consider the prospect we have, and the hope set before us, if we endeavour, with sincere diligence, to act worthily our part—is it not enough to overwhelm us with rapture? If we are not stocks and stones, if we have

**Joy.**

**Exxit.**

in

in us either *hope* or *fear*, *desire* of our own *happiness* or *horror* at the thought of *misery* and *ruin*; here is what ought to *alarm* us to the *biggest pitch*. There is not *one* here present, whose condition may not hereafter be *blissful* or *calamitous*, beyond *imagination*. And which of the two it shall be, depends upon every *individual himself*. Then surely no man, who *thinks* for a moment, can imagine, that the period of our present existence, however *transient*, is to be trifled with. No one, who has ever heard of a future appearance of a general Judge, as in the text, can think it a matter of *indifference* what life he leads. Hear the voice of inspiration, on this important point: "Be not deceived. God is not to be mocked. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that he shall also reap<sup>1</sup>. God shall render to every man according to his works; to them, who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, immortality, and everlasting life; but to them, who are contentious, and obey not the truth, but obey unrighteousness; indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul, that worketh wickedness, of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile; for there is no respect of persons with God<sup>2</sup>."— What can be more awful, than this warning! It is not for *vain parade*, like the triumphant entry of a conqueror,

<sup>1</sup> Gal. vi. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Rom. ii. 6.

## LESSONS.

PROTES-  
TATION.

ALARM.

REMON.

PROTES.

that the son of man is to come with the sound of the trumpet, attended with hosts of angels, and armed in flaming fire. Every one of us is interested in the solemn business of that dreadful day. It is therefore, my Christian brethren, in the sincerity of my heart, and the agony of my soul<sup>1</sup>, that I

stand forth to warn you, in the name of the great and terrible One, who sitteth upon the throne of heaven, whose creatures we are, and to whom we must answer, and to declare to you without flattery, without reserve, that there is no safety, no chance of escape for you, but by a constant and faithful attention to the performance of every one of the duties I have mentioned to you, and a fixed aversion against every one of the vices I have pointed out, and all others. You have the word of God for it. And his word shall stand; he will do all his pleasure<sup>m</sup>; and the Judge of the earth will do what is right<sup>n</sup>. Would you have the preacher say smooth things? Would you have him betray the truth of God? Shall he, like a faithless hireling<sup>o</sup>, leave his flock unwarned a prey to the Enemy of mankind? Would you have him bear on his own soul, the damnation of a whole people<sup>p</sup>.

No, not for the riches of this wide world. By the help of God, I will be faithful to my trust. I will set before you life, and death, the blessing, and

<sup>1</sup> Rom. ix. 1, 2, 3.      <sup>m</sup> Isa. xlvi. 10.      <sup>n</sup> Gen. xviii. 25.

<sup>o</sup> John x. 13.      <sup>p</sup> Ezek. iii. 18, 19.

and the curse<sup>4</sup>. It shall appear, in that day, when WARN.  
you and I shall stand before the general judg-  
ment-seat, that I have done the duty of my office,  
and, if you listen not, those above, who now look on,  
though to us invisible, shall witness against you,  
that you have murdered your own souls.

I would not have you imagine, that it is so ALARM.  
*easy* a matter to secure your own salvation, as to  
render care on your part, and apprehension on mine,  
*unnecessary*. He, who best knew, has declared,  
that the way to *happiness* is *strait*, and the gate  
*narrow*; that the way to *destruction* is *broad*, and  
the gate *wide*; and that the *number* of those who  
shall reach *happiness*, will be *small*, compared with  
that of those, who shall go to *destruction*<sup>1</sup>. Can  
I then address you with *indifference*, when I know FEAR.  
that you are in *danger*? — But why should I say  
*you*? — I am myself in *danger*. Every *individual*,  
who shall come to salvation, will be one *escaped*  
from extensive *ruin* and *wreck*.

Yet I would not have you think, my Christian COM-  
FORT.  
brethren, that the charge of your souls is a *bur-  
den* too *grievous* to be *borne*; or your duty, a task  
*impossible* to be performed. Though it is true, that  
the *reward* offered, and the *punishment* threatned,  
by the Christian religion, are *motives sufficient*, if  
we think aright, to excite in us *desires* and *fears*  
to carry us through any *abstinence* from pleasure,  
but using the blessing of Providence to find him or  
her

A a 2

<sup>4</sup> Deut. xi. 26.

<sup>1</sup> Mat. vii. 13. Luke xiii. 24.

or any *suffering* of punishment ; though this is true, yet so little does our kind and merciful Lord deserve the character of a *hard task-master*, that all he requires of us—of us, who enjoy these *happy* times untroubled with the terrors of *persecution*—all he requires of us, is—To be *happy here*, and *bereafter*. Even in the life, that *now is*, I appeal to the *feelings* of every man of common decency in this assembly (for I hold not the abandoned *profligate* a *judge* of what *virtue* is, or what its *effect*) I appeal to every *heart*, that is not *hardened* beyond *feeling*, whether *virtue* is not, even in *this world*, *its own reward*? And I ask thy *conscience*, O sinner, whether *vice* be not *its own tormentor*? Canst thou say, the *imaginary pleasure*, the *profit*, and the *honour*, which *vice* bestows, are sufficient to *arm* thee against the *pang of guilt*? Does not its *envenomed sting* often pierce thee through that *weak*, though *threefold armour* of *defence*, to the *very soul*? What, then, dost thou *gain* by thy fatal attachment, if thou art not by it secured from *suffering*? Thou hast but one *objection*, and that, God knows, a *wretched one*, against a life of strict *virtue*; That it may chance to *deprive* thee of some *fancied pleasures*, and subject thee to certain *imaginary austerities*. Now, if thy favourite *vices* were capable of affording thee, at present, a *pleasure untainted, unpoisoned*, and of securing thee against all *pain*; and thou

ANGU.

REMON.

thou knewest, that *virtue* is, in the present state, pure *misery*, thou might'st pretend, thy *scheme* of life had the whole *advantage* against a course of *virtue*, as far as *this world* goes ; and for the next, thou might'st, if thou wert *desperate* enough, set it at *defiance*. But thou *darest* not pretend, that **CHAL.** vice will yield thee, even in *this life*, the copious harvest of substantial *happiness* which *virtue* gives. Which of thy *lawless pleasures* affords, on reflection, an untroubled *enjoyment*? Does the *smile* of the *great*, bought with *perjury*, light up in thy soul the *sunshine* of *undisturbed tranquillity*? Does the *glittering trash*, by *unjust* means *wrested* from the *reluctant* hand of *industry*, satisfy the ever-craving *thirst* of *gold*? Does lawless *lust indulged*, does *virgin innocence betrayed*, do *broken marriage-vows*, yield, on reflection, a continual *feast* to thy *mind*? In what condition is thy *breast* from the moment of *conceiving wickedness*, to that of its *execution*? Does the *dark conspirator* enjoy himself in *quiet*? Can *happiness* dwell with *anxiety*, *tumult*, and *horror*? Will sweet *peace* take up her habitation with discordant *desires*, with warring *passions*, with *fear of discovery*, with apprehension of public *shame*, and exemplary *punishment*? Is the reflection on *revenge*, gratified by the shedding of blood, a subject of *calm enjoyment*? Why, then, is the *murderer afraid to be alone*? What is it, that breaks his *slumbers*, whilst all *nature* is at *rest*? Why does he *start* at every *noise*? What does he

**HONOR.****CHEM.****TREPPI.**

**Desp.** See? With what does his scared *imagination* fill the void? Does not the horror of his *conscience* even raise the murdered out of the earth again? Whence came the frightful imaginations of *charnel-houses opening*, and *graves casting forth their dead*? What is it, but *guilt*, that presents the bloody *apparition* of the mangled innocent, dumb and ghastly before the eyes of the assassin? We know, that the *dead*, (excepting a few raised by *miracle*) are to *sleep till the resurrection*. Yet the murderer does not find himself *safe*, even when the hapless victim of his cruelty is *dust*. The pang of remorse proves so *intolerable*, that a *violent death is relief*. He flies from his internal tormentor to the more friendly *halter or dagger*. To deliver himself from his present *ceaseless gnawings*, he is content to *lose this blessed light*: he throws himself headlong into *eternity*, and, committing the crime, which *cuts itself off from repentance*, seals his own *damnation*. Such are the fruits of atrocious wickedness. Do not, therefore, O presumptuous sinner! I charge thee on thy soul, do not pretend, that the ways of *vice* are ways of *pleasantness*, or that her paths are *peace*: The history of mankind— thy own feelings— will give thee the *lie*.

**Cont.** Didst thou but consider, what figure thou makest in the eye of the discerning among thy own species, thou wouldest think of altering thy conduct. Thy wisdom

wisdom is easily understood to be at best but low cunning. Thy honours are but the applause of SARCASM. fools, dazzled by thy riches, or of knaves, who flatter thee for what they hope to gull thee of. Thy arts over-reach only the weak, or the unguarded. The eye of experience pierces the cob-web veil of hypocrisy; not to mention a more penetrating eye, which thou art sure thou canst not deceive. But go on, if thou wilt. Take the advantage, while thou canst, of thy honest neighbour, who suspects not thy worthlessness. It will not be long, that thou wilt have it in thy power to over-reach any one. Craft is but for a day. O fool! whom art thou deceiving? Even thy wretched self. And of what art thou cheating thyself? Of thy reputation, thy prosperity, and thy peace; to say nothing of thy miserable soul; which thou art configning to the *Enemy of man*, for what thou hadst better, a thousand times, be without, if the future consequences were nothing. Remember I have told thee, what thou acquirest by lawless means, whether thou hast been used to dignify it by the name of profit, pleasure, or honour; the wickedness thou drinkest in with greediness will either poison thy life, or else must be disgorged, with the horrible pangs of remorse. Where then will be thy gains? I say therefore, were there no state ordained for us beyond the present, the wisdom of a man would direct his choice to virtue. To be conscious of that cloudless serenity within,

AWE.

SARCASM.

TEACH.

## LESSONS.

which proceeds from *passions subdued under the superior authority of reason*; to feast upon that uninterrupted joy, which this vain world can neither give, nor take away; to *bless*, and be *blessed*, to *love*, and be *loved*, to be *eyes to the blind*, and *feet to the lame*<sup>\*</sup>; to be a *guardian angel* to his fellow-creatures; to serve *Him*, whose service is the *glory of those, who sit enthroned in heaven*<sup>x</sup>; to have neither *thought*, nor *wish*, which would not do him *honour*, if published before the *universe*—what sense of *dignity*, what *self-enjoyment* must not this *consciousness yield*?—I tell thee, thoughtless *libertine*! there is more *joy* in *repenting of, and flying from vice*, nay in *suffering for virtue*, than ever thou wilt taste in the *cloying draught of swinish impurity*<sup>y</sup>. What, then, must be the *undisturbed fruition* of that which makes the *happiness of every superior nature*?

ALARM.  
REVER.

But this life is not all. There is—there is, full surely, another state abiding us. The soul of man feels itself formed for something greater, than all that is here below; and it cannot think what is noblest in its nature to be given in vain. The power of lifting its thought to its *Creator*; the unconquerable *dread* of an *account hereafter to be given*; the *thirst* for *immortality* (to say nothing of that *surest proof* given by the *Messenger of Heaven*, who showed us, in *himself*, man actually raised from

\* Job xxix. 15.

<sup>x</sup> Rev. iv.

<sup>y</sup> 2 Pet. ii. 22.

## LESSONS.

361

from the grave to immortality<sup>a</sup>) all these confirm, that there is a life to come. And if there is—what is thy prospect, O remorseless obdurate.

The present state would teach thee, if thou REMON.  
wouldst be taught, what will be prevalent in the  
future. The world is now under the moral go- TEACH.  
vernment of the One Supreme. The life to come  
will be under the same direction. The present APPA.  
state of things, for the most part, brings on vice,  
the present punishments of fear, remorse, with  
worldly shame, and often bitter poverty, and  
death, from a constitution shattered by vice, or  
from the iron hand of justice. The natural  
course of this world rewards the virtuous with Joy.  
peace of mind, with approbation from every wor-  
thy character, and, generally, with length of days,  
prosperity and affluence<sup>b</sup>. What does this con- A.R.C.  
clude? Is it not from hence evident, that, when  
the temporary irregularity of the present state,  
which hinders equal retribution from being uni-  
versal, when the influence of the Enemy<sup>c</sup> is at an  
end, under which this world now groans<sup>d</sup>, and,  
when, at the appointed time, order shall spring  
out of confusion; then, what now appears in parts,  
will prevail universally; then virtue will rise su-  
perior, and evil be, for ever, sunk to its proper  
place.

<sup>a</sup> Cor. xv. 20.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. iii. 16.

<sup>c</sup> Mat. xiii. 39.

<sup>d</sup> Rom. viii. 20—24.

## LESSONS.

**ROUING  
SHAME.**

**GRIEF.  
ROWS.**

**SHAME.**

**SORRY.**

**RAGE.**

**REMON.**

To a generous mind, there is little need of terror. Such are better won to *goodness* by the view of its own apparent *excellence*, which wants only to be *beld forth* to be perceived; is no sooner perceived, than *admired*. But, alas, I sadly fear, the generous-minded are but few. For, if otherwise, how could the number of the wicked be what it is. Every hardened sinner is one lost to all that is truly great or worthy in the rational nature. And are there any in this assembly, is there one, fallen to so low an ebb of sentiment, so stupified beyond all feeling, as to go on to offend, without remorse, against the goodness of his heavenly Father? Think, wretched mortal, that thou art insulting the very power, which supports thee in thy *insolence* against itself. The gentle mercy of the Almighty, like the fructifying moisture of the spring, droppeth on thee from on high; and, instead of producing the fruit of *repentance* in thee, is, by thy *impiety*, dashed back in the face of Heaven. What could thy best friend on earth, what could pitying angels, what could the Author of all good, do for thee, that has not been done? Thy Creator hath given thee reason, to distinguish between good and evil; to know what is thy *life*, and what will seal thy *ruin*. He hath placed *conscience* in thy breast, to warn thee in the moment of thy *guilt*. He hath sent down to thee, Him, whom he had dearest in all Heaven, to give thee yet *ampler instruction* in

the

## L E S S O N S.

362

the way to bliss. And the Son condescended to come with the same willingness as the Father sent him, though with the certain knowledge, that, like a patriot rising in defence of his country, his coming must cost him his life. The richest blood, that ever flowed, has been shed for thy worthlessness, and for such as thou art. Shame and torture, have been despised for the sake of bringing thee to good. And wilt thou grudge to forego a little sordid pleasure, to shew thyself grateful for all this goodness? Go with me then, to Golgotha, and insult thy suffering Saviour in his agonies. Behold there a sight, which the Sun would not look upon<sup>a</sup>. View, with dry eyes, what made angels weep. Harden thy heart at an object, which rent the rocks<sup>b</sup>; and brought the dead out of their graves<sup>c</sup>. His arms stretched on the cursed<sup>d</sup> tree, invite thee to bliss. Though now feeble and languid, they will quickly raise a world from the grave, and lay the angel of death full low. I am not describing a fancied scene. The witnesses of the death and resurrection of Jesus have sealed the truth of what they saw with their blood. But canst thou find a heart to crucify him afresh<sup>e</sup>, by persisting in the crimes, which brought on him this cruel death? If thou hast been so wicked, be-think thee of thy obstinacy. If thou dost, even now,

Mov.  
PITY.

RE-  
PROACH.

PITY.

AWE.

AFFIR.

REMAN.

WARN.

ENCOUR.

<sup>a</sup> Mat. xxvii. 45.      <sup>b</sup> Ibid. 51.      <sup>c</sup> Ibid. 53.

<sup>d</sup> Gal. iii. 13.      <sup>e</sup> Heb. vi. 6.

## LESSONS.

PIER.

WEAK.

PATH.

QUEST.

PITY.

JOY.

PATH.

QUEST.

INFORM.

PITY.

AVERS.

COMP.

now, repent, he has prayed for thee, “*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!*”

— Behold how deadly pale his sacred countenance! Cruel are the agonies, which rend his tender frame. His strength fails; his heart breaks; the strong pangs of death are on him. Now he

utters his last solemn words—— “*It is finished!*<sup>a</sup>”

*What is finished?* The suffering part, to which his dear love for mankind, exposed him. The rest is victory and triumph; and the salvation of a world will reward his glorious toil. But *what salvation?* Not of the obdurate, with all their vices about them; but of the heart-bleeding penitent, whose streaming sorrows have washed away

his *imparity*, and who has bid a last farewell to vice, and to every temptation, which leads to it.

To such the blessed gospel which I preach, speaks nothing but *peace*. For *them* it has no terrors. Be of good cheer, then, my disconsolate, broken-hearted mourner. Though thy sins have been as *scarlet*, they shall be *white* as the *wool*, which never received the *tincture!*<sup>b</sup> They shall be *blotted out*, as if they were covered with a *cloud!*<sup>c</sup> They shall no more come into *remembrance!*<sup>d</sup> For our God is *long-suffering*, and of great *mercy*, and will abundantly *pardon!*<sup>e</sup>

O suffer

<sup>a</sup> Luke xxiii. 34.

<sup>b</sup> John xix. 30.

<sup>c</sup> Isa. i. 18.

<sup>d</sup> Isa. xliv. 22.

<sup>e</sup> Ibid. lxv. 17.

<sup>f</sup> Ibid. lv. 7.

O suffer then, my unbinking fellow-creatures, suffer the word of exhortation<sup>p</sup>. Every encouragement, every invitation, is on the side of virtue. It has the promises of this life, and of that which is to come<sup>q</sup>. Let me beseech you by the superior love of your Maker; by the streaming blood of the Saviour, and by the worth of your immortal souls; to cast off your ruinous vices, and to return to Him, who is ready to receive the returning sinner, and never casts him out, who comes to Him<sup>r</sup>.

*Listen! Oh listen to Him, who speaketh from Heaven. It is not the voice of an enemy. It is your heavenly Father, who calls you. Behold! the very Majesty of the universe bends forward from his throne to invite you. He veils uncreated brightness, to allure you to return to your own happiness. He proclaims himself the "Lord "merciful, and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness": He condescends to assure you with an oath, that he has no pleasure in the death of him, that dies<sup>s</sup>. He encourages, he threatens, he promises, he remonstrates, he laments, he woos his wretched creatures, as if his own unchanging happiness depended on theirs. He leaves the door of mercy open; he gives them space to repent, he does not take them by surprize. Return—O yet return to the Father of spirits, my*

BESSECH.

AWE.

BESSECH.

<sup>p</sup> Heb. xiii. 22.      <sup>q</sup> 1 Tim. iv. 8.      <sup>r</sup> John vi. 37.

\* Exod. xxxiv. 6.      <sup>t</sup> Ezek. xxxii. 11.

## LESSONS.

poor deluded wanderers. Whom have ye forsaken? What have you been in pursuit of? Whose conduct have you put yourselves under? You have forsaken the Fountain of your happiness. You have pursued your own ruin. You have given yourselves up to the guidance of the Enemy of souls. But it is not, even now, too late to retrieve all; all may yet be well, if you will yet be wise.

ENCOUR.  
GRIEF.  
COMPL.  
ALARM.

Can you shut your ears, and steel your hearts against all, that is tender? Are you determined on your own ruin? Must I then lose my crown of rejoicing<sup>1</sup>? Must I be deprived of the joy of our mutual endless congratulations for our escape from the hideous wreck of souls? Must I reap no fruit of my labour of love<sup>2</sup>? Shall the blessed message<sup>3</sup> from Heaven prove your death, which was intended to be your life<sup>4</sup>? If you will not listen to the still small voice<sup>5</sup>, which now speaks to you from the mercy-seat, the time will quickly come, when your ears, if they were of rock, will be pierced by the thunder of that voice, which will terrify this great world from the throne of judgment. Think, O hardened offender, think, the

<sup>1</sup> 1 Thess. ii. 19.      <sup>2</sup> 1 Thess. i. 3.  
<sup>3</sup> The literal signification of the Greek word εὐαγγέλιον, which our English word Gospel (i. e. Good book) expresses but weakly.

<sup>4</sup> 2 Cor. ii. 16.

<sup>5</sup> 1 Kings xix. 12.

time will quickly come, when, as sure as thou now hearest this awful warning, thou shalt bear (—it would be thy wisdom to think thou now hearest)—the sound of that trumpet<sup>b</sup>, which will startle the silent dust, and break the slumbers, which were begun before the general flood. Think, that thou beholdest the whole species around thee, covering the face of the earth beyond the reach of sight. Think of universal tropidation, and amazement<sup>c</sup>, TERROR. to which all the routed armies, the cities sacked, the fleets dashed in pieces, the countries whelmed by inundation, and the nations swallowed by earthquakes, which make the terrors of history; are but the diversions of a stage-play. Behold the heavens involved in flame; the brightness of the Sun extinguished by the superior lustre of the throne; and the heavens and the earth ready to fly away from the terrible face of Him, who sitteth upon it. Imagine thyself called forth; thy life and character displayed before men and angels. Thy conscience awakened<sup>d</sup>, and all thy offences full in the eye of thy remembrance. What will then be thy defence, when thy various un-cancelled guilt is charged upon thy soul? No frivolous snuff will blind the avenging Judge. The very counsel now rejected by thee against thyself<sup>e</sup>, if thou hadst never had another invitation to repentance, will GUILT. ALARM. condemn

<sup>b</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 52. <sup>c</sup> Rev. xx. 12. <sup>d</sup> Rev. vi. 14, 15, 16.  
<sup>e</sup> Rev. xx. 11. <sup>f</sup> Ibid. 12. <sup>g</sup> Luke vii. 30.

condemn thee; the very warning given thee *this day*, will be thy undoing.

## HORROR.

To attempt a description of the terrors hid under those dreadful words, "Depart from me ye cursed! into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels;" to reach, as it were, over the brink of the bottomless pit, to look down where ten thousand volcanos are roaring, and millions of miserable beings tossed aloft in the fiery whirlwind of the eruption; what employment would this be for human imagination! But what *human* imagination can conceive, how fearful a thing it is to fall into the bands of the living God? When we see a raging hurricane tear up the rooted oaks, and shake the ancient hills, on which they grow; when we hear of the mountainous ocean's dashing with ease, the strong-jointed ships in pieces, overflowing a continent, and sweeping whole towns before it; when we see the black thunder-cloud pour down its cataract of fire; whose burst shivers the massy tower, or solid rock; or when we read of the subterraneous explosion's heaving up the ground, shattering kingdoms, and swallowing nations alive to one destruction; do not such scenes exhibit to us, a tremendous view of power? And whose power is it, that works these terrifying effects? The laws of nature are the living energy of the Lord of nature. And what art thou, wretched

## REMON.

worm,

worm of earth, to resist such power? But what we see at present, is but part of his ways<sup>k</sup>. What the direct exertion of omnipotence against his hardened enemies will produce; what the condition of those will be, who stand in the full aim of its fury—where is the imagination to be found equal to the conception, or tongue to the description, of such terrors? Yet this may be the situation of some, now known to us.—O frightful thought!—O horrible image!—Forbid it, O Father of mercy! If it be possible, let no creature of thine ever be the object of that wrath, against which the strength of thy whole creation united would stand but as the moth against the thunder-bolt!—Alas, it is not the appointment of Him, who would have all saved, that brings destruction on any one. On the contrary, it is his very grace that brings salvation<sup>l</sup>. He has no pleasure in the death of him, who will die. It is the rebellion of the Enemy, and the unconquerable obduracy of those, who take part with him, that hath given a being to the everlasting fire, which otherwise had never been kindled<sup>m</sup>.

But let us withdraw our imagination from this scene, whose horror overcomes humanity. Let us turn our view to joys, of which the supreme joy is, That every one of us, if our own egregious fault and folly binder not, may be partaker of them. Every one of us may, if he will, gain his portion in that state, which the word of truth holds forth to

FEAR.

APPRE.

HORR.

EARN.

DEPRE-  
CATION.

GRIEF.

RELIEF.

Jor.

\* Job xxvi. 14. <sup>l</sup> Tit. ii. 11. the text. <sup>m</sup> Mat. xxv. 41.

## LESSONS.

DE-  
LIGHT,

RAFF.

SER.

REMON.

CON-  
CERN.

CHARG.

the present weakness of human understanding under all the emblems of magnificence and delight, To walk in white robes<sup>a</sup>; to eat of the fruit of the tree of life<sup>b</sup>; to sit on thrones<sup>c</sup>, and to wear crowns<sup>d</sup>, to be clothed with the glory of the firmament of Heaven, and of the stars<sup>e</sup>; what do these images present to our understandings, but the promised favour of the One Supreme; the approbation of the general judge; the total purification of our nature; and an assured establishment in immortal honour and felicity. This, and much more, than eye hath seen, or ear heard, or heart conceived<sup>f</sup>, is laid up for those, who properly receive that saving grace of God, which hath appeared to all men; who study to live soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world, as those, who look for the blessed hope, and future glorious appearance of our Saviour Jesus Christ<sup>g</sup>.

Thus have I (my dear fellow-creatures, and fellow-christians; my flock, for whose inestimable souls I am to answer to the great Shepherd) thus have I, in much weakness, but in perfect integrity of heart, endeavoured to excite you, and myself, to a more strict attention, than I fear is commonly given, to the care of all cares, the business of all businesses, I have, for this purpose, given you, in

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<sup>a</sup> Rev. iii. 4. vi. 12. viii. 9, 13, 14. <sup>b</sup> Rev. ii. 7, xxii. 2, 14.

<sup>c</sup> Rev. iii. 21. <sup>d</sup> Rev. ii. 10. iii. 11. 1 Pet. v. 4. Jam. i. 12.

<sup>e</sup> 2 Tim. iv. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 25. <sup>f</sup> Dan. xii. 3. <sup>g</sup> 2 Cor. ii. 9.

<sup>h</sup> Tit. ii. 11, 12, 13.

an explanatory *paraphrase* on the text, an abridged view of your threefold duty. I have fairly warned you of your danger, if you neglect or violate, habitually, any part of it. I have put you in mind, that it is but too common to neglect the great salvation<sup>\*</sup>, whilst with a reasonable diligence, and at no greater expence of hardship, or suffering, generally with less, than vice exposes men to, it might be made sure. I have appealed to your own feelings, whether virtue be not the best wisdom, if there were no future state. I have laid before you some of the arguments for the reality of a world to come, with a view of the probabilities, from what we see in the present state, of what will be the immensely different consequences of virtue, and of vice, in the future. I have tried to rouse your sense of gratitude, and of shame. I have set your suffering Saviour before your view. I have invited you in the name of your heavenly Father to return to him and to your own happiness. I have entreated you by your regard (—I hope you are not altogether without regard) for your weak, but faithful pastor, the servant of your souls. I have put you in mind of the future appearance of your Saviour, and Judge; and of the sentences of approbation, and condemnation, under one, or other of which, every human individual will be comprehended, from which there is no appeal. If these considerations be not sufficient to stir up, in your minds, a sense of

WARN.

REMON.

AUG.

Rous.  
sense of  
GRAT.  
and  
SHAME.  
BESPEECH.

MOD.

ALARM.

GRIT.

B b 2

danger,

\* Heb. ii. 3.

## LESSONS.

PITY  
with  
VENER.

TEN-  
DERN.  
VENER.

danger, and of duty, I know not what more, I can, at present, do for you, but to retire, from this place of public instruction, to my closet, and there to pour out my soul for you before the Father of spirits, that He, who has access to all hearts, may touch your hearts with such prevailing influence, that the great end of preaching may be gained with you, in spite of that fatal indifference, and obstinacy, which so often baffles all human power and art.

I commit the salvation of your precious souls to the great Overseer of souls\*. To Him, as to the Restorer of this ruined world, the Conqueror of Satan<sup>1</sup>, the Abolisher of death<sup>2</sup>, the Light of mankind<sup>3</sup>, and the future Judge of the quick and the dead, be ascribed, by every being in Heaven, and on earth<sup>4</sup>, blessing and honour, and power, to the glory of God<sup>5</sup> the Father Almighty, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose supreme and unequalled dominion is over all, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen.

\* 1 Pet. ii. 25.

<sup>1</sup> Mat. xii. 29.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Tim. i. 10.

<sup>3</sup> John viii. 12. xiii. 46.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. v. 13.

<sup>5</sup> Phil. ii. 11.

CONCLU.

and I shall now only wish to have  
distinct and intelligible proofs of  
**CONCLUSION.**

I HOPE the judicious reader will think the labour, I have  
bestowed in collecting, and altering, where proper, the  
foregoing LESSONS, not wholly lost. Though a greater  
number of passages might have been put together, (which  
likewise must have enhanced the bulk and price of the book)  
I hope it will be owned, that this collection affords such a  
competent variety, that whoever can express, or deliver, pro-  
perly, all the matter contained in these LESSONS, need be at  
no great loss in speaking any kind of matter, that can come  
in his way.

There are in the LESSONS several humours, or passions, for  
expressing which there are no directions nominally given in  
the ESSAY: but in the ESSAY there are directions for ex-  
pressing the principal humours, or passions, which commonly  
occur, and the others are generally referable to them. For  
example, there is not in the ESSAY such an article as HYPO-  
CRISY which occurs in the LESSONS, page 200: but there  
is AFFECTION of piety, in the ESSAY, page 22, which  
is the same thing under a different name, and so of others,  
which every reader's understanding will enable him to trace  
out, with the help of the INDEX.

Masters of places of education, and private tutors, may  
easily enlarge the practice of their pupils, on the plan here  
given, to what extent they please; this part of education  
being, like all others, endless. The youth may be directed  
to translate from the ancients, especially the orators, and  
then, the master correcting their translations, and marking  
the emphatical words with lines under them, and the various  
humours, or passions, on the margin, they may be instructed  
to commit the substance of them to memory, so as to be able,  
without having too often recourse to their papers, to speak  
them with ease and gracefulness, and with propriety as to tone  
of voice, looks, and gesture.

**TABLE**

1811.8

# TO A LITTLE

## LESSONS.

I. NARRATION. Found. of the Rom. comm.	
wealth. <i>Sel.</i>	p. 47
II. NARR. Story of Damon and Pythias. <i>Val. Max.</i>	50
III. NARR. Story of Damocles. <i>Cic. Tusc. QUEST.</i>	51
IV. NARR. Roman Charity. <i>Val. Max. Plin.</i>	52
V. DESCRIPTION. Character of Catiline. <i>Sel. BELL.</i>	
CATIL.	54
VI. ARGUING. Of moral certainty. <i>Graves.</i>	55
VII. ARGUING. Absurdity of Atheism. <i>Cic.</i>	58
VIII. SHEET. Receipt to make an epic poem. <i>Swift.</i>	61
IX. REMONSTRANCE, and CONTEMPT of pride. <i>Mont.</i>	63
X. HORRORS of war. <i>Pope's HOM. IL.</i>	64
XI. PARTITIONING with DISRECTION. <i>PENS. ING.</i>	66
XII. PRAISE under the appearance of blame. <i>Ibid.</i>	68
XIII. A love-sick shepherd's COMPLAINT. <i>Philipps.</i>	69
XIV. REMONSTRANCE. <i>PENS. ING.</i>	71
XV. AUTHORITY and FORBIDDING. <i>Pope's HOM.</i>	72
XVI. Sublime DESCRIPTION. <i>SPECT.</i>	74
XVII. DESCRIPTION sublime and terrible. <i>Pope's HOM.</i>	77
XVIII. COMPLAINT. <i>PENS. ING.</i>	78
XIX. Terrible DESCRIPTION. <i>Philipps.</i>	79
XX. RIDICULE. TALE of a TUB.	82
XXI. EXHORTATION. <i>Pope.</i>	86
XXII. AFFECTATION of learning. <i>Swift.</i>	87
XXIII. ADORATION. <i>Milton.</i>	93
XXIV. PEEVISHNESS. <i>Otway.</i>	96
XXV. CONTEMPT. <i>Pope.</i>	98
XXVI. CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS. <i>Steele.</i>	102
XXVII. MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION. <i>Dryd. VIRG.</i>	106
XXVIII. RUSTICITY. AFFECTATION. <i>Steele.</i>	110
XXIX. ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION. <i>Pope.</i>	113
	XXX.

## TABLE of the LESSONS.

XXX. POLITE CONVERSATION. <i>Steele.</i>	p. 116
XXXI. SERIOUS MEDITATION. <i>Young.</i>	119
XXXII. SEEMING CIVILITY. <i>Spencer.</i>	121
XXXIII. TREPIDATION. VEXATION. <i>Shakespear.</i>	123
XXXIV. VARIOUS CHARACTERS. <i>Pope.</i>	129
XXXV. RECONCILIATION. <i>Steele.</i>	132
XXXVI. CHARACTERS. <i>Pope.</i>	138
XXXVII. ANXIETY. RESOLUTION. <i>Addison.</i>	141
XXXVIII. ANGER. THREATENING. <i>Milton.</i>	143
XXXIX. DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION. <i>Ibid.</i>	145
XL. VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING. <i>Pope.</i>	146
XLI. DESPERATION. <i>Milton.</i>	148 <sup>1</sup>
XLII. WALKING IN SLEEP. <i>Shakesp.</i>	152
XLIII. INTREATING. COMPLAINT. REFUSAL. <i>Pope's Hom.</i>	154
XLIV. LOW HUMOUR. <i>Shakesp.</i>	158
XLV. CHIDING. <i>Pope's Hom.</i>	164
XLVI. REMORSE. AFFECTION, &c. <i>Steele.</i>	166
XLVII. DISCONTENT. PLOTTING, &c. <i>Shakesp.</i>	170
XLVIII. JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. FEAR, &c. <i>Milton.</i>	174
XLIX. ANGUISH. TRANSPORT. <i>Steele.</i>	177
L. REPROOF. <i>Q. Curt.</i>	182
LI. COMMANDING. INTREATING. WARNING. <i>Sal.</i>	184
LII. DRUNKENNESS. <i>Shakesp.</i>	186
LIII. VEXATION. SPITEFUL JOY. <i>Ibid.</i>	188
LIV. SELF-VINDICATION. REPROOF. <i>Sal.</i>	191
LV. PLOTTING. CRUELTY. HORROR. <i>Shakesp.</i>	196
LVI. AFFECTION. JOY, &c. <i>Milton.</i>	198
LVII. INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUELTY, &c. <i>Shakesp.</i>	199
LVIII. CONJUGAL AFFECTION, &c. <i>Pope's Hom.</i>	208
LIX. REMORSE. OBDURACY. <i>Shakesp.</i>	213
LX. REPROACHING. EXCITING TO SELF-DEFENCE. <i>Liv.</i>	215
LXI. DOUBTING. VEXATION, &c. <i>Shakesp.</i>	221
LXII. EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING. <i>Lucian.</i>	223
LXIII. ACCUSATION. <i>Cic.</i>	234
LXIV. TERROR. DISCOVERY OF wickedness. <i>Shakesp.</i>	246
LXV. EXHORTATION. REPROACHING. <i>Demosth.</i>	249
LXVI. SURMISING. JEALOUSY. <i>Shakesp.</i>	256
LXVII. COMPLAINT. INTREATING. <i>Sal.</i>	260
LXVIII. ACCUSATION. PITY. <i>Dion. Halicarn.</i>	266
LXIX. CONSULTATION. <i>Milton.</i>	275
LXX. FIERCENESS. DESPERATION. - <i>Ib.</i>	277
	LXXI,

## TABLE of the LESSONS.

LXXI. CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION. DIFFIDENCE.	p. 280
Milton.	
LXXII. SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT. INTREATING.	
Tacit.	284
LXXIII. JEALOUSY. Shakesp.	287
LXXIV. CRAFT. FEAR. VEXATION. Moliere.	291
LXXV. EXHORTATION. Tacit.	297
LXXVI. DOUBTING. VEXATION. PEDANTRY, &c.	
Moliere.	304
LXXVII. WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION, &c. Ibscr.	320
LXXVIII. BLUNT REPROOF. WARNING, &c.	
Q. Curt.	329
LXXIX. OUTCRY. EXAMINATION. SELF-DEFENCE, &c. Moliere.	334
LXXX. DISSUASION. Q. Curt.	343
LXXXI. SERMON.	346

## INDEX.

# I N D E X

O F

## PASSIONS, or HUMOURS, in the ESSAY and LESSONS.

A

- A**CCUSATION 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 242,  
243, 244, 264, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272,  
274, 290, 298, 299, 300, 307, 331, 337. See BLAMING.  
**ACQUITTING** 19. See APPROBATION.  
**ADMIRATION** 22, 74, 75, 76, 93, 100, 120, 130, 198, 248,  
168. See COMMENDATION.  
**APPRAISEMENT** 93. See PRAISE.  
**ADVICE** 71, 122, 125, 147, 157, 162, 202, 203, 206, 209,  
329, 332, 333, 345. See CAUTIONING, WARNING,  
ALARM.  
**AFFECTATION** 42, 110, 133, 138, 139, 159, 161, 195, 225,  
228, 230, 231, 305, 311, 312, 313, 314, 335, 336, 337,  
338, 339, 342. See HYPOCRISY, FORMALITY.  
**AFFECTION** 166, 167, 198, 208, 210. See LOVE, TENDERNESS.  
**AFFIRMATION** 18, 84, 274, 275, 316, 363. See POSITIVE-  
NESS.  
**AGONY** 216. See COMPLAINT, DISTRESS, ANGUISH,  
TROUBLE.  
**AGREEING** 19, 233. See YIELDING.  
**ALARM** 119, 122, 124, 145, 218, 219, 220, 246, 255, 290,  
292, 321, 323, 328, 329, 344, 345, 352, 353, 354, 355,  
360, 366, 367, 371. See FEAR, TERROR, FRIGHT.  
**AMAZEMENT** 181, 307. See SURPRISE.  
**ANGER** 23, 89, 90, 91, 93, 132, 133, 135, 136, 143, 144,  
148, 232, 305, 306, 308, 309, 314, 315, 336, 337, 340.  
See RAGE, PEevISHNESS, FURY, INDIGNATION.  
**ANGUISH** 63, 69, 70, 91, 137, 140, 150, 151, 153, 177,  
190, 214, 222, 248, 250, 263, 281, 282, 288, 356. See  
DISTRESS, COMPLAINT, AGONY, TROUBLE.  
**ANSWERING** 201, 204. See INFORMING, TEACHING,  
EXPLAINING.

C c

ANXIETY

## I N D E X.

ANXIETY 91, 92, 117, 124, 139, 141, 142, 154, 168, 188, 191, 192, 214, 221, 257, 289, 292, 305, 314, 338. See DISTRESS, VEXATION, TROUBLE, PERPLEXITY.

APOLOGY 115, 126, 177, 178, 220, 234, 236, 238, 249, 266, 267, 285, 286, 289, 292, 296, 303, 304, 309, 320, 328, 329, 349, 343. See SELF-DEFENCE.

APPLAUSE 161, 203, 204, 205. See COMMENDATION, PRAISE, APPROBATION.

APPREHENSION 78, 115, 118, 141, 142, 154, 160, 164, 168, 175, 177, 178, 183, 198, 210, 212, 222, 224, 226, 227, 239, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 258, 276, 280, 281, 282, 304, 305, 307, 308, 322, 323, 361, 369. See FEAR, TERROR, FRIGHT.

APPROBATION 99, 100, 113, 173, 234, 250. See COMMENDATION, PRAISE, APPLAUSE.

ARGUING, 19, 55, 58, 59, 101, 194, 195, 278, 280, 281, 282, 322, 323, 361. See TEACHING, EXPLAINING.

ASKING 113, 292, 309. See QUESTIONING.

ASTONISHMENT 288. See WONDER, SURPRISE, AMAZE-MENT.

ATTENTION 16, 103, 106, 152, 153. See RESPECT, ES-TEEM.

AUTHORITY 18, 72, 90, 91, 135, 159, 161, 163, 199, 201, 275, 338. See COMMANDING, DIRECTING, ORDER-ING, DICTATING.

AVersion 24, 54, 55, 100, 101, 102, 112, 131, 145, 210, 222, 247, 266, 267, 274, 349, 364. See HATRED.

AWE 65, 72, 80, 85, 109, 141, 154, 198, 238, 280, 359, 363, 365. See REVERENCE, ADORATION, RESPECT, ESTEEM.

AWKWARDNESS 102. See CLOWNISHNESS, BASHFUL-NESS, BLUNTNESs.

## B

BASHFULNESS 102. See CLOWNISHNESS, AWKWARD-NESS, BLUNTNESs,

BENEVOLENCE 137, 138. See LOVE, KINDNESS.

BESEECHING 66, 67, 155, 365, 371. See INTREATING.

BLAMING 101, 225, 226, 267, 271, 274, 304, 320, 323, 324, 325, 340, 341. See CHIDING, PEEVISHNESS.

BLASPHEMING 150.

BLUNTNESs 329, 333. See BASHFULNESS, AWKWARD-NESS, CLOWNISHNESS.

BOASTING

## I N D E X.

BOASTING 18, 63, 130, 162, 229, 230. See PRIDE, AFFECTATION.

BOMBAST 160.

BUFFOONERY 15. See HUMOUR, MIRTH.

### C

**C**AUTIONING 90, 103, 162, 248, 259, 263, 290, 321.  
See ADVISING, ALARM, WARNING.

CHALLENGING 73, 74, 165, 183, 243, 357. See PRIDE,  
BOASTING, CHIDING.

CHARACTERS 129.

CHARGING 258, 271, 358, 370. See ACCUSING, BLAMING,  
CHIDING.

CHEARFULNESS 14. See MIRTH, HUMOUR.

CHIDING 97, 98, 164, 223, 224, 229, 230, 232, 252, 254,  
313, 334. See BLAMING, ACCUSING, REPROACHING.

CLOWNISHNESS 112. See BASHERFULNESS, AWKWARDNESS.

COMFORT 79, 91, 141, 142, 179, 180, 209, 355, 364.

COMMANDING 18, 135, 184, 230, 234. See AUTHORITY,  
ORDERING, DIRECTING, DICTATING.

COMMENDATION 25, 184, 300, 320, 325, 326, 327, 344.  
See APPROBATION, PRAISE, ADMIRATION.

COMPLAINT 24, 69, 70, 71, 78, 103, 104, 154, 208, 222,  
224, 247, 260, 261, 264, 276, 278, 279, 284, 286, 299,  
315, 319, 366. See ANGUISH, AGONY, GRIEF.

COMPLAISANCE 132, 133, 320. See KINDNESS, CIVILITY,  
COMPLIMENTING 166. See COMPLAISANCE.

COMPUNCTION 213. See REMORSE, TROUBLE, GUILT,  
SELF-CONDEMNATION.

CONCERN 69, 101, 102, 115, 250, 258, 269, 289, 291, 370.  
See ANXIETY, GRIEF, ANGUISH, DISTRESS.

CONDAMNING 19, 206. See CHIDING, ACCUSING.

CONFESSON 166. See COMPUNCTION.

CONFIDENCE 50, 232, 276. See COURAGE, SELF-DEFENCE.

CONFUSION 125, 126, 137, 140, 177, 178, 205. See DISTRESS,  
COMPLAINT, COMPUNCTION.

CONGRATULATION 68, 69. See JOY.

CONSIDERATION 173, 280, 305, 308, 309.

CONSULTATION 275. See QUESTION, ASKING.

CONTEMPLATION 141. See CONSIDERATION.

CONTEMPT 59, 63, 64, 74, 79, 81, 86, 87, 89, 98, 99, 100,  
101, 102, 130, 143, 144, 165, 170, 171, 172, 192, 193,  
194,

# I N D E X.

- 194, 195, 196, 216, 225, 227, 228, 229, 230, 240, 252,  
254, 258, 277, 282, 301, 302, 306, 307, 321, 322, 323,  
325, 326, 327, 330, 332, 344, 345, 358.  
**CONTRIVING** 164. See **CONSULTATION, CONSIDERATION**.  
**COURAGE** 16, 50, 86, 95, 97, 107, 109, 134, 142, 171,  
195, 196, 208, 210, 216, 221, 222, 250, 251, 254, 275,  
276, 277, 281, 292, 295, 297, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304,  
330, 331, 346. See **CONFIDENCE, DARING**.  
**CRAFT** 139, 256, 291. See **Fawning, Cringing, SUS-  
MISING**.  
**CRINGING** 113, 146, 147, 148. See **CRAFT**.  
**CRUELTY** 24, 190, 196, 199, 200, 201, 204.  
**CURIOSITY** 22, 104, 141, 203. See **QUESTION**.

## D

- D**AING 174. See **COURAGE**.  
**DEATH** 26. See **Fainting**.  
**DECLAMATION** 53. See **AUTHORITY, ORDERING**.  
**DECLARATION** 203, 257. See **EXPLAINING**.  
**DECLINING** 235. See **REFUSING, DENYING**.  
**DEJECTION** 66, 67, 87, 200, 201, 203. See **GRIEVE, ANX-  
IETY, TROUBLE**.  
**DELIBERATION** 286. See **CONSIDERATION**.  
**DELIGHT**, 15, 60, 114, 376. See **SATISFACTION, PLEA-  
SURE**.  
**DEMANDING** 342. See **INSISTING**.  
**DENYING** 19, 160. See **REFUSING**.  
**DEPREGATION** 71, 79, 117, 131, 145, 200, 213, 243, 244,  
369. See **AWE, REVERENCE, PIETY, APPREHENSION,**  
**FEAR**.  
**DESCRIPTION** 54, 74, 76, 79, 106, 114, 121, 174, 208.  
**DESIRE** 21, 141, 175, 176, 304, 305, 324, 337. See **LOVE,**  
**DELIGHT, PLEASURE**.  
**DESPAIR** 17, 71, 80, 148, 150, 151, 206, 207, 213, 214,  
277, 281, 358. See **FEAR, APPREHENSION, HORROR**.  
**DETERMINATION, OR FURY** 290. See **ANGER, PEEVISH-  
NESS**.  
**DETERMINING** 233. See **INSISTING, RESOLUTION**.  
**DEVOTION** 68, 185. See **REVERENCE, AWE, PIETY**.  
**DICTATING** 82, 92. See **AUTHORITY, ORDERING, IN-  
SISTING**.  
**DEFERRING** 19.  
**DEFIDENCE** 280. See **ANXIETY, FEAR, TROUBLE**.  
DIGNITY

## I N D E X.

DIGNITY 132. See ESTEEM, RESPECT, RAVISHMENT,  
AWE.  
DIRECTING 268, 324, 153, 159, 161, 163, 190, 204, 250,  
256, 338. See AUTHORITY.  
DISAPPOINTMENT 189, 206, 228. See VEXATION.  
DISAPPROBATION 69, 72, 178. See DISPLEASURE,  
PEEVISHNESS, ANGER.  
DISCONTENT 170, 172, 173. See TROUBLE, ANXIETY,  
PEEVISHNESS.  
DISCOVERING 246, 296. See HORROR, SURPRISE.  
DISMISSING, 20, 148. See APPROBATION, DISPLEA-  
SURE.  
DISPLEASURE 153, 155, 182. See AVERSION, PEEVISH-  
NESS.  
DISPUTING 307.  
DISTRACTION 26. See RAGE, FURY, FRENZY.  
DISTRESS 97, 171, 178, 179, 180, 204, 263, 270, 275,  
320, 334, 335. See ANGUISH, GRIEVE, VEXATION.  
DISSUASION 280, 282, 343.  
DOTAGE 26. See WEAKNESS.  
DOUBTING 50, 161, 162, 197, 204, 221, 234, 250, 256,  
305. See ANXIETY, VEXATION.  
DREAD 263. See FEAR, TERROR, FRIGHT, TURB-  
BING.  
DRUNKENNESS 186.

## E

EGERTONNESS 130, 223. See DESIRE.  
EARNESTNESS 87, 89, 105, 112, 138, 139, 247,  
251, 257, 258, 294, 369. See DESIRE.  
ENCOURAGING 153, 161, 162, 250, 251, 283, 295, 296,  
298, 303, 328, 363, 366. See APPROBATION.  
ENQUIRY 15, 150, 159, 160, 161, 163, 164, 165, 175,  
178, 180, 306, 307, 309, 310. See QUESTION.  
ENVY 24. See AVERSION, MALICE, HATRED.  
ESTEEM 87, 344. See RESPECT.  
EXAMINATION 334. See QUESTION, ENQUIRY.  
EXCITING 86, 88, 103, 114, 125, 170, 172, 178, 184,  
215, 221, 224, 238, 239, 244, 248, 250, 251, 253, 262,  
352, 372. See COURAGE, HONOUR.  
EXCLAMATION 145. See OUTCRY.  
EXCUSING 148.

EXCRUCIATION

## INDEX.

**E**XCORIATION 84, 97, 189. See HATRED, AVERSION,  
ANGER, RAGE.  
**E**XHORTING 19, 86, 163, 249, 297. See ADVICE.  
**E**XPIRING 131. See WEAKNESS, FAINTING, DEATH.  
**E**XPLAINING 191, 260, 289, 318. See TEACHING, IN-  
STRUCTION.  
**E**XPROBATION 155. See REPROACHING.

## F

**F**AINTING 26. See WEAKNESS, EXPIRING, DEATH.  
**F**ATIGUE 24, 286. See WEAKNESS.  
**F**AWNNG 231, 232, 257. See FLATTERY.  
**F**EAR 17, 52, 63, 65, 92, 111, 122, 124, 125, 141, 153,  
171, 174, 175, 176, 198, 208, 222, 291, 293, 294, 318,  
338, 342, 352, 355, 368, 369. See DREAD.  
**F**IERGENESS 277, 279.  
**F**IRMNESS 133, 134, 142.  
**F**LATTERY 174, 175, 176, 337. See FAWNNG.  
**F**OLLY 26.  
**F**OPPERY 130, 229, 230. See AFFECTATION, PERT-  
INACIES.  
**F**ORBIDDING 18, 72, 202, 205, 206. See DISPLEASURE.  
**F**ORGIVING 137.  
**F**ORMALITY 130. See AFFECTATION.  
**F**RЕНZY 181.  
**F**RIGHT 338, 339. See FEAR, TERROR, DREAD.  
**F**URY 279, 289, 290. See ANGER, RAGE.

## G

**G**IVING 21, 85, 205. See GRANTING.  
**G**RANTING 20, 206, 207, 274. See GIVING.  
**G**RATITUDE 137, 146, 170, 180, 193, 198, 284, 286, 291,  
341. See ESTEEM, RESPECT.  
**G**RAVITY 15. See SERIOUSNESS.  
**G**RIEF 16, 87, 89, 106, 107, 109, 131, 132, 210, 211,  
261, 263, 291, 362, 366, 369, 371. See ANXIETY,  
ANGUISH, VEXATION.  
**G**UILT 152, 153, 197, 213, 367. See REMORSE, HOR-  
ROR, COMPUNCTION, TROUBLE, SELF-CONDEMN-  
TION, OBDURACY.

HASTE

# INDEX.

## H

- H**ASTE 123, 126, 208, 292, 319. See TREPIDATION, HURRY.  
HATRED 149, 157. See AVERSION.  
HONOUR 218. See EXCITING.  
HOPE 21, 136, 185, 213, 214, 250, 255, 262. See PLEASURE, JOY, SATISFACTION.  
HORROR 55, 64, 65, 81, 106, 107, 109, 137, 148, 153, 196, 259, 262, 263, 264, 281, 282, 290, 299, 352, 357, 368, 369. See AGONY, FRIGHT, ANGUISH.  
MUMILITY 117, 191. See MODESTY, SUBMISSION.  
HUMOUR 88, 158. See MIRTH.  
HURRY 52, 126. See HASTE, TREPIDATION.  
HYPOCRISY 200, 203, 232. See AFFECTATION, FORMALITY.

## J

- J**EALOUSY 25, 135, 256, 259, 287. See AGONY, LOVE, HATRED, HORROR, COMPLAINT, RAGE.  
IMAGINATION 174, 176. See WONDER.  
IMPATIENCE 232, 312. See VEXATION, PEEVISHNESS, ANGER.  
INCOLCATING 184, 185. See TEACHING, INSISTING.  
INDIFFERENCE 110, 111, 114, 115, 256, 259, 314, 315. See TRANQUILITY.  
INDIGNATION 254, 256, 300. See ANGER.  
INFORMING 98, 104, 110, 114, 128, 158, 159, 238, 364. See TEACHING, EXPLAINING, INSTRUCTION.  
INSINUATION 256, 296. See FAWNING, FLATTERY.  
INSISTING 225, 226, 227, 239. See POSITIVENESS, AUTHORITY, ORDERING, COMMANDING.  
INSTRUCTION, 320, 321, 323, 324, 325, 327, 328, 331, 332. See TEACHING, AUTHORITY, EXPLAINING.  
INSULT 157, 211. See ANGER, PRIDE.  
INTERCESSION 199, 204, 212, 216. See KINDNESS, LOVE, PITY.  
INTOXICATION 23. See DRUNKENNESS.  
INTREATING 79, 89, 137, 154, 168, 169, 171, 184, 185, 201, 202, 210, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 229, 230, 232, 235, 255, 260, 261, 263, 267, 270, 284, 286, 293, 294, 308,

## I N D E X.

- 308, 309, 312, 313, 319, 336, 338, 341. See DISTRESS,  
LOVE, KINDNESS.  
INVITING 83, 123, 176, 234, 320. See KINDNESS.  
JOY 45, 103, 104, 105, 137, 166, 169, 170, 174, 175, 176,  
181, 198, 199, 287, 312, 320, 340, 352, 360, 361, 364,  
369. See PLEASURE.  
IRRITATING 134, 135. See ANGER, REPROACHING,  
ACCUSING.  
JUDGING 19.

### K

- KINDNESS 216, 232. See INVITING, AFFECTION.

### L

- LAMENTATION 69, 70, 180, 209, 244, 262, 264, 334,  
335, 340. See GRIEF, ANGUISH, DISTRESS,  
AGONY.  
LISTENING 152, 172, 335. See SERIOUSNESS, ESTEEM,  
GRAVITY, ANXIETY.  
LOVE 21, 170, 174, 290. See TENDERNESS, AFFECTION.

### M

- MAJESTY 275. See ESTEEM, RESPECT.  
MALICE 24, 150, 209, 279, 287. See HATRED,  
AVERSION, SPITEFUL JOY.  
MEDITATION 119. See SERIOUSNESS, ATTENTION,  
ANXIETY,  
MEEKNESS 222. See SUBMISSION, MODESTY.  
MELANCHOLY 16. See GRIEF, ANXIETY, CONCERN,  
VEXATION, DISTRESS.  
MIRTH 14, 294. See HUMOUR.  
MOCK-PRAISE 120. See CONTEMPT.  
MODESTY 16. See SUBMISSION, HUMILITY.

### N

- NARRATION 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 55, 72, 79, 138, 139,  
145, 164, 172, 176, 185, 190, 208, 211, 267, 369,  
270, 271, 273, 289. See EXPLAINING, TEACHING,  
INSTRUCTION.  
NEGLECT 100, 101. See CONTEMPT.

OBDURACY

# INDEX.

## O

**OBDURACY** 150, 151, 213, 214. See **GUILT**.  
**OBSEQUIOUSNESS** 92. See **SUBMISSION, HUMILITY, MODESTY**.  
**OBSTINACY** 18, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203. See **OBDURACY**.  
**OFFENCE**, 111, 133, 147, 148, 177. See **ANGER**.  
**OFFERING** 329, 332, 333. See **GIVING, GRANTING**.  
**ORDERING** 126. See **AUTHORITY, COMMANDING, INSISTING**.  
**OSTENTATION** 308. See **PRIDE, AFFECTATION**.  
**OUTCRY** 334. See **EXCLAMATION**.

## P

**PARDONING** 19. See **GRANTING**.  
**PASSING SENTENCE** 203, 204.  
**PEEVISHNESS** 24, 83, 89, 90, 92, 96, 97, 130, 341. See **ANGER, VEXATION**.  
**PERPLEXITY** 16, 64. See **ANXIETY, CONCERN**.  
**PERSUASION** 22, 180. See **ADVICE**.  
**PERTNESS** 146, 147. See **FOPPERY**.  
**PERTURBATION** 287, 289. See **TROUBLE, ANXIETY, FEAR, TREPIDATION**.  
**PETITIONING** 66. See **INTREATING**.  
**PIETY** 134, 138, 199. See **ADORATION, REVERENCE**.  
**PITY** 16, 54, 106, 107, 111, 159, 178, 180, 199, 200, 211, 232, 235, 237, 241, 243, 244, 266, 267, 269, 271, 274, 363, 364, 366, 372. See **SYMPATHY**.  
**PLEADING** 199, 200. See **INTREATING**.  
**PLEASURE** 175, 202. See **Joy**.  
**PLOTTING** 105, 170, 173, 196, 197, 287, 290. See **ANXIETY**.  
**POLITENESS** 116. See **CIVILITY**.  
**POMP** 79. See **MAJESTY**.  
**POSITIVENESS** 307. See **INSISTING**.  
**PRAISE** 68, 94, 95, 168, 178. See **PIETY, APPROBATION, COMMENDATION**.  
**PRAYING** 132. See **INTREATING, INTERCESSION**.  
**PRESSING** 318. See **INTREATING, INSISTING**.

D d

PRIDE

## I N D E X.

PRIDE 18, 88, 90, 130, 139, 143, 144, 149, 150, 170, 183, 195, 226, 285, 306, 307, 308, 309, 321. See CONTEMPT.

PROMISING 22, 192, 224, 235, 340. See KINDNESS.

PROTESTING 169, 293, 354. See AFFIRMING.

## Q

QUESTION 51, 63, 75, 84, 89, 90, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103, 104, 109, 110, 111, 112, 115, 118, 124, 128, 143, 145, 171, 188, 189, 190, 194, 201, 204, 205, 206, 207, 227, 228, 229, 247, 256, 257, 258, 290, 291, 335, 364. See ENQUIRY.

## R

RAGE 134, 150, 277, 288, 290. See ANGER.

RAILERY 15. See HUMOUR, SARCASM.

RANT 160, 161, 172. See BOMBAST.

RAPTURE 166, 170, 181, 370. See PIETY, JOY, LOVE, TRANSPORT.

RECOLLECTION 82, 84, 119, 136, 145, 178, 181, 253, 278, 289, 295, 296, 304. See SERIOUSNESS, CONSIDERATION, REFLEXION.

RECONCILIATION 84, 132. See KINDNESS.

REFLEXION 157, 221. See CONSIDERATION, REMEMBRANCE.

REFUSING 20, 154, 156, 205, 224, 225, 226, 227, 229, 259, 296, 317, 318, 319, 334. See ANGER, PEVISHNESS.

REGRET 148, 149, 172, 219, 220, 251, 253, 288, 289, 301, 302. See GRIEF, CONCERN.

RELIEF 369. See JOY.

RELUCTANCE 253, 258, 289, 295, 320, 334. See AVERSION, HATRED, ANGER, REFUSING.

REMONSTRANCE 63, 66, 67, 68, 69, 71, 96, 97, 100, 136, 183, 185, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 243, 255, 270, 271, 282, 285, 294, 301, 327, 330, 331, 332, 354, 356, 361, 362, 363, 368, 370, 371. See ARGUING.

REMORSE 17, 67, 137, 166, 168, 169, 213. See GUILT.

REMEMBRANCE 174. See REFLEXION.

REPROACHING 97, 126, 133, 170, 215, 218, 219, 249, 363. See CHIDING.

REPROVING

## I N D E X.

- REPROVING 19, 84, 113, 115, 124, 133, 145, 154, 183,  
191, 194, 200, 201, 205, 220, 250, 251, 252, 254, 256,  
288, 289, 307, 328, 329, 332. See CHIDING, BLAMING,  
PREEVISHNESS, DISPLEASURE.
- RESOLUTION 68, 141, 143, 156, 157, 166, 169, 175, 223,  
305. See FIRMNESS.
- RESPECT 101, 106, 110, 116, 117, 118, 193, 315, 316,  
317, 318, 319, 320. See ESTEEM, REVERENCE.
- REVENGE 24. See ANGER, RAGE, FURY.
- REVERENCE 202, 251, 360. See RESPECT, ESTEEM.
- RIDICULE 82. See CONTEMPT, HUMOUR, MIRTH.
- RUSTICITY 110. See BASHFULNESS, CLOWNISHNESS,  
AWKWARDNESS.

### S

- SARCASM 135, 255, 359. See REPROACHING.
- SATISFACTION 141, 142, 308, 310. See TRANQUILLITY, JOY, PLEASURE, APPROBATION.
- SEIZING 335. See ANGER.
- SELF-CONDEMNATION 127, 137, 148, 149, 150, 179, 282.  
See REMORSE, GUILT.
- SELF-DEFENCE 97, 134, 156, 162, 163, 191, 192, 193, 195,  
230, 232, 236, 328, 334, 338, 339, 343. See APOLOGY.
- SELF-DENIAL 167, 169. See MODESTY.
- SENSE OF INJURY 289. See OFFENCE, COMPLAINT, VENATION.
- SERIOUSNESS 119, 134, 160, 198, 202. See ATTENTION, CONCERN.
- SHAME 17, 137, 167, 168, 218, 252, 254, 255, 362, 371.
- SHOCK 270.
- SHUDDERING 295.
- SICKNESS 26, 131, 178.
- SINCERITY 220.
- SLOTH 23.
- SMARTNESS 159, 161.
- SMOOTHNESS 130.
- SNEAKING 130, 205.
- SNEER 61, 91, 99, 129, 156, 191, 218, 225, 326.
- SOFTNESS 362.
- SOLICITATION 67, 265.
- SOOTHING 288, 290.
- SPITEFUL JOY 188, 189, 190.
- STARTING 168, 196, 197, 247.

D d 2

STERNNESS

## I N D E X.

- STERNNESS 155.  
STIFFNESS 315.  
STRUTTING 130. See PRIDE; AFFECTATION, FORMALITY.  
SUBMISSION 67, 79, 83, 84, 96, 135, 136, 154, 163, 166, 167, 199, 224, 249, 260, 261, 263, 266, 267, 274, 284, 337, 340. See HUMILITY, MODESTY.  
SUFFERING 101. See COMPLAINT.  
SULLENNESS 136. See PEEVISHNESS.  
SURMISING 256, 257. See CRAFT.  
SURPRISE 83, 85, 111, 126, 128, 136, 145, 147, 148, 288, 291, 313, 316, 338, 340. See WONDER, ASTONISHMENT, AMAZEMENT.  
SUSPICION 153, 257, 294. See DOUBTING, ANXIETY.  
SYMPATHY 154, 259. See PITY.

## T

- TEACHING 19, 61, 71, 86, 87, 90, 98, 99, 102, 130, 159, 185, 206, 237, 238, 346, 349, 361. See EXPLAINING, INSTRUCTION, INculcATING.  
TEMPTING 22, 176. See FAWNING, WHEEDLING.  
TENDERNESS 168, 169, 198, 199, 211, 212, 299, 372. See LOVE.  
TERROR 77, 155, 214, 246, 281, 295, 338, 367. See FEAR, DREAD, FRIGHT, TREMBLING.  
THIRST of blood 203, 204. See CRUELTY.  
THOUGHTFULNESS 222. See ANXIETY, CONCERN.  
THREATENING 73, 85, 122, 143, 144, 147, 165, 200, 204, 207, 224, 228, 234, 260, 288, 315, 332, 334, 338, 339, 342, 343. See ANGER, RAGE, OFFENCE.  
TRANQUILLITY 14.  
TRANSPORT 170, 177. See RAPTURE.  
TREMBLING 246, 293, 338. See FEAR.  
TREPIDATION 52, 64, 77, 80, 81, 85, 108, 109, 123, 125, 131, 136, 168, 357. See HASTE, ANXIETY, CONCERN, TROUBLE.  
TRIUMPH 142, 205, 207, 321. See JOY, PRIDE.  
TROUBLE 174. See DISTRESS.  
TROUBLE of conscience 152. See REMORSE.

VENERATION

# I N D E X.

## V

**V**ENERATION 20, 74, 75, 87, 93, 94, 141, 351, 372.  
See PRAISE, ADORATION, PIETY.

**V**EXATION 16, 78, 91, 103, 104, 123, 126, 127, 128, 138, 145, 146, 147, 148, 164, 188, 189, 215, 216, 217, 221, 222, 226, 227, 229, 235, 288, 290, 291, 295, 296, 297, 304, 305, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 316, 342, 343. See CONCERN, ANXIETY, TROUBLE.

**V**INDICATION 178. See SELF-DEFENCE, KINDNESS.  
——— of an enemy 149.

## W

**W**ALKING in sleep 23, 153.  
WARNING 88, 107, 125, 155, 165, 184, 185, 297, 298, 300, 320, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 344, 355, 363, 371. See ALARM.

**W**EAKNESS 131, 132, 364. See FAINTING.

**W**EEPING 132, 335, 340. See GRIEF.

**W**ELCOMING 201. See KINDNESS.

**W**HEEDLING 148, 174, 231. See FLATTERY.

**W**HISPERING 231. See ANXIETY.

**W**ONDER 21, 52, 54, 58, 59, 68, 84, 86, 89, 90, 102, 104, 110, 111, 114, 128, 152, 167, 171, 172, 175, 178, 196, 272, 273, 293, 306, 309, 313, 335, 368. See SURPRISE, ADMIRATION, ASTONISHMENT.

## Y

**Y**IELDING 205. See AGREEING.



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